



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

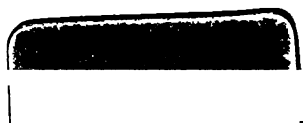
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



100. c. 16.



GRACE ABOUNDING:

A Narrative of Facts,

ILLUSTRATING

WHAT THE REVIVAL HAS DONE AND IS DOING.

WITH

THOUGHTS ON THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY, LAY-ACTION, AND
INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY THE

REV. JOHN BAILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF HEWITSON," ETC.,

AND

MINISTER OF PERCY EPISCOPAL CHAPEL,
LONDON.

"Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad."

ACTS xi. 23.

"Such glorious gifts Thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heaven appear."

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCCLXII.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.



TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF RODEN,

THIS RECORD OF FACTS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE REMARKABLE AWAKENING WITH

WHICH GOD IS VISITING US,


AND IN WHICH HIS LORDSHIP TAKES SO DEEP AN INTEREST,

Is Inscribed,

WITH MUCH CHRISTIAN REGARD AND AFFECTION,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS book does not pretend to record *all* the facts of the Revival. Happily, these have now grown to dimensions so gigantic, that only a fragmentary sketch is possible. But the facts given are **AUTHENTIC**, being almost all of them *known to the writer personally*. The narrative is published at the request of many friends, and is sent forth with the assurance that, in spite of many imperfections, the Holy Spirit will use it for the extension of His own blessed work.

LONDON, *November* 20, 1860.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION—A Parallel—Banks of the Seine—"Intercourse with my God"—"Not know ourselves"—Companionship with God—Third visit to Ireland—Primitive formula—Hundred miles of country—Cordial welcome—Bacon's apophthegm—Bishop M'Ilvaine—"Half a million of souls"—Irish Revival—An hundred thousand—"Joy in heaven"—The Primate—Lord Wriothesley Russell—"Work of God"—Nature and grace—A year—Places revisited—Incumbent of Cheltenham—Definition of a "Revival"—Object of Narrative, . . . Pp. 1-5

CHAPTER I.

Visit to Mill-workers—Last year and this—Welcome—Parallel—Contrast—Thanksgiving—"Joys of their God"—"God of their joys"—Settled godliness—"Peace in war"—Not perfect Christians—Complete in Christ—Incessant conflict—Overcomers—*Stricken* cases—A parallel—Peculiar godliness—Londonderry—Fifty cases—All steadfast—Theories and facts—Case in Lurgan—Inefficacious convictions—Incubus—Alarumbell—"I believe in the Holy Ghost"—A real person—Woman in Portadown—"Not wet a measure"—Derry—Two young men—"Get up and pray"—Scene in Irish Rectory—Young cadet—A vow—Christ only, . . . Pp. 6-11

CHAPTER II.

Scene in Connor—The four young men—How the work began—
 “Not yet converted”—Joy and peace in believing—Strange
 tidings—A new thing—A request—“If any two”—Another con-
 vert—“Fresh era in my existence”—A council—George Müller
 —“Narrative”—Ask in faith—Connor meeting—Startling mes-
 sage—“Am I a child of God?”—Luther’s lesson—“Afraid
 of Christ?”—Immediate pardon—Cottage in Kells—The Gad-
 arene devil exorcised—Another cottage—Goshen-light—A
 parallel—Madame de Guyon—The laundress—The indwelling
 God—Missionary effort—Success—“My element”—Christ all
 —“Going home”—Higher Christian life—Air of heaven,
 Pp. 12-19

CHAPTER III.

The Coachmaker—Last year—The captive set free—“Home a little
 heaven”—This year—Meeting—Anxious souls—An appeal—
 “First question”—“Whose am I?”—“Stop and think”—
 What God wants—“Farm with a new tenant”—Personal
 experience—“Only thing worth having”—Within reach—Child
 of God—Who can make one?—“That day”—The “Well-done”
 —Old Gospel—How made new—A parallel—John Wesley—
 Silencing a convert—Lay-action—Stated Ministry—Grieving
 the Spirit—Unbelief in His work, Pp. 20-26

CHAPTER IV.

FARTHER RESULTS—Love and its fruits—Drinking habits—Sta-
 tistics of crime—Maiden assizes—Awe upon the masses—Not
 lasting—Real test—Bishop of Down—His Testimony—Bally-
 mena—Seventy prayer-meetings—Solitary cottage—The girl
 and the chickens—“The good word”—Family worship—
 Brotherly-kindness—Hymns—Self-sacrifice—Commemorative
 Prayer-meeting—Forty thousand—Thanksgivings—“Sugar’d,
 strange delight”—A Berachah—Jesus all—Air vocal with praise

—No fanaticism—Calm joy—New reaping—Scene in a Mill—
A traveller's testimony—Story of grace—Rapt attention—
Style of address—Warm appeals—Logic of Christianity—Its
vanity—The conscience and the heart, . . . Pp. 27-35

CHAPTER V.

The Manna melting—Conviction not conversion—Five foolish and
five wise—Too late—"Decide to-day"—A parallel—St Augus-
tine—Pulpit at Carthage—"Not a moment to lose"—Indi-
vidual responsibility—The buried talent—"Win for Christ"—
A contrast—Cicero and Demosthenes—Admiring plaudits—
"Let us march against Philip!"—The Bishop—Things, not
words—Anxious inquirers—African Revival short-lived—
Same now—Prolonged indifference, decision—Sovereignty and
Responsibility—St Augustine—"Turn whilst you may,"
Pp. 36-40

CHAPTER VI.

ASSURANCE—Luther to Erasmus—Converts' joy—"Sure of heaven"
—Close to Jesus—"Love better than wine"—"Speak of Him"
—Fresh baptism—"Our work of love"—Fruit—The one thing
—Never grow weary—"Happy witnesses"—"That crown"—
Mutual attachment—Solicitude—A rest "out of God"—Must
be smitten—"Have all"—A group—"Enough for the day"—
Quiet activity—"Works for Jesus"—Associations—Bond of fel-
lowship—Door of entrance, . . . Pp. 41-48

CHAPTER VII.

REVIVAL-TRUTH—Martin Luther—"Loved me"—Christ for each
man—God's place and man's—A Belfast convert—"That
look"—The officer and the corporal—Yes or no—A visit
—The tutor—Then and now—"Found Christ in the
train"—"I am saved"—The message—Seldom delivered—A
clergyman converted—Never invited before—Not "how to
come," but "come"—Converts and the message—"Come now"

—To-day and to-morrow—A convert's pleadings—"My Jesus"
 —The new Theology—God's Fatherhood—God the Judge—Old
 divinity—Not old—The converts' *credo*—Man lost—Atoning
 blood—Renewing Spirit—Joy and peace—"Simple plan of
 salvation," Pp. 49-56

CHAPTER VIII.

WINNING SOULS—Jesus drawing men—"In His stead"—An officer
 —A visit—A little girl—"Come unto me"—"A Saviour for me"
 —Alone with God—"Led on bravely"—Cannot speak for Him
 —Good news—"Spoke to a little boy"—Another convert—
 "I have found Jesus"—A young man—Struggles—Victory—
 "So rejoiced now"—A test—"Your own rank"—Tenderness
 —Face to face converse—"Out of season"—A pattern—Madras
 converts—Dumb devil—Cast out—Landed proprietor—Re-
 served—Mouth opened—Sheaves—An open ear—Felt empti-
 ness—"Nothing to say"—Christ only—Henry Venn—How to
 preach—"Spoke of Him"—Anna—The shepherds—"One of
 the two"—"Established Christian"—"Not half-an-hour"—No
 hoarding—Work, work—"No harm"—"No good"—Doom—
 "Faithful in a little," Pp. 57-67

CHAPTER IX.

Church in the Army—Chaplain-general—Young soldier—Praying
 in the Barrack—"Denying my Lord"—Good confession—
 Bombardier—"I will"—A sergeant—"The right path"—
 "Forsake all"—Captain Trotter—"Press forward"—"I am
 safe"—"Right hand of Christ"—The sergeant and the me-
 chanic—"Not safe"—Self-consecration—Young officer—The
 change—Fruit—"An Arabian"—The Centurions, Pp. 68-73

CHAPTER X.

REVIVAL-TIDINGS—Their effect—A parallel—Deathbed light—The
 little and the great—"Fuller of Jesus Christ"—Another method
 —What God is doing—How it tells—A boarding-school—

"Never dance more"—"Twelve converted"—An incident—Two young men—The theatre—"This Revival"—Wounded—Found the Saviour—The companion—"He's gone!"—Tidings in an Orphan-house—Awakening—"First subject"—"Crying aloud for mercy"—Town in the west—"Not a Christian"—"His desire towards me"—"I don't feel it"—Believe—Illustration—A felon going home—"Quite plain now"—Another meeting—Two young ladies—Lord's work to be "sought out"—Jealous God, Pp. 74-80

CHAPTER XI.

PRAYER—Its power—"Fire enough in heaven"—How to bring it down—Primitive times—American Revival—"Sure to be answered"—Business-men—Fulton-Street Meeting—*United* prayer—Laymen—Our own Revival—Same feature—London—MINCING LANE—Business-men—How they pray—"Requests"—Two sisters—"An aged father"—A clergyman—"Open-air address"—"A sum of money"—George Herbert—"My suit"—Answers—A lady—Two daughters—"Joyful conversion"—A sister—A clergyman—Six brothers—"Christian's plummet"—Little things—CROSBY-HALL—Origin—Young officer—How conducted—"Requests"—Mr Brunel—Three sons—Husband—Incident—Young man of fashion—"Lot of fanatics"—"Never bow my knee to Jesus Christ"—Scene in Hall—The gallery—Sobs—Spirit-birth—New life—Effect on others—New courage—Prayer "effectual"—Young man's request—"Hypocrite"—"Leap for joy"—Poor human hearts—Scenes of anguish—"Ungodly husband"—Strong drink—A backslider—"Totally false profession"—Young man—"Awful burden of sin"—A mother—"A Christian brother"—"Crushed"—"Go home to thy friends"—Last first—Three sisters—Aged father—Unconverted brother—A husband—"The one spot"—A brother—Facts of salvation—Vivid reality—Conversion—Expected—Essex vicarage—Brother saved—Young lady—"Bondage to the law"—A father—"Deistic notions"—Kidderminster—"People perishing"—Affecting case—A preacher—A son—"Far astray"—"Led captive"—Gleams of sunshine—Young

man—"Much blest"—A father—"Set free"—Four brothers—Backslider restored—"Died of starvation"—"Happy and peaceful"—Encouragement—St Augustine—What prayer answered—What not—Prophetic echo—Young man—Testimony—"What a great weapon," Pp. 81-94

CHAPTER XII.

SCENES IN A PENITENTIARY.

GRACE ABOUNDING—The fallen—Easter-Monday—Sixty-four inmates—"Hardened"—"Saving great sinners"—The "horrible pit"—A trophy of grace—A question—Christ or not Christ—Silence—A woman stricken—"I'm lost! I'm lost!"—All sobbing—"Finger of God"—"Nineteen prostrated"—Conflicts—"Man among the tombs"—"Seeing is believing"—"Lost outcasts"—Scoffer smitten—"Penitential distress"—"Publicans and harlots"—"Directly of the Holy One"—"Brands from the burning"—Full of love—"I do love Jesus"—"Truth of the Bible"—Roman Catholics—"None but Jesus"—Two nights—"World of spirits"—"Faces radiant"—"Loving looks and words"—"Sing delightfully"—Struggles—Rest in Jesus—Convert's letter—"Left all His blessings"—The crucifix—"Not need it any more"—Letter to Matron—"The hand"—"Pulled me up"—"Jesus in my heart"—Daily service—Tender conscience—Illustration—Book or work—Temper—Conformity to Christ, Pp. 95-103

CHAPTER XIII.

PENITENTIARY-SCENES.

(CONTINUED.)

"That ancient heat"—Not gone—Inmates' testimonies—"The worship-room"—Hymn—"Wanted to go out"—"I and Conscience"—Story of the coachmaker—Its effect—Christ's welcome—"Turn our back upon Him"—Blessing or curse—"Cried out"—First prayer—"Very happy"—Previous wanderings—Weak but strong—Another convert—"That Monday-night"—"My sins"—"Such a vile creature"—Gleam of hope—

"Blessed peace"—Another—"Old story of Revival"—God or the devil?—"Made me shudder"—"Judgment-day"—Afraid to sleep—Happy in Christ—Parallel—Henry Venn—"What a robber am I!"—"Cold to my Lord"—"Touches of love"—Another convert—"Cannot hide His love"—Another—"That night above all nights"—"The house on me"—"What did I see"—"Depths of hell"—"Be of good cheer"—"Sins no more remembered"—A meeting—"Sweet Jesus"—"Poor worm"—"Could fly to be with Him"—"Can I ever go back?"—"Impossible!"—Parallel—Madame de Guyon—"Wholly the Lord's"—No will but His—Converts' Bible-class—"That name"—Pilgrim-ditty—Whitefield and the clergyman—"When we get to heaven"—"So near the throne"—"At such a distance"—"Scarcely get a sight of Him," . . . Pp. 104-114

CHAPTER XIV.

PENITENTIARY-SCENES.

(CONCLUDED.)

"A holy heart"—Self cast down—Penitentiary—The "two mites"—Free-will offering—The "butter"—"Done what she could"—An interview—Convert's anguish—"Scarce able to pray"—"Can't live without meeting God"—"God for me"—Sunshine again—Incident—Scalded—Patience—Finger crushed—"Sent to try me"—"Only rejoicing"—Anxiety for the unsaved—Another narrative—"A cloud of my sins"—"Perish for ever"—"Precious Saviour"—"Working for my Father"—Another convert—The "Virgin"—"Only name"—"Keep close to Him"—"All crosses"—"In respect again"—Another—"Very great terror"—"Heavy load"—"Leave thy sins"—"Great peace"—"Still very happy"—"Conquer Satan entirely"—Another—Very ill—Autobiography—Religious training—Spirit's strivings—"Growing harder"—The "pocket-handkerchief"—"A scoff at him"—Trembled—"Fastened to the seat"—"Cry out"—Satan's "resisting"—"Bottomless pit at once"—Jesus on the cross—"That dear face"—A contrast—Her father—A lingering wish—"Buried by parish"—Triumph—Another convert—"So little"—Mangle-room—The storm—

Terror—"Happy in His love"—Another—"Feared neither God nor devil"—"Come quickly!"—"Just the prodigal"—"If I had wings"—Parallel—Guyon—"Never lose the presence of God"—"Quite another creature"—A longing—Another—"My risen Saviour"—"Hold on to Jesus"—Temptations—"Cross me"—"Not answer a word"—Another—"Left out"—"Ray of light"—The "strong man"—Jesus stronger—Venn to Lady Huntingdon—"Soul inflamed with love"—Fastidious eyes—Soul athirst for God—Of God and going to Him, Pp. 115-128

CHAPTER XV.

WORK IN LONDON—Speaking for Christ—Personal experience—Parallels—Cyprian—"First glow"—"Not studied but felt"—David—"My sin forgiven"—Paul—"Of whom I am chief"—Sharpens the sickle—Examples in London—A young man—"Giddy multitude"—"Story of the Cross"—"Many souls"—Another case—An officer—Meeting of sweeps—Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel—Special services—Simple faith—God's way—Humblest messengers—Circus in Sheffield—Epsom-race-week—London suburb—Slumberers—Clergyman's son—His request—City-missionary—His holiday—"Dry bones"—Awakening—Village in Herefordshire—Macedonian cry—"No rain"—"Two or three"—London Physician—"Some little mind"—Wounded—Confessing Christ—"Be instant"—"That's for me"—A request—Reginald Radcliffe—Halls and Theatres—Open ear—Not, How bad we are—How good the Lord is—Anxious inquirers—Mr Brownlow North—Willis's Rooms—Parallel—Lady Huntingdon—"The season"—"Haut ton"—Vast crowd—"Whole counsel of God"—Not harshly—Scene—Incident—Young lady of fashion—Arrested—Went back—Death-bed—"I'm lost"—"You have done it"—Thrill of horror—Titled lady—Old Baronet—Nobleman's daughter—Inquirers' meeting—Appeal—"No, I won't!" "Would He?"

Pp. 129-137

CHAPTER XVI.

"Art of Man-fishing"—"Follow me"—"Catch men"—Good of souls—"Let down for a draught"—Jesus on the shore—"Right side of ship"—Present blessing—A clergyman's longing—Another—A contrast—"Carnal wisdom"—"Spiritual wisdom"—How to preach—God-pleasing—Man-pleasing—A clergyman—"Not a child of God"—"Jesus is mine"—"Another's desire"—Younger brother—Thanksgiving—"Really loves Jesus"—Clergyman's wife—"Deep value of souls"—Another clergyman's wife—Infant faith—Husband's conversion—Clergyman's daughter—Eclipse of faith—"Very cold"—Clergyman's nephew—Uncle's conversion—Clergyman's family—"Without God"—Indian clergyman—"True knowledge of Jesus"—London incumbent—Curate—"Life, warmth, and love"—Parish in Essex—Candidate for Ministry—"Quite careless"—Affecting cases—"Awful besetment"—"Inmate of Asylum"—Sunday-school teachers—Ragged school—"My dear scholars"—"Every one"—Another's longing—"Each boy in my class"—Contrast—Dreaming on—"Loves the world," . . . Pp. 138-146

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

Artillery-officer's room—Bible-class—Young Bandsmen—"Not converted"—Personal appeal—"Decide at once"—"This night"—"Not so soon"—Yea or Nay—"I'll try"—"I will"—Objection—"Sudden conversions"—Parallel—Thonon—"Christ lived in them"—Confessing Christ—Another scene—The fourteen—Praying—Hymns—Letters—"Jesus and His love"—"Fight through Town of Vanity"—The prize—"Soldiers of Jesus"—"Cannot express my love"—"The family"—"All in God"—"Every Christian a little church"—"The decided step"—"Club-feast"—"Not happy"—Spiritual father—The parting—Soldier's Hymn, . . . Pp. 147-156

CHAPTER XVIII.

Love—"At home in Father's house"—An appeal—Justice satisfied—"Not in bondage"—"Abba, Father"—Closer fellowship—A convert's longing—Satan's lie—"Battle is the Lord's"—Hypocrite unmasked—A new light—"I would see Jesus"—Great sinners—How converts deal with them—Special class—"Vile men"—"Rob innocence of her virtue"—£6000 a-week—The breach in Mansoul—"This cross"—A young man—"Unflinchingly follow"—Another—"Life of open sin"—"Conquered by His love"—"No reserve"—One of God's arrows—"Whited sepulchre"—Young officer—Narrow escapes—"Very brink of death"—"Forgotten the Lord"—"Go to my Father"—Converts' unselfishness—Parallels—Job—Nearness to God—Likeness in unselfish love—"Perishing heathen"—"Poor Fiji"—"Go forth"—"Nothing doubting"—"As if to Jesus Himself"—"Home-heathenism"—"Five friends"—"Remember them"—Two young men—Spirit's promptings—"Each unknown to the others"—"Dying man"—Sacrament, but not Christ—Young lady—Another—"Rapid consumption"—Without Christ—Two young men—"Come out boldly for Jesus"—Young Lady—"Renounced Christ"—Three brothers—Four Brothers—"State of heathenism"—"Watching for souls"—Love,
Pp. 157-164

CHAPTER XIX.

Life in earnest—"Great and lofty spirit"—God in everything—Converts—Every-day life—Business-men in prayer—Intercessions—"Head of a family"—"Wholly to God"—"A brand"—"Day of visitation"—"Responsible situations"—General officer—A son—Two brothers—"Rising in prosperity"—Lusts of the flesh—"Himself cold"—Laodicean neighbourhood—"Little Christ-acting"—"A full blessing"—A backslider—"Besetting sin"—Roughness of the way—Young man—"Sifted as wheat"—A gipsy—"Persecuting husband"—"Man in authority"—"Fiery furnace"—"Faith fail not"—Family-affections—Fine edge—"A dying mother"—Wayward son—Three sisters—

"Frequent dissensions"—"Bind up again"—Roman Catholic mother—"No other name"—Scene in English Rectory—A pervert—"Crossing herself"—Romish spell—Another pervert—An Eton boy—"No, never!"—Another school—Boy's death-bed—"No hope"—Praying boy—"Laughter of rest"—A youth—Arrested—"Stay in London"—City-life—Its perils—Souls shipwrecked—Silent influence—Young officer—Henry Martyn—"Hair-splitting disputes"—Graver things—"Not decided for Christ"—Young man—Sceptic—Another—"Dominion of Satan"—"Unnatural mother"—Home glorified—"My dear mother"—"Both parents saved"—Parting wish—A wife—"Do not forget me"—A husband—"Walk in love"—Another mother—"A present blessing"—A son—Army in India—Beckenham Rectory—"A beloved father"—Little daughter—Another son—"Reason overthrown"—"Tears flow"—Son coming home—"Two sons"—"Three children"—A wife—"New form"—"An anxious father"—Six unconverted children—"Seeing Jesus," Pp. 165-178

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

Scene in a Brickfield—Boy-gathering—Exercises—Leaders—Night-colloquy—How saved—"Awfully wicked"—"So miserable"—"The class"—Plumstead Sunday-school—Life-like look—Its superintendent—Colonel of Artillery—Earnest words—"Loved"—Confiding affection—Little boy—"On the rock"—Luther—"That pestilent opinion"—"Christ a Lawgiver"—"Grew pale"—Other youthful hearts—"New exactor"—"His precious love"—"Alone with Jesus"—"Perfectly happy"—"Not enough of it"—The room—"Warm meeting"—Waiting for Jesus—Parallel—Madame Guyon—"Grievously chagrined"—"A woman!"—God and the instrument—Youthful missionaries—Nothing little in God's service—Christ's coming—"Waiting for Him"—Scoffers arrested—Vicar's sermon—"Prayer-meeting after service"—Blessing—London church—An hundred souls—"Only complaint"—"Not half enough love"—"Converted prize-fighter"—Hymn—"More like Jesus"—"Finger

of scorn—"Workshop every day"—"Jesus bear it for us"—
How to speak—Drowning man—"The life-buoy"—Scene in
Arsenal Square—Infidel—Two converts—Contrast—"So
happy"—God's word sure—Scoffer silenced—Not, "I feel"
—But, "Bible says it"—"Saints with glories"—How God does
it—Joseph and house of Pharaoh—Mary and the spikenard,
Pp. 179-188

CHAPTER XXI.

Individual action—American testimony—"Every man a missionary"
—"The grand topic"—England—"Poor bees"—Henry Venn—
His wife—"Mouth opened"—Young man—"Downward road"
—"Eldest brother"—Two young men—World and Christ—
"Unconverted relatives"—"Nothing doubting"—A lady—
"Wrapt in self-righteousness"—A youth—Unfathomable love
—An officer—"A castaway"—"About Christ" and "in Christ"
—Young man—College in France—"Given away"—"Becken-
ham Rectory"—Thanksgiving—"Not yielded"—Addiscombe
cadets—"On the spot"—Detective policeman—"Detect his own
sins"—An Epsom trainer—"Seeking Christ"—"Forsake all"—
Young woman—"Too vile"—Merchant—"Adding house to
house"—"Imperishable riches"—Two young gentlemen—
"Need of Jesus"—"Vain show"—"Nothing beyond"—"My
brother"—"Rapid consumption"—"Saviour's love"—"My
father"—"Sunday newspapers"—"Bible instead"—"Intempe-
rance"—Visit to Shrewsbury—"Haste to the rescue"—Results
—The rescued—Conversions—St Paul—"Not eat meat"—Self-
denial for others—"Seven-Dials"—Working men—Bible-class—
Engagements—Fruit—Hyde Park—Open Air—"Ear to hear"
—Mr Macgregor—Leading thoroughfare—Infidels—Success—
Woolwich—Young mechanic—Wayside colloquy—"Die in
yoursins"—"Very bad garment to die in"—"Daren't promise"—
"Come now"—"I will"—George Müller—Great is thy faith—
Aged sinner—Disinherited son—Saved—"Not out of his sight"
—"An aged father"—"Aged uncle"—"Aged infidel"—Aged
woman—"Not do to die upon"—"Poor fallen girl"—A hus-
band—Two professors—Scilly Isles—Unconverted teachers—
Visit to a Sunday-school—"Not one"—"Life from the dead"—

Bible-class—"All brought to Christ"—"My class"—"Each one"—Guyon—Two stages—"Desiring to be holy"—"Resolving to be holy"—"Dying to our own life"—Light dimmed—Young man—Longings—"Glorify Christ"—"Laws of Trade"—"Christian principles"—United States—England—Religion governs—Influence all-pervading—Young man—Tender conscience—"Young disciple"—Unspotted from the world—A London silk-mercator—What it cost—God's smile

Pp. 189-202

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

An apophthegm—"Frequent similar effect"—"Constant cause"—Series of effects—Variety—Family-likeness—Origin—Likes and dislikes—Thorns and briers—Eden of God—"By their fruits"—"Good trees"—"Planting of the Lord"—Certain grave reflections—Kind of doctrine—Henry Venn—"The vicar"—"Shed many tears"—"Such doctrine"—Old Theology—Characteristics—Not stale—Fresh from the heart—The conscience—"Always triumph in Christ"—Halyburton—Deathbed testimony—God's sword—Conversion, what it is—Whitefield—First sermon—"Drove fifteen mad"—Bishop—His wish—What a man discovers—"Wrath to come"—Why "mad"—Bunyan—Burden "in shadow"—"Sentence on themselves"—Boston—"Unconcernedness for souls"—Unbelief—The "sight"—"Thaw frozen heart"—Conversion-scenes—Parallel—Christ's ministry—Murmurers—"Receiveth sinners"—Pentecost—"Last days"—"Whosoever shall call"—Sudden conversions—Royal grace—Ordinary times—Gradual work—Now, swift—Prodigal welcomed—"Called," "saved"—Christian ministry—Its great business—Coleridge's aphorism—Leighton—"Stream of custom"—"Sit out our hour"—Preaching—"Great ordinance"—Saving souls—"Feed my sheep"—"No lower end"—Fiery tongues—An alternative—Christ's sufferings—Endless sufferings of lost—"Chaff and wheat"—God's words and man's—"Thus saith the Lord"—Direct from presence-chamber—Small truths and great—Opposite effects—

"Preacher's challenge"—Fastidious Christians—Antipathies of taste—Crusade against order—Bitter tongue—Scylla and Charybdis—"Only centre"—"Look here"—Interpreter's room—Picture on wall—Only guide—Original of picture—In earnest—Zeuxis—"Paint for eternity"—Christ-like servant—Real eternity—Woes of lost—"Cry aloud, spare not"—Garrick and Bishop of London—"Your truths"—"Our fictions"—Jesus at feast—"Stood and cried"—Ezekiel—Isaiah—"Word heart-deep"—"Himself everywhere"—God's watch—"Awkwardness"—Cold silence of brethren—Personal and professional—M'Cheyne—"Pleaded with men"—Tender-hearted—Jesus in tears—Paul in tears—Piteous—Self-denying—Crucifixion—"Squint-eyed"—Boston—Human applause—"Dear-bought"—"Soul-murdering"—"Monita ad Missionarios"—Flavel—"Moving affections"—Alone with God—Luther's "three things"—Jesus much alone—"Eyes lifted up to heaven," Pp. 203-217

INTRODUCTION—A Parallel—Banks of the Seine—"Intercourse with my God"—"Not know ourselves"—Companionship with God—Third visit to Ireland—Primitive formula—Hundred miles of country—Cordial welcome—Bacon's apophthegm—Bishop M'Ilvaine—"Half a million of souls"—Irish Revival—An hundred thousand—"Joy in heaven"—The Primate—Lord Wriothoesley Russell—"Work of God"—Nature and grace—A year—Places revisited—Incumbent of Cheltenham—Definition of a "Revival"—Object of Narrative.

"ON the banks of the Seine," wrote a French Christian, one day, "finding a dry and solitary place, I sought intercourse with my God. The communications of Divine love to my soul in that retirement were unutterably sweet." And, another day :—"My heart was filled with love as well as joy—with that love which seeks another's will, and which is ready to relinquish and sacrifice its own." And again :—"It seemed to me that I loved God too much, knowingly or willingly to offend Him."

A friend, who lately visited Ireland, writes :—"The truth is, I seem never to have seen, or scarcely to have felt,

what the power of true religion is, when received in such love of the truth, as it is undoubtedly by thousands in Ulster. Oh! what true happiness! what love to one another! what self-denial! what anxiety to know God's Word, and to hold communion with Him in prayer! Really, words will not adequately describe it. I feel assured that, if such a revival took place here, we should not know each other, or even ourselves—we should be so unlike our former selves. The dead, cold, apathetic state of such of us as do know the Lord, would give way before the gracious quickening,—whilst those who now experience nothing of the power or spirit of religion would be brought by Jesus into *companionship with God*. That is what multitudes there have discovered. They told me that before the Revival they had church-going—they had morality—they had respectability—but no companionship with God. Now they had discovered that religion was companionship with God."

For the third time, we have personally visited these scenes. And, if we were asked to express in a single sentence the impression left upon us by the whole bearing and walk of the converts, we could not utter it more articulately than in the formula of primitive days—"Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."

Last year, we visited Ireland twice. On each occasion, we traversed an extent of country considerably exceeding one hundred miles, from north to south. We mingled freely with the people—in their meetings, and by the wayside, and in the privacy of their quiet homes. Everywhere a cordial welcome greeted us. And, in towns and villages and solitary cottages alike, we found ourselves walking in the very footprints of God. On our second visit, the same

vivid traces of His presence were seen. "Force," says Lord Bacon, "maketh nature more violent in the return." The test of time seemed only to confirm the belief that grace, not nature, was the real operator on those scenes.

"Well, what has your Revival done for you?" was the question put one day to Bishop M'Ilvaine, of America, during his recent visit to England.

"What has it done for us?" replied the distinguished prelate, gravely, but his eyes glistening with a quiet joy: "why, it has given us half a million of souls."

"And what has your Revival done for you?" we enquired of a very shrewd, sagacious Christian during our last visit to Ireland.

"I believe," said he, "we can number, at the very least, one hundred thousand converts."

Surely these are good tidings. "There is joy in heaven," we read, "over one sinner that repenteth." And the reader may judge what kind of joy we ought to feel, when, not one only, or ten, or an hundred, or a thousand, but a thousand an hundred times told, have found their way to the feet of the Saviour and are rejoicing in the sunshine of His love.

After our second visit last year, we received from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in acknowledgment of a printed narrative of what we had seen, a communication containing these words:—"I have to thank you for the very interesting account which you have sent me of the facts to which you were eye-witness in Ireland. Nothing more remarkable has occurred in the history of the Church; which may account for the hesitation with which the early reports were received, and the strong testimony required before they obtained general belief. This testimony has

been supplied." Another—the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell—wrote to us more recently thus :—"I need not repeat what I said publicly at Windsor, on the subject of the great awakening in Ireland and elsewhere. I have not the least doubt that it is God's work ; and I heartily desire to see it pervade the whole land." We quote these sentences, not because of any authority, however legitimate, attaching to the writers' names, but because they express briefly the judgment which a calm consideration of the facts had led judicious Christian men to form.

Lord Bacon says somewhere, that "nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive on the occasion or temptation." We wanted to see what A YEAR had done on those scenes—whether "nature" had risen again and resumed her sway. We have traversed the district once more,—visiting, among other places, Armagh, Portadown, Lisburn, Belfast, New Abbey, Ballymena, Coleraine, Portrush, Londonderry, and many country-parts adjoining. We made it our business, specially, to visit over again the places and parties visited twice last year. And, if the reader will accompany us, he shall be put in possession of some facts which may guide him to a just decision.

In a Paper on the Revivals, by the esteemed Incumbent of Cheltenham, read lately before an assembly of clergymen and laity at Bristol, the writer says :—"If we find the man possessed of the devil, clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the Lord's feet, we have a case of *conversion*. If we find multitudes of such in like circumstances, we have a case of *Revival*. If, where, a little while ago, all was death and barrenness, we now find hundreds 'walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost,' and being constantly multiplied ; if, where Satan reigned supreme and

universally, it can be said to thousands, 'Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified;' if, where every human and infernal passion ran riot, we even now find every Christian grace in rich luxuriance;—we are, I believe, warranted, from Holy Scripture, to say, that there the Lord Jesus has been reviving His work and making bare His arm." We proceed to narrate some incidents which seem to have such a significance. May the Holy Spirit bless and honour the simple record of His own work!

CHAPTER I.

Visit to Mill-workers—Last year and this—Welcome—Parallel—Contrast—Thanksgiving—"Joys of their God"—"God of their joys"—Settled godliness—"Peace in war"—Not perfect Christians—Complete in Christ—Incessant conflict—First-comers—*Stricken* cases—A parallel—Peculiar godliness—Londonderry—Fifty cases—All steadfast—Theories and facts—Case in Lurgan—Inefficacious convictions—Incubus—Alarumbell—"I believe in the Holy Ghost"—A real person—Woman in Portadown—"Not wet a measure"—Derry—Two young men—"Get up and pray"—Scene in Irish Rectory—Young cadet—A vow—Christ only.

OUR first visit was to some mill-workers, in a village near Belfast. On both occasions, last year, we had seen them many times, suffering in their sufferings and rejoicing in their joy. This time, we met as old friends; and most joyous was our mutual welcome.

It is said of Barnabas, that, when he came to Antioch and "saw the grace of God," he "exhorted them that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." We also saw in that village the grace of God; but somehow we felt as if we should give thanks that they had continued in it so steadfastly, rather than "exhort" disciples who seemed already so far ahead of ourselves.

"Joy," it has been said, "is not life, but merely an incident of life." The "incident" belongs chiefly to the Christian's earlier stage. Madame de Guyon used to say that in that stage Christians were apt to rejoice in the

joys of their God, whilst, later, they rejoiced in the God of their joys. In these converts, the exuberant gladness of their first deliverance had passed into the calmer peace of a settled godliness. It is not easy to convey in words the impression which that settled calm left. The stern realities of the daily battle-field had chastened the early joy ; but the memory of the "wrath" and of the "horrible pit" was too vivid to suffer the joy itself to wane.

"You seek peace," said Luther to some half-hearted Christians of his day ; "but it is the peace of the world, not the peace of Christ, which you seek. Do you know that our God has set His peace in the midst of war?" In that village, as on every other scene which we visited, we found the converts this year realising the "great fight of afflictions ;" and we found them "overcoming" in the fight. "I must tell you," said one of them, "the way has been rather rough sometimes ; but I lift up my heart to God in secret, and feel strong." We did not find that they thought themselves perfect Christians, though they knew they were "complete in Christ." They felt most acutely the unchanging and unchangeable enmity of the "old man" in them to God and to His holy and good law ; but they rejoiced in the possession of that new nature which does not sin and which cannot sin : and, whilst the presence of the two natures in them caused an incessant warfare, "the law in their members warring against the law of their minds,"—they enjoyed a calm assurance that one day the battle must cease, by their "deliverance from the bondage of the corruption into the liberty of the glory."

There, and elsewhere, we were struck with the peculiar graveness of those converts who had been stricken. We remember, on Mount Olivet, a footprint in the rock, which

the monks assured us had been left there by Jesus as He went up. That is a fond fable ; but these converts seemed to bear upon them the very impress of Jehovah's hand. In Londonderry, especially, we were struck with this. Fifty individuals in that town, personally known to the friend who conducted us, had been "stricken;" and, not only had they all without an exception stood steadfast, but their Christianity was of that peculiar type which it was scarcely possible to misunderstand. The future of the demoniac, who left Jesus that day to tell in his home-circle the wonders of Christ's pity, is not traced out to us in detail ; but he so spoke, and so pleaded, and so praised, and so prayed, and so lived out Christ's own glorious life, that "all men did marvel." These stricken converts seemed so many emancipated demoniacs. The binding of the "strong man" had been a process so real and so terrific, that the memory of it seemed graven as with a pen of iron upon their hearts for ever. Philosophers have been theorising ; scoffers have been sneering ; cold-hearted disciples have been apologising and explaining away ; but, meanwhile, the converts themselves have been giving thanks, and have been living out their thanksgivings in a devoted consecration of body and soul and spirit to the service of their dear Lord.

A clergyman in County Down, whom we met one day, told us of a young man—a clerk in a bank—who had been stricken suddenly at his desk. He was a careless, thoughtless youth ; and the clergyman had just left him, after talking to him on some matter of business, when, as he was crossing the street, he was touched on the shoulder by a stranger, who said, "Will you go back and see Mr —— ? he is just stricken in the bank." He returned, and found the young man writhing in agony, as if already he were

half in hell. The terrors of the wrath to come had fallen upon him ; and he was crying aloud for mercy. By and by, he found the Lord ; and, ever since, his one aim has been to live for Him and to glorify Him.

In a chapter on "Inefficacious convictions," Foster remarks, how some fatal prevention lies heavy on the man's active powers, like the incubus in a dream. Again and again, without end, the monitory, the reproachful conviction returns upon him ; and he wishes, and resolves, and perhaps attempts. He sometimes thinks, "Surely now it is going to be !" But still nothing is done. In Ireland, it was after many such struggles, and when the victory seemed for ever lost, that this alarum-bell sounded its startling note in the slumberer's conscience, and the sleep was ended.

Year after year these people had been saying—"I believe in the Holy Ghost ;" but the fact had faded into a thing so shadowy, that, like the disciples whom Paul met at Ephesus, most might rather have said, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." On these scenes, however, the Holy Ghost was moving so mightily, and working so really, that He had become to the converts a real, living, loving, divine, intensely present Person—as real, and as personal, as the God-man who once walked through the villages of Israel—sailed in the boats on Galilee—sat at men's tables—ate with them—talked with them—wept with them. And, honouring the Spirit, they were honoured of Him,—their simplest words breaking the stoutest hearts and healing the sorest wounds.

In another town, we saw a young woman whom we had visited last year. Her grandmother kept a public-house ; and no sooner had she been brought to Christ than she firmly declared that she should never again "wet a mea-

sure." This year, we found her still in the public-house—for it was her home; but she had steadfastly kept her vow. The old grandmother looked very restless and unhappy, as if the convert's quiet testimony had been telling upon her conscience. "Well, still at it!" we said to her. "Oh! sir, what can I do? If I had but £20 a-year to live on, I would not sell another drop." We left her, not pressing hard on the sore point, but urging her to flee to Jesus to save her from all her sins.

In another town, we were taken into a shop, in which two young men were partners in trade. The one of them had been suddenly arrested, and almost as suddenly had found forgiveness. The next morning, early, he went to his partner's house, and, knocking at his bed-room door, called out—"I must come in; I have very important business." He entered; and, going up to his bed-side, he said—"You must get up immediately, and go to your knees, and pray; you're a lost man; and you have not a moment to lose; go at once to Jesus, and He will pardon you." His friend was thunderstruck—what *could* this mean? The other proceeded—"I have just myself discovered that I was lost; and I have gone to Jesus, and He has saved me; and I am sure He will save you. Come to Jesus—come *now*!" The young man rose and went to his knees—he was wounded with the arrow of God; and, before the week was over, he was rejoicing in the Lord. Both the converts are now fighting manfully the good fight.

Not long ago, two friends were visiting an Irish Rectory; and, as they were dressing one evening for dinner, in the same room, a young man—a member of the family—came in from shooting.

"Well," said he to his friends, "what have you been doing all day?"

"Recruiting for the Lord Jesus," replied one of them, an officer: "won't *you* decide for Christ?"

Up to that hour, he had been gay and careless, resisting all convictions, though brothers and sisters and relatives had recently shared in the awakening. The two friends knelt, and he knelt. Men of great faith, not willing to take a denial, they asked God to save him just then. Whilst they yet spake, the answer came. The young cadet began to sob bitterly; the little table at which they knelt shook under his convulsive efforts to hide his emotion; at length, he opened his mouth in prayer. "O Almighty God," he said, "record in heaven the vow which I have just made upon the earth, that I am thine, and thine for ever!" From that night he was a new man; and now he is on his way to India, testifying to his brother-officers, and to all around him, the precious Saviour who is his all in all.

CHAPTER II.

Scene in Connor—The four young men—How the work began—
“Not yet converted”—Joy and peace in believing—Strange
tidings—A new thing—A request—“If any two”—Another con-
vert—“Fresh era in my existence”—A council—George Müller
—“Narrative”—Ask in faith—Connor meeting—Startling mes-
sage—“Am I a child of God?”—Luther’s lesson—“Afraid
of Christ?”—Immediate pardon—Cottage in Kells—The Gad-
arene devil exorcised—Another cottage—Goshen-light—A
parallel—Madame de Guyon—The laundress—The indwelling
God—Missionary effort—Success—“My element”—Christ all
—“Going home”—Higher Christian life—Air of heaven.

ONE Saturday afternoon, we visited a hamlet in Connor—the native district of the four young men with whom the great work in Ulster had begun. Picking our way along a dirty pathway, we arrived at the cottage of J—h M—, the leading mind of the little band. As we entered the lowly dwelling and talked and prayed with its inmates, we thought of the words of the poet—

“Man is God’s image; but a poor man is
Christ’s stamp to boot.”

If Jesus were among us again, few spots would have greater attractions for Him than such a scene.

Some years before, a Christian lady had visited the district; and one of the young men, James M—, “very amiable in the eyes of the world, and also in his own eyes,” had discovered one day in conversation with her, that he “was

not yet converted." * After a season of intense inward agony, he had found the Saviour, and had rejoiced with great joy.

The young man, seeing he had so deceived himself, concluded that others might be in a similar condition. This led him to ask—"Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" His first work was to take a class in the Sunday-school. Then he began to visit his neighbours, and tell them what God had done for him. They were startled exceedingly; for it was a new thing to hear a man say that he was a child of God.

In this work he felt himself to be a stranger, without one companion to pray with or to consult. He asked the Lord to give him a fellow-worker, who might take part with him in his labour of love. God soon answered his prayer, and brought him in contact with a young man named J—— W——. This answer to prayer strengthened him so much, that he began to pray that the Lord would bring him into contact with more of His children. Before many days, God answered that other request.

At that time J—h M—— was a Sunday-school teacher; and one night, at a teachers' meeting, some one began to speak about James M——, and about the strange doctrine he was teaching. "The thought that struck myself on hearing this," said our friend, "was, If this be true, I am yet unsaved. I requested a young man named R—— C—— to go with me and hear him for ourselves. This was the commencement of a new era in my existence. When the meeting was over, I entered into a long conversation with him; and I was deeply convinced that, after all

* This narrative is, substantially, what was given to us in writing by J—h M——, and may therefore be relied upon as authentic.

my profession of religion, I must just come as a poor, helpless sinner to Jesus for mercy and for grace. It was not long before I found peace to my troubled soul, through believing in Jesus."

The four now considered what it would be best for them to do. One day, James M—— had observed in the *British Messenger* an allusion to the remarkable "Narrative" of George Müller. Mrs C——, whom he asked about it, recommended him to get it, adding that she was sure it would greatly strengthen his faith. After reading it, he seemed to become another man. He told the others about it; and how the Lord had answered his prayers, and how He was ready to answer theirs, if only they asked in faith. They now met together for prayer—at first once a fortnight, then every week.

Meanwhile, another providence occurred. James M—— was employed in Ballymena as a linen-lapper; and he used to travel to the meeting a distance of three miles after he got out of the office at six o'clock, returning the next morning at six. Just at that time, the firm which employed him broke down, on account of the money-panic in America; and this threw him out of employment. But the Lord had other work for him; and from that period he devoted his whole time to the service of God.

After they had prayed together for three months more, God began to answer their prayers in the conversion of many of the people. It was in the autumn of 1857 that they had first met to pray; and during the greater part of 1858, the work of conversion went on among their immediate neighbours. Early in 1859 the work began to spread, far and wide, almost with the rapidity of a prairie-conflagration.

The first occasion on which J—h M—— spoke to a little assembly was memorable. One evening, a number of people were gathered together, according to custom, before going the next Sunday to the Holy Communion. An “elder” was delivering a homily—pious and orthodox enough—touching the dispositions which ought to move them in drawing near to the sacred ordinance ; and the people were preparing to separate, content to have uttered their periodical lamentations over their shortcomings and to have registered some good intentions,—when the young man rose, and said, somewhat tremulously—“ Dear friends, this is all very well ; but there is a question which I entreat you all to make haste and settle—Am I, or am I not, a child of God ?” The words fell like a bomb-shell. Some were angry, and gnashed on him with their teeth ; others went home pricked in their hearts.

“ Is it not a shame,” said Martin Luther, one day, “ that we are always so afraid of Christ, whereas there never was in heaven or on earth a more loving, familiar, or milder man, in words, works, or demeanour, especially towards poor, sorrowful, and tormented consciences.” The anxious monk had arrived at the discovery through a long and weary round of fleshly endeavour ; but, once grasped, it carried him into every presence—whether of the rude miners or of the crowned prince—saying, “ Christ is the joy and delight of the trembling and distressed heart.” The same discovery had lighted up with a heavenly joy the once darkened heart of this young man ; and, with his three brothers, he went forth everywhere, telling men of Jesus and of the wondrous depths of His love. “ We have tried Him,” they said ; “ and He did not cast us out.” “ Do *you* try Him !

—come to Him *now* !—and He will save you, this very moment, from all your sins.”

Leaving J—h M——, we proceeded to a cottage in the neighbouring hamlet of Kells, where some converts were met for prayer. The owner of the cottage was John C——, a strong, athletic, brawny man, who once had been the terror of the village and of the country-side for wild outbreaks of almost maniac-like passion. Often the young men had spoken to him ; but C—— drank, and swore, and raved, as before. At last, one night, as they were praying together in a neighbouring house, they laid him very specially before the Lord. Before they had risen from their knees, there was a loud knock at the door, as if of some one in very urgent haste. It was opened ; and there stood John C——, trembling and pale. “ Oh ! I’m lost,” he cried, with a kind of convulsive sob, “ I’m lost ! I’m lost ! ” God had smitten the lion-like man ; and, before many days, he was at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. One of his earliest acts of thanksgiving was to assemble in his little cottage the prayer-meeting which we found in it that Saturday night. For a whole year, they had thus gathered ; and no one could be present without perceiving that each one felt it very good to be there.

In another cottage, that evening, we found a convert and his wife, both of them rejoicing in the Lord. Madame de Guyon speaks of a laundress, in a little town blest with a Revival, who, on one occasion, was visited by two Christians, anxious to instruct her in the things of God. To their surprise, they found her “ already instructed by the Lord Himself in all that they read and said to her,—so that they were glad to receive instruction from her—her

words seemed so divine." Such was our own experience among these converts. Instead of venturing to sit in judgment upon the work, we felt as if the work sat in judgment upon ourselves. These people had had teachings direct from the Holy Ghost ; and it seemed as if their hourly joy was to live upon His breath. A loving man once uttered this yearning—

"Since, then, my God! thou hast
So brave a palace built,—oh! dwell in it!"

These Christians, we saw, did more than yearn for it. God did dwell in them, and dwell abundantly.

In that cottage, there was given to us a letter from one of the four young men, James M——, who had gone over, some months before, to England, devoting himself entirely to missionary labour. "The Lord's work," it said, "is still prospering in my hands. I converse from time to time with anxious souls seeking salvation. Since I came, I have conversed with nearly sixty. Of these the greater part are hopefully converted to God, evidenced by a consistent life and conversation."

A Christian once wrote :—"It is my pleasure, my happiness, to be indebted to God for everything." "I am very happy," continued M——, "looking to the Lord for all I want. It is truly encouraging to our faith to see the Lord's hand stretched forth in every time of need ; for the Lord always interferes, when we require it. How sweet, how pleasant, to have grace to trust our Lord, and wait upon our gracious heavenly Father! My dear wife has a quite different mind about trusting the Lord from what she formerly had : the hand of God has been witnessed by her so manifestly on our behalf, that she cannot

help trusting Him. Her faith is multiplied, and her grace greatly increased, by beholding from time to time the Lord's hand stretched forth in our time of need. I have not the promise of a farthing from any one ; nor am I influenced by any party under the sun."

After naming one or two little matters of business, the letter added :—"Please let me introduce my element. God's people are always a tried people ; but help is laid upon One that is mighty. Remember, dear friend, Jesus not only died for sinners, but lives for sinners saved by grace. For instance, do you want more wisdom in your own house and before the world ? Christ is your wisdom ; and draw upon Him by believing prayer. Do you want patience ? or holiness ? or to be more inwardly conformed to the mind of Jesus ? Bring your case before the Lord ; ask, and you shall receive ; for 'in Christ Jesus dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and out of Him we receive, and grace for grace.' Let the knowledge of being one day with Jesus cheer up your heart under every instance of depression, and lift you above every trial on this troubled sea of life. It is sweet to be going home, where care is unknown, and joy has begun, world without end."

A disciple, whose own daily life was a rare pattern of the grace whose scarceness she deplóres, has written :—"Generally speaking, men have too little faith, too little courage, to leave the shore—which is something tangible and solid, and has the support of sense—and to go out upon the sea which has the support of faith only. They advance perhaps some little distance ; but, when the wind blows and the cloud lowers and the sea is tossed to and fro, then they are dejected—they cast anchor—and often wholly desist from the prosecution of the voyage." Another of the

young men, J—h M——, writes :—" You wished me to let you know what sort of work I should like to be engaged in. I desire to labour, wheresoever the Lord opens up a way for me, in holding prayer-meetings and preaching in my own humble way to poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. I don't care for being bound to any place or any mode of acting. I look to the Lord to support me ; and He has done so up to the present time. This way of living is often trying to the flesh ; but it tends to keep me nearer to God."

Another Christian, lately removed, said one day :—" Oh ! how holy, how happy, how free from covetousness, envy, anxiety, and all that disturbs the soul, will the real disciple be—*always walking with God* ! How would he cause the gospel to be honoured ! how victoriously would he shut the mouths of gainsayers ! and how many souls would he bring to his Saviour by the lovely splendour of a most holy life, still more than by his most powerful words ! But," he added, " where are those Christians ? my God, where are they ?" Had he been among us now, we should have pointed him to those converts, and said—" Behold the higher Christian life which you seek. Here are men walking the earth with their feet, but breathing the air of heaven."

CHAPTER III.

The Coachmaker—Last year—The captive set free—"Home a little heaven"—This year—Meeting—Anxious souls—An appeal—"First question"—"Whose am I?"—"Stop and think"—What God wants—"Farm with a new tenant"—Personal experience—"Only thing worth having"—Within reach—Child of God—Who can make one?—"That day"—The "well-done"—Old Gospel—How made new—A parallel—John Wealey—Silencing a convert—Lay-action—Stated Ministry—Grieving the Spirit—Unbelief in His work.

ANOTHER day, we visited the Coachmaker of C——. Twice last year, at an interval of some weeks, we had seen him, and talked with him, and adored the grace of God in him. Scarcely before, had we witnessed a more signal trophy of God's saving power. A notorious drunkard, so notorious that for seven years he had not gone to bed one night sober—a blaspheming swearer, so that he could not issue an order to his men without a volley of disgusting oaths—a wife-beater, so that, night after night, he had turned her out of doors, dragging her by the very hair of her head,—J—— H—— had boasted, when the Revival came to the town, and strong men were bending before God's breath like the cedar of Lebanon before His wind, that no power on earth or in hell should ever bring *him* to his knees. But, one night, God had struck him down; and, after a great conflict, the captive had been set free.

On our second visit, we had gone to see him again. We

called one Saturday evening, and, in his absence, we saw his wife, who told us that he was down in the country a few miles speaking to some people about Jesus. On the Sunday evening we called, about nine, and found him just returned from another of his little mission-journeys. "Well now," he said, as we sat together in his parlour, "at this time of night, of a Sunday, three or four months ago, I should have been sitting here, with a tumbler of whisky and water beside me; myself a sot, and my home a kind of hell upon earth; but now I never taste—I'm happy as the day's long—and my home's a little heaven."

This year, we revisited our friend, and were struck with the tidy, well-to-do look of everything about him. "Well, all right?" we asked. "Oh! Sir," he said, "how I wish you had been with us last night at ——! It was the anniversary of the beginning of the Revival there. We were crowded to the door—many anxious souls!" It occurred to us to ask him what he had spoken to them,—when, opening a desk, he took out a little manuscript, containing the substance of his appeal the previous evening. It may interest the reader to have a few of its sentences.

"The first question," he said, "which God asked Adam, was, 'Where art thou?' Let us now ask, this evening, in the sight of God—Where am I? Am I on the broad road which leads to destruction, or on the narrow road which leads to life? for, my friends, there is a hell to be shunned, and there is a heaven to be gained. Stop a moment, and think! Stop, you are dying creatures—you may die next week, or to-morrow, or to-night. I know you would all like to go to heaven, which is glory, and would all like to shun hell, which is misery—the worm which dieth not. In this heaven or in this hell you must be eternally.

Are you living in sin? Are you out of Christ? If so, you are on the road to destruction. Oh! take warning; you are murdering your own souls. What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what would he give in exchange for his soul? Now, the very first thing God requires of us is—‘My son, give me thine *heart*.’ The heart in religion is as the root to the tree, or as the mainspring to the watch, or as the fire to the engine. The soul is dead and cold, until the fire of divine love is kindled. It is the heart which the husband requires from the wife, or the father from the child. The natural heart is compared to a stone: this is a most striking and instructive figure of speech which the Holy Ghost has thought fit to use in describing the natural heart. Stone is cold, hard, barren, dead. But a new heart is given by God the Spirit. It has new tastes, new desires, new hopes, new likes and new dislikes. It is like a farm with a new and good tenant. Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. It loves holiness, and hates sin. It abhors that which is evil, and cleaves to that which is good. The ‘right’ heart is a broken and contrite heart: it is broken off from pride, self-conceit, and self-righteousness: it is a praying heart; it has within it the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

“Now,” he continued, “you see the willingness of God to give this new heart. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life. It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom we were chief,—as I can testify; for, my friends, you all know what I was—that Paul himself was never such a sinner. But,

blessed be God, the self-same person who is now speaking to you, and who was so awfully sunk in sin, can also tell you something of what Paul meant when he said, 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' And this—'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; and, if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.' This is the only thing worth having; and it is within everybody's reach. Yes, men become the sons of God, in the day that the Spirit leads them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And, no matter who or what you are, the moment you believe on Him you shall be saved. Remember, no inheritance of glory without sonship to God; no sonship without an interest in Christ; no interest in Christ without your own personal faith. Remember the words of the beloved apostle, 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!' How wonderful that the holy God should set His affections on sinful man and admit him into His family! Men may laugh at you, and mock, if they will. God is your Father; you have no need to be ashamed. The Queen can create noblemen; Bishops can ordain clergymen; but Queen, Lords, and Bishops, all put together, cannot of their own power make one son of God. The man who can call God his Father, and Christ his elder Brother, may be poor and lowly, but he needs never be ashamed."

And he added:—"Settle it down in your hearts, that not even a cup of cold water, given to one of the least of the little ones in His name, shall go unrewarded. Yet, a little time, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Then shall be the glorious liberty and full manifestation of

the sons of God : then shall the world acknowledge they were the only wise : then shall they no longer be heirs in expectancy, but heirs in full possession. At that great day they shall hear those comfortable words, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world !' Surely, surely, this will make amends for all their trials and afflictions. May we all hear that transporting welcome—'Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord !' "

These words were very old, very plain, very unadorned : but they were uttered from a heart itself made new ; and the words, old as the good old gospel, became also new. It is related of William Pitt, that, when Wilberforce used to take him to hear Cecil, he would acknowledge candidly that he never was able to understand him. No man ever preached more simply ; but it was experimental Christianity, and *that* the proud minister could not comprehend. In Ireland, no other message was prized. Like Bunyan's "three saints of Bedford," men had heart only for the grand eternal realities. The coachmaker had been taught those realities at the feet of Jesus ; and he could not but utter everywhere the things which he had seen and heard.

It is told of John Wesley, that, one day, in London, soon after he had begun to hold forth with divine power the word of life, he received information from Oxford that a man who had been converted under his ministry was taking it upon him to gather together some poor wanderers and to tell them of the Friend of sinners. Alarmed at this innovation, Wesley was setting out for Oxford, to silence him as an offender against order. "John," said his mother—one of those shrewd, sagacious Christian women who arrive by a kind of instinct at conclusions which others reach only by

reasoning, "that man is as much entitled to speak as you are." He hesitated—delayed—and at last altered his purpose. The man was not silenced; for God had opened his mouth. Such was the feeling which we found prevailing everywhere amongst those converts. "God has been working in such a way," says Dr Prime, speaking of lay-action in the American Revival, "as to reveal its power in a measure never before dreamt of. Yet He has done it in a manner which aroused no unholy jealousies in any quarter. Never before, in these latter days, have ministers found such abundant help in the church; never have they preached and laboured with such courage and hope." In Ireland, we met the very same result. Lay-action and the stated ministry each found its appropriate sphere. On the one hand, the converts exhorted, pleaded, warned—"in season and out of season;" and, on the other hand, the ministers, instead of attempting to silence them, rather directed and encouraged them. Everywhere we found that none more honoured the regular ministry than those who had been chiefly used as God's sickles to reap the whitened harvest.

Cases like the coachmaker's have been derided by the godless, and suspected even by some Christian men. For our own part, we no sooner met him this year once more, than, like Paul at the "Three Taverns," we "thanked God, and took courage." A Christian poet, speaking of the wound which those who slight, in themselves or in others, the Spirit's handiwork, inflict upon Him, says:—

"And art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour
And cross thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power

Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
 I pass away, and leave it dead
 Then weep mine eyes ! the God of love doth grieve ! ”

A blasphemer on his knees—a drunkard, not only sobered, but not even desiring to drink—a raving swearer filled with the “peace which passeth all understanding”—a wife-beater watching tenderly (as we found him the other day) over her dying bed, and praying with her, and praising the Lord for all His wondrous mercy—surely that is the fruit of the Spirit, if anywhere it is to be found on earth. And shall they feel no grief, who grieve the Holy Spirit by dishonouring His so blessed work ?

CHAPTER IV.

FARTHER RESULTS—Love and its fruits—Drinking habits—Statistics of crime—Maiden assizes—Awe upon the masses—Not lasting—Real test—Bishop of Down—His Testimony—Ballymena—Seventy prayer-meetings—Solitary cottage—The girl and the chickens—"The good word"—Family worship—Brotherly kindness—Hymns—Self-sacrifice—Commemorative Prayer-meeting—Forty thousand—Thanksgivings—"Sugar'd, strange delight"—A Berachah—Jesus all—Air vocal with praise—No fanaticism—Calm joy—New reaping—Scene in a Mill—A traveller's testimony—Story of grace—Rapt attention—Style of address—Warm appeals—Logic of Christianity—Its vanity—The conscience and the heart.

"Love," said St Augustine, on one occasion; "and do what you please." He meant that, once let love possess the heart, it would expel all fear but the fear of doing evil.

Everywhere, in Ireland, we found that the *drinking habits* of the people had undergone the most striking change. In Bushmills, for example—a small town near the Giant's Causeway—instead of twenty-two public-houses, there were now only eight; and these eight together had not as large a trade as any one of the twenty-two had had before the Revival. In Coleraine, a wholesale spirit-merchant said, that, whereas in former years it was customary for neighbouring farmers to send to him for two, three, or even five gallons of whisky for the harvest-home, this year not a single order had been received; and he added, that so greatly reduced was his general trade, that, for every ten

gallons which he sold before the awakening, he now scarcely sold one. In a particular street, a converted publican had closed his shop, regarding the traffic as inconsistent with his new life ; and yet at one period he had sold more spirits than any ten of the trade in the locality. Again, an extensive distiller declared that so seriously had the Revival diminished the consumption of spirits generally in the north, that, if he had not made extensive sales in England, on the Continent, and in America, the business of his establishment must have been brought to a close.

In the statistics of *crime*, too, there was the same marked improvement. At the assizes, this last autumn, in the County Antrim—one of the largest in Ireland—there were only three custody-cases. In Armagh, the judge had scarcely anything to do but to congratulate the grand jury. In Monaghan, there were only two prisoners, and these for petty larcenies. In County Down, the cases amounted only to three.

At the same time, we must add, that such statistics—whether of crime or of drunkenness—we have never accepted as of themselves decisive tests of the Revival. Wheresoever real grace touches the heart of a man, it transforms him into a “new creature ;” and, accordingly, the *converts* everywhere, we found, had abandoned their evil ways. But, besides the direct effect of the Revival upon them, there had been an indirect effect upon the masses around. Over these there had come a strange awe—an awe so overwhelming that tipplers were afraid for the time to enter their old haunts, and thieves to continue their old habits of petty crime. That awe was, in its very nature, a thing which could not last ; not only so, but once let it pass away, and you might expect a reaction which would carry men back to

their former ways, and with a fresh zest corresponding very much to the force of the temporary restraint which had been laid upon them. Therefore we have attached scarcely any weight to the statistics of the calendar or of the drinking-house.

During our visit to Belfast, the Bishop of Down, whose diocese comprehends a large tract of the Revival-district, held his annual visitation ; and, in his Charge, he announced certain significant facts. In Belfast, alone, for example, at the last confirmation, instead of an annual average of 200 or 250, there had been 705 persons—many of them advanced in life ; and of these 650 had voluntarily come forward to partake of the holy communion ; whilst, during an episcopate now extended over eleven years, he had never witnessed the same striking solemnity of manner as had characterised these confirmations. “It was thought by some,” said the prelate, “and indeed foretold by others, that the good results of the Revival were only the temporary excitement which usually attended such movements, especially one so novel and so widely extended, and that they would pass away before a year had elapsed from its first appearance. I was anxious to know how far that assertion was borne out by the facts of the case ; and I added to my usual queries throughout the diocese, one to be answered by every incumbent, requesting his opinion as to the permanence of the fruits, if any, which remained after the lapse of a year, and how far his first impressions had been borne out by subsequent events. The greater part replied—that the churches are filled ; the number of the communicants is unprecedentedly increased ; open-air services and cottage-lectures are well attended ; the careless and indifferent are aroused ; drunkards are reformed ; the impure

have become pure ; and, above all, the family-altar has been reared in many a humble dwelling where no voice of prayer or praise had ever been heard before."

In one little town, of some four or five thousand inhabitants, we found that, in connexion with one of the Presbyterian congregations, there were held, each week, in the cottages through the town and in the neighbouring country-district, not fewer than seventy prayer-meetings. The large gatherings of last year had passed into this less exciting, but not less real, mode of service. We visited some solitary cottages in various directions, and found amongst their inmates a quiet godliness, which seemed to draw its life, not from the emotion of large assemblages, but from direct and lonely fellowship with the Most High. A lady near Coleraine related to us an incident which illustrated that feature of the work. Driving along one day in a pony-carriage with her children, she came to a lonely cottage, where a brood of chickens attracted the eye of one of the little boys ; and he insisted that his mamma should go in and buy them for him. The lady consented, and was entering the dwelling, when a girl passed out with a Bible in her hand, as if afraid that the stranger might not have sympathy with her. The girl was weeping ; and, as the lady observed her tears, she kindly asked her to come in with her, for she should so like to hear her read a little from *that* Book. They entered and sat down ; and, after the girl had composed herself a little, the visitor enquired what was vexing her. "Oh ! ma'am," said the girl, her grief bursting out afresh, "I was at a meeting in a cottage last night, and they told me that God so loved the world that He gave His beloved Son for us ; and they told me," she added, very simply, "that that was written some-

where in this Bible, and I have been looking for it ever since, but cannot find it." The lady took the Bible, and read the words, to the great delight of the poor girl ; and, as she went on to speak for a few moments of Jesus and His dying love, the girl and her mother seemed to open their hearts to Him like the flower before the rising sun. As she was about to leave, the mother said—" Oh ! ma'am, you must have the chickens for nothing, for the good word you have spoken to us." "Nay," replied the stranger, "the gospel is free, without money and without price : Jesus says, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' " And it was only after a hard struggle, that she could persuade the poor woman to accept the money.

In another part, a clergyman remarked, one day, pointing to a large district all round :—" I scarcely know a family here which, before the Revival, had domestic worship ; and now I scarcely know one that has not. I am perfectly astonished, too," he added, "at their love for God's ordinances and for His day. Discord, too, has given place to brotherly-kindness. Young men that scoffed at prayer and at prayer-meetings, now seem never so happy as when attending them. Wild, vain songs are exchanged for hymns of praise ; and selfishness has given place to self-sacrifice—they will give anything and do anything for God and His work."

In the two counties of Down and Antrim, we found that the schools of the Irish Sunday-school Union alone had added to their numbers, during the year, nearly ten thousand pupils and one thousand teachers. Out of five hundred Presbyterian congregations, three hundred had had an addition of ten thousand communicants on the first celebration of the Supper after the beginning of the Revival ; and

multitudes more had been added since. In the same counties, the Wesleyans reported an increase of their communicants amounting to fifteen thousand.

In the month of July, there was held in Belfast, in the Botanic Gardens, a commemorative Prayer-meeting. A vast multitude assembled, numbering upwards of forty thousand, the greater part drawn to the spot to thank the Lord for His loving-kindness to themselves or to their neighbours or their friends, in saving them or in giving to them a fresh start on the narrow way. A Christian poet has written of God's tender love to him :—

“ When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed, even in the midst of youth and night,
To look upon me, who' before did lie

Weltering in sin ;
I felt a sugar'd, strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by human art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart
And take it in.

“ Since that time, many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e’en able to destroy
And the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway :

But still Thy sweet, original joy,
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control
And got the day."

It was a spectacle over which angels might have sung for joy, to witness hundreds upon hundreds, ay, thousands upon thousands, thus gathered in that Berachah, like Jehoshaphat's victorious host, to praise Him who had remembered them in their low estate, and to entreat a still more glorious display of His saving power. All

denominational distinctions were forgotten, in the one grand reality of saved and unsaved. The one thought in every bosom was to exalt the name of Jesus ; and, in the brightness of that sun, all the little tapers of man's lighting paled. The vast assembly was broken up into sundry detachments ; for no single voice could reach a fifth or a sixth of the whole mass. But this (says an eye-witness) only added to the interest of the scene, by making each shadowy tree an altar around which the incense of praise ascended, and from which the pardon of sin and the saving power of Christ were proclaimed. In front, before the central platform, stood ten thousand eager listeners, whilst, in the distance and all around, the air seemed vocal with the grave sweet melody of praise. There was no fanaticism, no excitement ; all was calm, devout, and orderly. And, when the hour of dismissal arrived, it seemed as if all felt it to have been so good to be there, that, though the meeting had lasted four hours, they scarcely knew how to quit a scene where the Lord had revealed Himself so graciously to their hearts.

And not in vain did the prayer of faith ascend, that fresh sheaves might yet be gathered into the divine garner. In every place which we visited, we found that, though the panic and excitement of last year had subsided, the Lord was adding daily to the church such as should be saved. For example, on one occasion, in a congregation not far from Ballymena, some thirty persons were constrained during the service to cry out for pardon ; and, in Ballymena itself, the preceding Sunday, several others were suddenly pricked in their hearts. In remote cottages, too, one and another would be found—some in deep anxiety and others rejoicing in Jesus. In a large mill which we visited one day,

a singular scene presented itself. We had been there last year; and, as we addressed a few simple words to the work-people in a large loft, several had been stricken down and had cried aloud for mercy. This year, we arrived unexpectedly one morning; and, having only an hour or two to spare, we proposed a meeting, when the proprietor kindly ordered the mill to be stopped, and the people were assembled again in the loft. A friend, who was present, and to whom these scenes were new, was startled at the unwonted stillness of the assemblage: it seemed as if the Lord were so near that one might almost feel His breath. The meeting was very brief; but we departed that morning, realising—in a measure which, alas! is so rare—that the presence and power of the Holy Ghost with the Word is indeed no romance, and that at such moments the old but not exploded assurance of the Master is made good—"It shall be given you in that hour, what ye shall speak." Before quitting the mill, we exchanged a passing word with one who at the former visit had been stricken: she was weeping tears of gladness; "Oh! Sir," she whispered; "I am so happy!"

A visitor who traversed these same districts, writes:—"The sowing time is not yet past. The true earnestness of the people is the same as ever; the hungering and thirsting for the water and bread of life are in no way diminished: of this I can testify. The people, notwithstanding the saturated earth and the surcharged clouds of heaven, will gather by hundreds—yea, by thousands—round any one who will tell the story of redemption by the blood of Jesus; their earnest, rapt attention, their fixed gaze, and the falling tear, unmistakeably revealing the prepared state of their souls. It has been my privilege to

share in the work of proclaiming the gospel ; and no words can express the thankful attention with which such ministrations were received, or the heartfelt conviction that such labours were abundantly rewarded. Prostrations were still occurring in connexion with the preaching of the Word, though not so numerous as last year. At one place we witnessed six such cases ; and at the same place, three weeks before, there had been twenty."

Nothing struck us more forcibly, on those scenes, than the tone and style of the addresses. In the pulpit and at the casual meeting and in the wayside-interview, one grand idea seemed prominent—human hearts and human consciences were to be reached, and the Word was God's highway. The old dull routine of a pious and reasoned homily had given way to a warm and affectionate, though calm and quiet, appeal to the *man*. The logic of Christianity, in which many of the Irish preachers are such adepts, had been tried and been found wanting ; and now, instead of reasoning men out of their sin, they were content to announce the Divine message, and the Word came with authority and with commanding power. Last year, this feature struck every eye-witness ; and this year it seemed as if it had become the settled method—the tacitly understood necessity for a scene of "life in earnest."

CHAPTER V.

The Manna melting—Conviction not conversion—Five foolish and five wise—Too late—"Decide to-day"—A parallel—St Augustine—Pulpit at Carthage—"Not a moment to lose"—Individual responsibility—The buried talent—"Win for Christ"—A contrast—Cicero and Demosthenes—Admiring plaudits—"Let us march against Philip!"—The Bishop—Things, not words—Anxious inquirers—African Revival short-lived—Same now—Prolonged indifference, decision—Sovereignty and Responsibility—St Augustine—"Turn whilst you may."

THE manna which the people neglected to gather at the critical hour of early dawn, melted at sunrise, and was as if it had not been.

In the city of A——, we visited a large draper's shop in which there were ten assistants—young women. We had seen them last year, when five of them were rejoicing in Jesus, and the other five were still untouched and unsaved. This year, we found the five "wise virgins" watching with trimmed lamps and not without oil: the moment we entered, we recognised in their happy faces the tokens of a heavenly joy. But the other five—"foolish" last year—were foolish still. They had continued all the year dead and hardened. The precious moment of blessing had been suffered to pass unheeded. The manna from heaven had been lying at their very tent-doors; but they had not gathered—and now it was too late!

A young man whom we met was addressing, one evening, very urgent words to some loiterers. "You are under an

impression," he said; "oh! be very careful not to trifle with it; for Christ is standing at the door of your hearts now, and, if you do not let Him in now, perhaps He will go away and not come back again. Oh! now, while you can cast yourselves on Christ, do, dear friends; and accept Him as your Saviour. Give up all for Him who gave up all for you, and who died on Calvary that you might live and wear His glorious crown of righteousness. Decide, oh! decide, for Christ TO-DAY!"

In the time of St Augustine, the Church was visited with a Revival; and nothing used to affect the good Bishop so deeply, as the thought that, whilst some were passing before his eyes into the kingdom, others were missing the precious hour of visitation, and standing by unawakened and unsaved. "Brethren," was his burning appeal one day from his pulpit at Carthage, addressing the converts on the words—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,"—"let each and every Christian among the members of Christ be even eaten with zeal of the house of God. For example, seest thou a brother running to the theatre? stop him, warn him, be grieved for him! Seest thou others running and wanting to drink themselves drunk? stop whom thou canst, hold whom thou canst, frighten whom thou canst; whom thou canst, win by gentleness; do not in anywise sit still and do nothing! But if thou be cold, spiritless, having an eye to thyself alone, as thinking thou hast enough to do for thyself, and saying in thine heart, 'What have I to do to look after other people's sins? I have enough to do with my own soul; let me keep that entire unto God;'—ha! does it come into thy mind to bethink thee of that servant who hid his talent, and would not lay it out?"

And he added:—"Ye know what ye are to do each one

of you, in his own house, with friend, with inmate, with his client, with greater, with smaller: as God giveth access, as He openeth a door for His word, give yourselves no rest, but win for Christ, because ye were won by Christ!"

The Bishop himself was a notable example of his own counsels. "He is cheered," he writes, in his "Instruction of the Christian Teacher," evidently delineating himself, "by the eager attention with which the people listen to him. But it does not satisfy him to know that he is understood; he cannot quit the subject until he sees the tears rise to their eyes."

It has been said of Cicero, that the effect of some of his most splendid orations was to leave his audience in a self-indulging admiration of the man, each one in the room turning to his neighbour with the exclamation, "How grand!" But, when Demosthenes, with his rougher and less polished periods, had finished his glowing appeal, the men of Athens, forgetting the orator and thinking only of the theme, responded with one voice—"Let us march against Philip!" St Augustine, mighty giant as he was in intellect, cared not, in his addresses, what might be said of his manner or of his style. "It is the character of ingenuous minds," he said, on one occasion, "that they love the truth which is given in the words, not the words in which it is given. What are we the better for a golden key, if it cannot unlock what we want to open? what the worse for a wooden key, if it can? when all we want is, to have that open which was shut." And Augustine had his reward. No uncommon thing was it, if the old man had been lifting up his voice in God's name against some popular sin, for the auditory at once to rise and on the spot

pledge themselves to renounce it. And he was not content with an outward reformation—he aimed at nothing less than the people's conversion; and often, often, did anxious ones linger behind, wanting to know the way of life. Never was the holy man more at home or more happy, than in his little retiring-room, seeking to comfort and relieve these troubled souls.

The Revival in the time of Augustine was not of long duration. A goodly number was gathered; and the cloud of blessing passed on. It is the same way now, and with a tenfold intenseness of meaning; for already, in the judgment of almost all thoughtful men, the shadows of the approaching night are falling on us, and the Lord, before coming in the clouds and gathering His saints unto Him, seems making haste to gather many sinners. Happy they, who have understanding of the time, to know what Israel ought to do! And thrice happy they who, knowing the time to be so very short, lose not a moment in appealing to perishing souls around them, saying, "Let him that is athirst come; and, whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely!"

Foster has observed, that we decide against that which we refuse to adopt, so that prolonged indifference is decision so far, and *indifference* to the *end* will be but decision completed. Never was the fact demonstrated more palpably than now. Like the blind beggar at Jericho, it seems a now or never with men. Sticklers for orthodoxy say—"Well, but will not God do all His pleasure? why speak as if it depended thus wholly on man?" St Augustine used to meet in his day with that cavil; but, whilst vindicating earnestly Divine sovereignty, he would say—"God hath not lost His power; but He is requiring repent-

ance from you. Be ye changed whilst you may ; turn up with the plough the hard ground, cast the stones out of the field, pluck up the stones out of it ! Be loath to retain that hard heart, from which the word of God may quickly pass away and be lost !”

CHAPTER VI.

ASSURANCE—Luther to Erasmus—Converts' joy—"Sure of heaven"
—Close to Jesus—"Love better than wine"—"Speak of HIM"
—Fresh baptism—"Our work of love"—Fruit—The one thing
—Never grow weary—"Happy witnesses"—"That crown—
Mutual attachment—Solicitude—A rest "out of God"—Must
be smitten—"Have all"—A group—"Enough for the day"—
Quiet activity—"Works for Jesus"—Association—Bond of fel-
lowship—Door of entrance.

ONE day Luther wrote to Erasmus:—"We Christians ought to be fully assured as to the doctrine we profess, and ought to be able to say 'Yes,' or 'No,' without hesitation. To pretend to prevent us from affirming, with an undoubting conviction, that which we believe, is to deprive us of faith itself. The Holy Ghost is no sceptic, and He has written on our hearts a firm and strong assurance, which renders us no less certain of our faith than we are of our very life." Everywhere, at this time, in ENGLAND not less than in Ireland, we find among the converts the same happy assurance—the consequence not of a reflex faith in the man's own faith, but of a steadfast look at Jesus. "Oh! my dear brother," a young man writes to a companion, "now that you have found the Lord Jesus and can call Him 'my Saviour,' do not rest short of being quite sure of heaven—more sure even than you are of reading this letter through; for, if you are sure, you then can take in the whole joy of religion. And why should not you be sure? St John says—'I write unto you because your sins

are forgiven you.' Then, when we are sure of heaven, we shall never be ashamed to own Him who died for our sins, and left us wretched sinners His own glorious robes. The least we can do is to speak a word for Him to poor souls that do not know Him."

And another young man writes :—"I am rejoiced to hear that you are getting on 'all right'—that you are quite determined, whatever happens, to be Christ's, both body and soul ; for it is a great thing to be on His side. Then let us never be ashamed to speak for Him, for He has even put Himself on a level with sinners."

And another addresses a little band of disciples thus :—"You have decided to serve the Lord Jesus. I can say from my heart He is a good Master. Never mind what the world may say of Him ; look to Jesus yourself. Do not give way when they mock and scoff at you. Remember that He suffered persecution for us ; and we must expect to suffer shame for His name. Commit yourselves to His care ; and He will guide you through all the snares and dangers of this world and at last bring you into His everlasting kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

A Christian poet, who himself lived very close to the Lord, has written—

"Oh, what a damp and shade,
Doth me invade !
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright
As Thy eclipsed light."

Nothing proves so surely the reality of these conversions as their intense attachment to the person of Jesus. "Thy love," each convert seems to say, "is better than

wine." "Oh! my dear friend," proceeds the same young man, "I hope you are able to say, as I can myself, what a glorious thing it is to have the love of Christ shed abroad in our hearts! Keep close to Him, counting everything but dross that you may win Christ and be found in Him. Only in Him are true joys to be found. I feel that Christ is so *precious* to my soul that I would rather give up anything than lose His love."

And another writes :—"My dear brother, as we have beheld the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world and has taken away our sins, let us stick very close to Him, looking unto Him as we walk ; for, if we do this, we are safe. But oh! be not discouraged if you commit sins which you would not ; for, as St Paul says, those things that I hate, those I do, and those things which I love, those I do not. Above all, *keep near to Jesus* ; and, though we may never meet on earth, we are sure to meet in heaven, where it will be one long day and no night, and where we shall ever be singing praises to the Lamb who died for us."

Another feature of likeness to Jesus, in these converts, is their quiet activity. By an instinct of their new life, they are impelled to speak of Jesus and of the great things which He has done for them. And they find it not a drudgery, but a soul-quickenings privilege—their meat, their drink, their life. "I hope," a young man writes, "that God is blessing your journey with the greatest of blessings to those that are unconverted—that you may be the instrument used in God's hand for the conversion of many souls. Oh! how good our Saviour is in making us the instruments of doing good! for what are we but great sinners? But, being washed in the blood of Christ Jesus,

God does not look on us henceforth save through the righteousness of our Saviour ; and then, as the Saviour has done so much for us, how it does inspire us with gratitude and make us work for Him ! About working for Christ, I think that it does me good every time I speak a word for Him. It warms my heart and makes Christ more precious to me ; for, though He is at all times very precious to me, yet at that time more than all."

Another writes :—" I have found my Saviour. I am only sorry that I did not find Him before ; but I did not give my heart to Him. Now I have ; and I hope that those around me here will soon find Him. My desire is that I, a weak vessel of His grace, may glorify His name for His goodness towards me. What nearness of access we might have, if we lived closer to God ! what sweet communion might we have with a God of love ! Oh ! that we may be the happy witnesses to all around us of the saving virtue of the stream which flows from the fountain of everlasting love ! Sir, I hope you will still go on working for Christ, and that you will have the honour of bringing many souls to the foot of the Cross. If we could but fix our eyes always on that crown which awaits us, we should never grow weary in well-doing, but should run with patience and delight in the works and ways of God which He appoints unto us."

Madame de Guyon once wrote, concerning a sister in the faith—" I have always loved her *in* God and *for* God." Nothing can be more beautiful than the tender attachment which binds the converts to one another. " I received your loving letter," a young man writes, " on Monday at dinner-time when I went home. I went alone and read it ; and oh ! you don't know how it warmed my heart to hear

from you so soon. Let us try and keep up a channel of love between us ; and, though we are not near each other, naturally, let us be near each other in heart—for by this shall all men know that we are His disciples, that we love one another. And, if we love one another, we will try and cheer each other ; and I am sure that nothing cheers me so much as to hear from you. Oh ! my dear brother, do not let us grieve that we cannot see each other now : we are all going to one home at last, where we shall ever be, not with kings and queens, but with that Saviour whom we have so much loved. Let not the desire to be there, however, be too strong ; but let us take up the words of the hymn which says—

‘ Fear not, my soul, nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do His will, be mine !
And His, to fix my time of rest ! ’

Nevertheless let us keep heaven always in sight ; and, if any one asks us what makes us so happy, we can answer them and say—We are looking forward to the time when we shall be with Jesus in heaven.”

This mutual attachment necessitates opportunities of fellowship. “ You spoke,” writes one of them, “ about your *Association*. I am very glad to hear that you have formed one ; and I trust God that it will go on and prosper. I think often of what you said about working for Jesus. Truly faith without works is dead. And there are many different ways of working for Him—such as speaking, and having prayer-meetings, and so on. Now T—— and I (through prayer, mind you !) have got a nice room to have a prayer-meeting in ; and we are going to have our

first meeting this evening : so, will you and the others pray that God will bless it to the great ingathering of souls ?” Few things are more important and have done greater service than these “Associations.” They provide a channel of fellowship and a rallying-point for the converts ; and they open a door of entrance amongst others who have not yet decided for Christ. The meetings generally are conducted by the members themselves ; and it aids their efforts, as well as preserves them in a right path, if some experienced friend, who has thorough sympathy with their main design, accept the post of President. When the Spirit of God calls a young man to go out to Jesus without the camp, obedience to the call severs him necessarily from old companionships and friendships ; but Christianity, not isolating him into a monkish solitariness, surrounds him rather with new ties and new loves. A natural development of this brotherliness is found in such Associations ; and no words can express the value of their communings.

Their love begets a most tender solicitude for their mutual growth in grace. “You don’t know,” wrote a young man lately to a new convert, “how it warmed my heart, to hear that another sinner had turned to Jesus. You have found the pearl of great price. It is a happy though a narrow road which leads to heaven. As Jesus is on our side, and has told us that in His Father’s house are many mansions, and that He has gone to prepare a place for us, I am sure it is far better to lay aside all the passing and unsatisfying pleasures of this transitory life, and to gain the real and solid joys of heaven, where we shall dwell with the friends we love so well now, and, above all, be with the great Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, even Jesus Christ, our dear Saviour. Oh ! what a happy

time, my dear brother, when you and I shall meet around the throne in heaven to praise Him whom we have here loved ! And now, as we have been washed in His blood who died for us, we can make sure of being there ; for He that has begun a good work in our hearts will carry it on unto the end."

And another writes to a little circle at a distance thus :—
" I hope this will find you firm in the love of Christ. Do not be ashamed of Him ; for He will not own you if you are. Are you willing to give up all for Him ? Perhaps you think you will have to part with a great deal ; but in truth you have only to leave off sinning. It is a glorious thing to be a disciple of Christ. Do not be discouraged by the scoffing of the ungodly. Go through all trials with patience. Think of all Jesus endured for your sakes. Pray without ceasing ; for He that asketh receiveth. May God bless you and strengthen you, that you may overcome all the temptations of Satan." And another :—" Let us, my dear friend, strive to please Him. Let us love Him who first loved us. Let us leave all and follow Him. We must not keep one darling sin. We cannot please two masters ; if we would please man, we cannot please God. I hope we shall ever live in Christ. Let us try to bring others to Him, and not be weary in well-doing ; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

" Everything," it has been said, " on which the soul rests *out of God* must be smitten—whether reputation, or property, or health, or symmetry of person, or friends, or father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or children." To ease-loving, flesh-pleasing Christians this is indeed a hard saying ; and poor nature, terrified at the apparition, whispers secretly to itself—" Be it far from thee ! this shall not

be unto thee." But the converts of these days are not so learning Christ. "I hear," wrote another young man lately to a friend, "that you have found the Saviour. I am sure you never knew what true happiness was till you found Him. I never did myself. True happiness alone is in Jesus. He is worth giving up all for. Do nothing that will grieve Him; for His eye is always on you day and night. Forsake all and follow Him. He will pay the full reward." And, sending a message to a companion, he adds:—"Are you sure you are on the right side? have you forsaken all for Him who died for you? 'Whoso loveth father or mother, &c., more than me, is not worthy of me.' Your friends upon earth will not save you from hell. He came to earth, that we might have a home in heaven. Do leave all and follow Jesus!" And another writes:—"Many of us here have given up all and followed Christ. And I hope, by God's help, we may be the means of bringing more souls unto Jesus. I know there is no other way of entering into heaven. I am sure my soul is safe in Christ."

One night, lately, we were with a group of young men who not long before had given themselves to Christ. The group had been photographed; and, as we took up the picture, we remarked—"Well, now, this will be a witness against you, if any of you should turn your back on Jesus." A shadow fell upon their faces, as if the suggestion were out of place. It was not meant as a rebuke to us; but we felt it as such—we had been weakening their arm for the fight. "Never any of you think about falling away," wrote one of them to a companion at a distance; "just pray to have enough for the day, and let the morrow provide for itself."

CHAPTER VII.

REVIVAL-TRUTH—Martin Luther—"Loved *me*"—Christ for each man—Sovereignty and responsibility—A Belfast convert—"That look"—The officer and the corporal—Yes or no—A visit—The tutor—Then and now—"Found Christ in the train"—"I am saved"—The message—Seldom delivered—A clergyman converted—Never invited before—Not "how to come," but "come"—Converts and the message—"Come now"—To-day and to-morrow—A convert's pleadings—"My Jesus"—The new theology—God's Fatherhood—God the Judge—Old divinity—Not old—The convert's *credo*—Man lost—Atoning blood—Renewing Spirit—Joy and peace—"Simple plan of salvation."

ONE day, Martin Luther, speaking on those words, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me," said—"Read with great emphasis 'me' and 'for me;' and so accustom thyself to them that thou mayest by a sure faith receive and apply to thyself this 'me;' nor doubt but that thou art even of the number of those who are included in this 'me,' and also that Christ not only loved Peter and Paul and gave Himself for them, but that the grace comprehended in this 'me,' belongs and comes to us as well as to them."

In every season of new life from above, the Christian, by a kind of instinct, sets forth, as Luther set forth, this CHRIST—Christ for each man who has the same human brow which once wore the crown of thorns. In Ireland we found that the theology of the converts was very simple; each sinner saved said with his whole heart—"By the

grace of God I am what I am ;" and each unsaved man knew for a certainty that he was himself to blame for it, not God. On the one hand, Divine sovereignty, and, on the other, human responsibility, were recognised as undoubted facts in their personal consciousness ; not argued out as theological dogmas. "Christ for *you*," was the message which each carried to his fellow ; and he announced it without embarrassment or reserve. If the man was willing at once to welcome Christ, he needed not to continue another hour unsaved ; if he rejected Christ or neglected Him, he was rejecting or neglecting "his own mercy."

One night, in Belfast, an anxious soul was crying to the Lord for mercy. A convert came up, and said—"I came into this house to-night a sinner—heavy laden ; but I can now say that my sins are pardoned. All you have to do is to believe that Jesus bore your sins on the cross—that He shed His blood for you ; only believe !" The words caused the troubled one to reason with herself—"If it is really possible for any to realise the pardon of sin and acceptance with God in so short a time, why may not I as well as they ?" Then it seemed as if she saw Him on the cross, bleeding for her sins, and turning towards her His pitying eyes, and saying—"Father, forgive her, for she knows not what she does." That look overcame her ; and she cried out—"I will believe, I do believe, that Jesus bled for me." At once the burden was lifted off her heart, and she felt "so strangely happy."

And not in Ireland only does this simple Gospel give heart's-ease for every heart-trouble. A few weeks ago, in England, an officer of artillery, finding himself alone in an office with a corporal, spoke to him about his soul's salvation. "Christ died for you," he said, after ascertaining

that he was still unconverted ; “and you have rejected Him.” The man seemed much struck and awed. Unexpectedly at that moment the interview was interrupted by the entrance of a third party. The officer, being about to quit the locality, and fearing that he might not again see the man, wrote hastily on a scrap of paper these words :—

“If able to say ‘Yes,’—write it : if not, tear up the question. It is—

‘I will give my whole heart to Jesus, and decide for Him
and His service now.’

And he left it with the corporal to answer. In a short time the man slipped it into his hand, with the words appended—

“I will do so with my whole heart.”

And his altered life has shewn that he did there and then decide for Christ.

The same officer was on a visit lately to a family near London, and appealed very pointedly one morning to a young man, a tutor in the house, on the matter of his willingness to decide at once to be the Lord's. The appeal was resented somewhat, and put aside with the rejoinder—

“You know, Colonel ———, we don't all think on these things with you.” Some weeks later, the visit was renewed ; and once more, quietly and privately, the same appeal was repeated. Two days afterwards, the young man wrote :—

“Dear Colonel ———, we *did* look at things in a different light, when you spoke to me before ; but, thanks be to God ! we do not do so any more now. While you were at D—— the day before yesterday, the Lord was graciously working on my heart ; and, in the evening, while in the train, I found joy and peace through believing in the holy name of His Son. I cannot, and I feel I need not, add any

more. With the spiritual experience you have gained, you will be able perfectly to understand my present (and eternal) happiness; and I am confident you will sympathise with me. I have still to ask your forgiveness (and oh! how glad I am to do it!) for the way in which I rejected the offer of peace you once brought me (as I now see) from God. But my heart was hardened; and I tried to resist the Spirit. Thank God, I am saved and pardoned now; and thanks be to you and to others for having faithfully delivered God's message to one more miserable sinner. —Your new brother in the Lord, ——— ———."

"God's message"—how very rarely is it delivered! We read, the other day, in a letter from a clergyman, that the night previous he had been converted by a sermon preached in his own pulpit, and that he intended the next Lord's day to tell his people that up to that week he had (though evangelical in name) been preaching a Saviour whom he did not personally know; and he added—"I never till that evening had addressed to me by any preacher the direct invitation to come to Jesus." The confession at first sight may sound strange in some ears; and yet we believe it holds true to an extent which few realise. Men preach and men speak *about* Christ and *about* the way of believing, and about all conceivable Christian topics; but the message, "Come"—"come unto me"—"come at once"—"come now"—is rarely delivered in its simple freshness and directness as a communication from God "beseeching" men to be reconciled, and to be reconciled on the very spot. Yet is not this the grand burden of the gospel-ministry? and, without it, is not the message in abeyance?

Everywhere we find the converts setting forth simply but most distinctly the real message. A young man was

writing lately to some friends at a distance who were still unsaved. "I would strongly urge," said he, "you who have not yet decided for God, to *come* to-day and find rest for your souls; for Christ Himself says, 'Come unto me.' Again, I say, come; for Christ died for you, and He will give you assuredly eternal life. He says, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' Dear friends, I write unto you as one who has found peace in believing; and why should not you all come and wash yourselves at the feet of the Saviour, so that you and myself may be travelling together on that road which leads to heaven? *Come!* 'Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out;' for the Lord 'came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.'"

And another young man, also writing to some anxious inquirers, indited the message thus:—"First, I would ask you whether you ever mean to come to Jesus. 'Yes'—I think I can answer for you. Then, dear fellow-sinners, if you do mean to come, come at once, come to-day, while it is called to-day! and oh! do not put it off till to-morrow; for most likely to-morrow you will be less inclined to come than you are to-day, and perhaps you may be called away before the light of to-morrow's sun; and oh! my dear brothers, where will your souls be? in the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. But you can avoid this by doing the simple thing of coming unto Jesus. Then will you not come to that dear and loving Saviour who is so willing to receive and forgive you? will you not come to that blessed Lamb who suffered so much for you—who died that you might live? Oh! do come! do, pray, come! Just cast yourselves on this loving Saviour who so often

has invited you ! Will you reject His invitation with scorn ? Oh ! my dear brothers, accept it at once whilst you can ; for remember God has said, ' My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' So I beseech you to accept at once Him who died for you. Make no delay. Be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and be on His right hand with all those who have accepted Jesus. Oh ! may I meet you there at last, when I stand at the right hand of *my* Jesus !" And another :—" Jesus died for sinners ; and does He not give them a hearty welcome ? ' Come unto me,' He says : ' Come now ! for now is the accepted time. Come, while it is called to-day ; for to-day is the day of salvation.' Perhaps you may say, ' I have done wrong all the days of my life ; surely Christ will not receive me ?' But Christ says, ' Come, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

These converts know nothing of the modern idea of God's universal Fatherhood. They have been taught by the Spirit of adoption to cry, " Abba, Father !" and they account it a thing most displeasing to the Holy Ghost to cower like slaves before their Father ; but, so far are they from extending this sonship to all mankind, that they remember the time—it is not long since, with most of them—when they were the children of the devil and heirs of wrath, because they were not savingly united to Christ ; and they look upon all who are still out of Christ as the devil's children still, and therefore they pity them, and pray for them, and plead with them to flee from the wrath to come. We find the converts, on the one hand deeming it no presumption themselves to feel at home as sons in their Father's house, and on the other hand yearning most piteously over the unsaved as hastening forward—swiftly as their

sins can carry them—straight to the everlasting fire. They are content with the theology of Paul and of John, because the lessons of their epistles are the very transcripts of the lessons which the Holy Spirit has been engraving in characters of living fire upon the tablets of their own consciences and hearts ; and they are simple enough to believe that the Spirit cannot contradict Himself, teaching one truth to themselves and another to the modern theologian. The old belief of the Church that to His redeemed ones God is a Father, but to the rest of mankind who continue to refuse the Lord Jesus He is a Judge making ready His decisive assize—they consider to be as suited to the sinners of the nineteenth century as it was suited to the sinners of the eighteenth or of the seventeenth or of the tenth or of the first. They want no divinity save that old and venerable divinity which the great renewing Spirit has lately written on their inner beings with all the freshness and newness of a heaven-born life ; and, if others come to them setting forth, in the pride of their unchildlike hearts, “developments” more befitting a ripened age, they are simpletons enough to have no other reply than the Master’s words in the parable—“No man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new ; for he saith, The old is better.”

And very simple are the articles of belief which universally we have found to be taught to these people by the Holy Ghost out of the Word. Man is undone—hopelessly and helplessly undone—lying under God’s just wrath—going straight to perdition : In His great mercy, God has given His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life : The Eternal Son has taken our humble nature—has borne our

griefs and carried our sorrows—has endured in the sinner's room and stead the very wrath, and curse due to the actual transgressor—has died the just for the unjust—has risen and has gone up into the heavens our great High Priest, taking with Him thither His own blood, and shewing Himself there before His Father on behalf of each and every child of Adam who comes to Him in simple faith: The Holy Ghost is sent to reveal and exalt Jesus, opening the blind eye that it may behold His glory, and touching the palsied heart that it may love Him: The welcome of the gospel is to every sinner without exception to whose ear its message comes; and, the moment the guiltiest sinner believes it and accepts Jesus as his all in all, that very moment he is forgiven and occupies a standing before God the very same which Jesus occupies—he is “accepted in the Beloved.” “My heart was filled with peace,” said a convert, describing the salvation-crisis,—“the peace which passeth all understanding! And what did it flow from? From my tears and prayers? No! it was from a look, by simple faith, to a bleeding Saviour. And I could not help telling, to all I met, the simple plan of salvation.”

CHAPTER VIII.

WINNING SOULS—Jesus drawing men—"In His stead"—An officer—A visit—A little girl—"Come unto me"—"A Saviour for me"—Alone with God—"Led on bravely"—Cannot speak for Him—Good news—"Spoke to a little boy"—Another convert—"I have found Jesus"—A young man—Struggles—Victory—"So rejoiced now"—A test—"Your own rank"—Tenderness—Face to face converse—"Out of season"—A pattern—Madras converts—Dumb devil—Cast out—Landed proprietor—Reserved—Mouth opened—Sheaves—An open ear—Felt emptiness—"Nothing to say"—Christ only—Henry Venn—How to preach—"Spoke of Him"—Anna—The shepherds—"One of the two"—"Established Christian"—"Not half-an-hour"—No hoarding—Work, work—"No harm"—"No good"—Doom—"Faithful in a little."

WHEN Jesus was on earth, He had the heavenly art of attracting to Him human hearts. "Then *drew near* unto Him," it is said, "all the publicans and sinners, for to hear Him." His eye, His tones, His words, all were instinct with pathos. And no characteristic is more marked in those who in these days have been brought close to His feet, than their likeness to Him in *winning* souls. It was His glory to have the tongue of the learned, that He might know how to speak a word in season to them that were weary. And we are "in His stead," in the measure in which we are like Him in His tender sympathies and in His winning love.

A dear Christian officer, whilst on a visit lately to a friend at his country-house near London, spoke privately

with various members of the family about their souls. To one of them—a little girl—religiously brought up like the others, he said, one morning—“Jesus at this moment says to you, ‘Come unto me!’ do you mean to give up your heart to Him? or do you say, ‘No, I will not’?” A day or two afterwards, she wrote:—“When you were here, you spoke to me about giving my heart to Christ. I have thought very much upon what you said. Those words of yours, ‘Will you give your heart to Christ?’ have been sounding in my ears ever since. On Sunday I saw plainly a Saviour *for me*. The Holy Spirit has shewn me that my sins are on Jesus. I can feel sure that I am one of Christ’s fold.”

A few weeks later, she wrote:—“I think I can see Jesus as plain as though He were on earth. I am on a visit just now, but am able to get alone with God.” Another day:—“I have been, as you told me the last time, every day in prayer; and I feel how much it helps me through the day. I could not go without it for one day.” And another:—“I am not at all afraid to die, I feel quite prepared for it. I pray that I may be able to convert people to God. That is a dreadful verse in Matt. xxv. 41—‘Depart!’ go away for ever and ever—‘from me;’ and, worse than all, ‘be with the devil, and receive the scorn he will give you.’ But blessed words are those in the 36th verse, ‘Come!’ That is the word by which I was converted, and which I hope may bring others also to Christ.”

A week or two later:—“I pray that I may be led on bravely upon the road to heaven to see the Lord, I feel rather timid about speaking to people about the Lord Jesus Christ, and have not done so yet: do pray for me especially.” Again:—“I still look forward to the coming of Jesus with great pleasure; and I still have secret prayer

with God alone ; but I have not been able to speak to anybody yet about Christ. I pray every day that I may have some one to be able to speak to, and some one to accompany me to heaven." And again :—"You asked me in your last letter to try and have done something for Christ. I have given away tracts to a good many people on Sundays when I walk to church ; and I pray afterwards for the Holy Spirit to bless what I have ["said," is written, but deleted] given. I wish I needed not to have to cross this out ; but I must say I am not able to speak to people. I do not seem to have anything to say to them ; and yet I pray for words to be given me to speak. But, if I see anybody else, I *will* speak to them about their souls, through God's help."

And she does speak. For, some weeks later, she writes :—"I am so happy and glad to be able to tell you that this morning I spoke to a little boy about his soul. I said what you said to me. I hope it may have effect on him as it had on me. I am sure you will join in prayer with me that the boy may be blessed." Inside the envelope, she adds, as a postscript—"This is a very little letter ; but it brings very good news." The philosopher was not in greater ecstasy that morning when he leapt out of his bath at Syracuse, and ran naked along the public street, crying, "I have found it, I have found it !" than did that little girl sing her pæan because she had found a heart and a tongue to speak for Jesus.

In the same family, another, to whom the visitor had spoken, felt the same attractive power. "I have often," she says, "wanted to write to you since you were here. I have thought very much of what you said to me ; and sometimes I really seem to be able to feel that I am saved."

And, some weeks later :—"I am so glad to be able to tell you that I have found Jesus ; or rather that He has found me, for I feel as if I had nothing to do but believe *Him* because He has done *everything* for me. And now, although the Devil tempts me very much at times, yet I do feel that I can cling to Jesus. I do want to be doing something for Him now ; but do you not think that I should look for work at home before I seek for it abroad, because there is always something to be done everywhere ? Do pray much for me, as well as for E—— and A——, that we may be kept from the evil one."

And another member of the family writes :—"Since you saw me last, I have continued to pray and read the Bible ; but still I have not found peace in Christ." And, some weeks later, he says :—"Since you went away, I have been thinking about what you said to me ; but I still cannot say that I feel perfectly safe, and that, if I were to die at this moment, I should be saved." And again :—"Since you last wrote to me, I see that not to be safe in Jesus is unbelief : so now I cast away such a thought ; for I know that all unbelief is sin, and is hateful to God. I think that is such a beautiful little text—'Christ is all and in all.' When I now look back on my past life, I grieve and wonder that I had not come to Christ before ; for it seems so curious and almost stupid that the world will not believe a thing so simple as the work of Christ ; and then they *get so much*, if they only believe. Pray still for my two elder brothers ; for I feel sure that God will soon answer our prayers." And, a week later :—"I am so rejoiced now ; for I do believe that I am safe in Jesus for ever. But I feel I must grieve Him very much and very often by the many sins to which I am tempted by Satan. Now that I

feel quite safe, I try to think what I have got by believing in Jesus ; but I always have to stop, for His mercies and His gifts and His love are boundless and endless." And again :—"I want to ask you what is the best way to work for Christ ; for I feel it is so difficult, and scarcely know how to begin. I and my sister have prayed together, that Jesus will give us strength to speak for Him, and not to be ashamed of Him, else He will be ashamed of us."

A week or two ago, the "sister" writes :—"Thank you very much for your last letter, and also for the text in 1 Pet. i. 8. I can say, 'Whom having not seen, I love.' It is indeed a blessed thing to love Jesus ; because His love to us is so sure. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He *loved* us.' I am sure the Lord will help me ; but I do find it very difficult to *begin* to speak to any one about Jesus. I wish I could do it more than I do ; and I do make it a matter of prayer that God would open ways of usefulness for me. Instead of being tedious, the service of Christ is a very joyful one ; because, besides having Him to rest upon while we live upon earth, we have such promises hereafter—Rev. vii. 14–17."

No one can read these simple outpourings of the heart, without seeing how unreserved is the confidence with which that Christian officer had inspired his youthful friends. And all the more note-worthy is it, because they belong to a class in society where such plain and direct and close dealing about the soul is so rare.

Not long ago, we asked a lady whether she had found the Lord Jesus ? "Well, I hope I have," was the somewhat hesitative reply. "Do you speak for Him ?" "I visit a district, and circulate tracts among the poor." "And you say something for Jesus to *them* ?" "Yes, a little." "Do

you speak about Jesus to people *in your own rank of life?*" A shadow came over her face, and she said—"Well, no; I do not." It seemed to touch her conscience at once; she had not yet begun to confess Jesus in the only quarter where to own Him was a cross.

Oh! how un-Christlike we are, if we do not attract to us distressed souls! Paul was tender towards men—tender almost with a woman's tenderness—beseeching every one "night and day with tears." And all who have learned their Christianity where Paul learned his, are like him in his affectionate love. It is one thing to speak about Christianity at arm's length to men in the mass; it is another thing to speak of Jesus face to face with troubled souls. It is this latter which in our Lord's personal ministry on earth seems to have been chiefly blest. The individual communings recorded by St John appear to have invariably resulted in conversion, whilst the more generalised appeals uttered to the masses were mostly barren of saving efficacy. Nothing can be more instructive than the record which the beloved disciple has given us of those personal interviews. And nothing, we are persuaded, is at the present time more honoured of God than those same personal appeals. Take the single example which we have given in this chapter. How few Christians would have used the opportunity of a passing visit of a day or two to comparative strangers, to urge individually upon one and another and another the great question of the soul's salvation! "Out of season"—some would have said, who veil under the delusive guise of "prudence" their own cold-hearted reserve. But "in season" God pronounces it; for He stamps it with His blessing.

One day, in the country, on our way to a station, we en-

quired of the man-servant who was driving us, whether he had found the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. "Yes," he said; "some years since, in India." He had been in the Horse-Artillery in the Madras presidency; and, with some others of the men, he had been converted to God under the ministry of a German missionary. The converts used to meet often for prayer; and one petition, he said, was scarcely ever omitted, "that the Lord would be pleased to cast out of them the *dumb devil*!" And the prayer, he added, seemed to be answered; for their mouths had been opened wonderfully to speak everywhere of Christ.

We saw lately a landed proprietor who for years had known the Lord, but who—partly from a natural shyness of manner and partly from a lack of constraining love to Jesus and to perishing souls—had scarcely ever on any occasion spoken individually to any human being about Christ. A relative was visiting him, and said to him one day—"Well, —, what are you doing for the souls of the people here?" referring to his many tenants and dependents all around him. Somewhat taken aback, he named sundry evangelical agencies which were in operation and which he was contributing liberally to support. "Yes, but what are *you* doing?" rejoined his friend: "all these things are very well; but *you*—what are *you* saying for *HIM*?" For the first time, the truth dawned upon him that he could not depute to a proxy the duty—the privilege—of witnessing for Jesus. In much trembling, he began to accost first one and then another, taking opportunities and making them, "instant in season and out of season." And what was the result? Why, that in the course of two years that gentleman reckoned that he had delivered the message about Jesus—not in meetings but individually and

separately—to eighteen hundred persons, and that of these he had reason to believe that not fewer than three hundred and seventy had found the Saviour !

It is one of the blessed features of our day that everywhere there seems an open ear. In all ranks and in all places we have found, not only a willingness, but a yearning anxiety, to hear some plain, distinct, articulate, affectionate word concerning the way of life. The Spirit seems brooding over the vast chaos of human souls, waiting to “command the light to shine in the heart,” the moment any believing effort is put forth to glorify Jesus Christ. Men are feeling a void—an emptiness—a painful vacancy—in the heart, which other expedients have not filled : they have been spending—and they know it—their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not. And surely, if we have any bowels of pity—any heart to bless our fellows,—we will go to them kindly and earnestly, and say—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price !”

“But I feel as if I had nothing to say.” Probably not, if your thoughts do not go beyond some pious counsels about church-going or chapel-going, and about Bible-reading and saying prayers ; or even about certain outward evil practices which you would modify or correct. Nothing is more rapid than “Go to church !” “Don’t drink !” “Don’t walk on Sunday !” It is hard to utter ; and, even after it has been uttered, it goes in most cases for absolutely nothing. It is told of Henry Venn, that in his earlier ministry he used to lecture the country-bumpkins on morality until they had all grown doubly immoral ; and he could not under-

stand the cause. At length, he was himself converted ; and he began to preach Christ, asking the people in God's name to come to Jesus and be forgiven. The result was—one after another began to flee from the wrath to come ; sinner after sinner came to the cross and found pardon ; the same blood which was life to the sinner proved to be death to sin ; and thus the people grew holy without being told to be holy—they were new creatures in Christ Jesus.

This kind of testimony is easy. When old Anna in the temple had seen "the child," immediately she "spake of Him." When the shepherds at Bethlehem had seen Him, they too at once "made known abroad the saying which had been told them concerning the child." When Andrew had beheld Him and spent the night with Him, the very next morning he sought out his brother, saying—"We have found Him ;" and he "brought him to Jesus." When the woman of Sychar had met Him at the well, and had had revealed to her all her sins, and had received a free forgiveness,—immediately she hastened away to her friends in the town, and invited them urgently to come with her and see Him. It was the love of Christ, lodged in a thankful heart, which opened these disciples' mouths to speak for Him ; and none of them complained of their inability to hold Him forth—they did it because they could not help doing it—"necessity was laid upon them"—yea, "woe was unto them if they preached not the gospel."

"But ought I not to wait till I am an established Christian, before I say much about Him to others?"

Did the Sychar-woman wait till she was an established Christian? Why, before she had been half an hour a Christian, she gave such a testimony for Christ that "many believed on Him because of her word." Did the restored

demoniac wait till he was an established Christian? "Go home to thy friends," was the Lord's command to him, "and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee;" and he went at once. Did the shepherds wait till they were established Christians? No sooner had they personally verified the gospel by themselves seeing the Saviour, than they instantly departed with the tidings, and announced them far and wide. These people *were* established Christians—established in the only sense which in God's sight is worthy of the name,—they were "rooted and grounded in love." And the way in which alone they could grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of Jesus, was a bold, unshrinking, loving declaration of His precious name.

God gives nothing to be hoarded. In all the Bible there is not a more solemn or a truer saying than the Preacher's—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Shew us a Christian who is prospering in the ways of the Lord; and we will shew you one who is using diligently whatever measure of grace has already been vouchsafed to him. Shew us, again, a Christian who is continually moping over his "leanness," and who has no joy and no peace, and no strength for service, and no patience in suffering; and we will shew you one who is doing nothing for Jesus, or who is covering his light under a bushel—hiding his talent in a napkin—leaving souls around him to slip away one after another into eternity in their sins, unwarned, unentreated, uninvited to come to Jesus and be saved. Like the manna which, because it was not used, became corrupt—an offence before both God

and man—the grace which finds no outlet in words or in acts of love, becomes an effete and feeble thing.

“But at least I do no harm!” No harm! Why the man with the pound did no harm; but he did no good, and he was cast into outer darkness. The men of Meroz did no harm; but they did no good—they did not come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and therefore they had this anathema pronounced upon them—“Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants of Meroz.” The rich man of the parable did no harm; but he did no good—he pleased himself—lived for himself—enjoyed himself, and one day unexpectedly he found himself lifting up his eyes in hell and crying, “I am tormented in this flame.”

No; there are no drones in the Christian hive. And if any *will* insist upon a life of self-pleasing, the issue will be—an obliteration of their names from that Book in which each who enters the kingdom will have registered by the righteous Judge over against his name—“Well *done*, good and faithful servant, thou hast been *faithful* in a very little.”

CHAPTER IX.

Church in the Army—Chaplain-general—Young soldier—Praying in the Barrack—"Denying my Lord"—Good confession—Bombardier—"I will"—A sergeant—"The right path"—"Forsake all"—Captain Trotter—"Press forward"—"I am safe"—"Right hand of Christ"—The sergeant and the mechanic—"Not safe"—Self-consecration—Young officer—The change—Fruit—"An Arabian"—The Centurions.

THE Chaplain-general related lately an incident of a young soldier who on one occasion had consulted him upon a question of Christian duty. "Last night," said the young man, "in my barrack, before going into bed, I knelt down and prayed in a low voice, when suddenly my comrades began to throw their boots at me, and raised a great laugh." "Well," replied the chaplain, "but suppose you defer your prayer till you get into bed; and then *silently* lift up your heart to God?" A week or two afterwards, the young soldier called again. "Well," said the chaplain, "you took my advice, I suppose? how has it answered?" "Sir," he answered, "I did take your advice for one or two nights; but I began to think it looked rather like denying my Saviour; and I once more knelt at my bedside, and prayed in a low whisper as before." "And what followed?" "Not one of them laughs now, sir; the whole fifteen kneel and pray too." "I felt ashamed," added the Chaplain-general, in narrating the story, "of the advice I

had given him ; that young man was both wiser and bolder than myself."

In the army, not a few have shared in this visitation of God's abundant grace.

A bombardier of the Royal Artillery wrote lately to a Christian officer:—"Feeling convinced that you will not deem this a liberty, I have at last resolved to address you upon a subject which has long lain at my heart—a subject which you have long striven to impress upon me, as well as upon others, and, in my case, I am happy to say, successfully. Yes, sir, I have for some time felt your words weighing heavily on my mind, and have consulted my heart, but until now to very little purpose. Like the others that you spoke of yesterday evening, I had concluded it to be an utter impossibility to walk with God whilst following my present profession ; but I now perceive the error, and am resolved, not only to 'try,' but to say, 'I *will* follow Him in whom only true happiness can be found.' Your words, sir, this evening decided me—thankful am I for them. They recalled to my memory the time when I used to visit the curate of the parish to which I belong—how many times I resolved to *try* ; and, when you said that this was not sufficient, I felt the truth of your assertion, for my belief then in the sufficiency of this weak resolve detained me from making a firmer one, and the consequence was, I fell back. But now I can say firmly, 'I *will* give myself entirely to Him who died for me.'"

A few weeks ago, the same officer received, from a sergeant of the Royal Artillery, the following:—"I am favoured, with the blessing of that God in whom I put my trust, to address to you those few lines, knowing, sir, that you were the means of me obtaining grace from the

Father. Sir, I have found your words come true; the Lord has been with me and has prospered me again once more, to try me. Oh! I find it is good to be under the yoke of Christ: I often think upon David's words, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing His praise!"

And another artilleryman writes:—"I feel truly grateful to God for giving me such a staunch friend in the faith. After God, I must express my deep and heartfelt gratitude to you, sir, my greatest earthly friend; for you have done more for me than all the world beside. Through you, sir, was I first brought to feel the value, the *great* value, of His love: through you was I raised from the slough of despond and placed on the *right* path. I gradually find the service of Christ becoming easier, bringing with it greater peace and joy. I would not return down the path for any earthly treasure; for I know and feel that a treasure beyond price awaits me at the end. When I think of this great truth, I feel greater strength. I can forsake *all* for Christ now, without any regret for what I have left behind; for the pleasure of being owned by Him as one of His flock is far greater than any pleasure this world can afford. In looking forward to that great future, I have no wish to look back; for I know that Satan would be in that direction, and I wish always to be able to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

A young soldier, acknowledging a gift of a Reference-Bible from one to whom the British army owes a deep debt of thankfulness,* writes:—"I now take the pleasure to thank you for your great kindness to me in presenting that most useful and excellent Book of all books; and I will,

* Captain Trotter, formerly of the Life-Guards.

by the help of God, do my utmost to shew myself deserving of it. Although there are many obstacles in my path, I will endeavour, the Lord helping me, to *press forward*, and not to mind what the ungodly say or do ; but I will ever pray for their conversion."

The same youthful artilleryman writes, a few weeks later, to another officer, thus :—"I have been thinking of that chapter in Exodus which describes the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. They were shut in on all sides, impassable rocks rising up on either hand, with the sea before them, and their enemies the Egyptians fast approaching behind. They began to murmur. So is it with us, when first we come to Christ. It seems as if there were a sea of troubles before us, and no escape on either side, while our sins pursue us. Satan makes a desperate effort to bring us back into sin again ; and we feel that to go back would be far better than to be drowned in the sea. But the Lord opens a passage in the midst of the dangers which surround us ; and at last we reach that blessed land where our troubles will for ever cease. The Egyptians felt sure that there was no escape for the Israelites ; but they knew the power of God, for Pharaoh collected *all* his army. So does Satan : he collects all our sins, with the imagined pleasure we had in committing them, to try and draw us back. But—thank the Lord !—I am safe."

One day, lately, an officer was accosted by a brother-officer thus—"You're the right kind of Christian, —, not bothering people about their souls this way !" The speaker himself made no pretensions to serious godliness ; and the allusion was to certain officers who had a way of speaking out very intelligibly for Christ. Our friend had himself been converted ; but, up to that time, he had been too

timid to utter any articulate testimony. As his visitor left him that day, he began to reason with himself—"Well, if that man thinks I'm the right kind of Christian, it is time I was looking about me and considering my ways." It was a somewhat novel point of departure ; but, from that hour, our friend has been another man, boldly confessing Christ and labouring to win souls.

A sergeant of Artillery was passing through a room in the Arsenal, one morning, where some mechanics were busy at their work. Having occasion to stand for a moment, he whispered in a kindly but solemn tone to a young man, a skilled mechanic, just before him—"Man, what a blessed thing it is to be safe in Christ !" Like many of his comrades, the mechanic was an infidel ; and the sergeant's words seemed not welcome. However, he said nothing ; and the sergeant passed on. Two or three weeks elapsed ; and, late one evening, a stranger called at the sergeant's quarters, apparently in great distress of mind. "You remember, sergeant," said he, as he entered, "some weeks since, speaking to a young man in the Arsenal about the happiness of being safe in Christ ? I was very angry at the moment, and muttered an oath at you, which you did not hear. But, since then, I have begun to see that *I am not safe in Christ* ; and I have come to ask you what I am to do to be saved." The sergeant spoke to him of Jesus, inviting him in God's name to come to Him that very night even before he left the house. Like the Ethiopian by the wayside, and like the jailor in the prison, the mechanic believed the message and was saved. And, not long afterwards, he offered to leave his trade and go to any region of the globe, so anxious was he to declare to the perishing heathen the good tidings of great joy.

A young officer of Artillery, who was recently out in

China, was suddenly arrested one day in the full career of a course of singular profligacy and sin. A few days afterwards, he was engaged to ride a brother-officer's horse at a race; and the first test of his courage was—would he have boldness enough to decline, and to state the real cause? It was the turning-point of his life. Grace overcame. He went to his friend; and, after plainly telling him that he had just decided to follow Christ, he obtained a release from his engagement. The youthful convert now began to gather together a few of the men to read the Scriptures with them and to speak to them of Jesus. An interest was excited; the numbers increased; one after another turned to the Lord;—until, at length, in a few months, when he was ordered home to join the Horse-Artillery at Aldersholt, not fewer than some sixty or seventy of them came forward to the Communion and openly confessed Christ.

Another friend in the Artillery writes to us:—"Last Sunday, H—— found what he calls an 'Arabian';—, an officer of Artillery who has been three months at W——, a Christian, and *quite alone*. He is promising to 'come out' at once on the Lord's side, and rejoices to know a few Christian brethren. St Paul, you know, led a sort of unknown life in Arabia after his conversion: hence the term 'Arabian.'"

Such are a few specimens—given at random, out of a multitude of others—of the manner of the Holy Spirit's operation at this time amongst SOLDIERS. The "centurions" of the Bible seem to have been very attractive Christians, and to have had a place very near the Lord's heart. The Christian "centurions" of this day are "epistles of Christ" not less known and read of all. And now, as of old, onlookers have exclaimed with thankful joy—"We have not seen so great faith—no, not in Israel."

CHAPTER X.

REVIVAL-TIDINGS—Their effect—A parallel—Deathbed light—The little and the great—"Fuller of Jesus Christ"—Another method—What God is doing—How it tells—A boarding-school—"Never dance more"—"Twelve converted"—An incident—Two young men—The theatre—"This Revival"—Wounded—Found the Saviour—The companion—"He's gone!"—Tidings in an orphan-house—Awakening—"First subject"—"Crying aloud for mercy"—Town in the west—"Not a Christian"—"His desire towards me"—"I don't feel it"—Believe—Illustration—A felon going home—"Quite plain now"—Another meeting—Two young ladies—Lord's work to be "sought out"—Jealous God.

"If you knew," said an eminent Christian lately on his deathbed, "how, in the near prospect of death, all that is little appears little—how that alone is great which before God appears great—how one regrets not to have lived more for God, as Jesus lived—how, if one had to begin life again, one would wish to live in a more serious manner, fuller of Jesus Christ,—if you knew it, you would begin the work this very moment—you would succeed, as so many others after all have succeeded in it because they cried to the Lord and because they sincerely *wished* it before God; and this little handful of God's children, who are assembled in this chamber, around this bed of death, would, with all their infirmities and lukewarmness, do more for the advancement of the kingdom of God and for the good of humanity, than would a compact crowd furnished

with every possible gift ; and they would perform actions so much the greater, that all thoughts of man's glory would henceforth be banished from their hearts."

A man does not always need to reach the death-chamber, before he is taken into God's light, and, in His light, sees light. At this moment there are in England hundreds of saved souls whose first resurrection into life and light is dated from the hour when the tidings reached them of God's work of Revival.

A little time ago, after addressing three successive meetings in a town in S——shire, we received from a resident the following :—"I am thankful to be able to report much blessing having followed your visit here. At one Ladies' Boarding-School, two or three of the young people appealed, at the next dancing-day, that they might be excused from attending, and added that they had been so impressed with the reality of eternal things at that meeting that they never wished to dance more. They held prayer-meetings among themselves ; and it is hoped twelve are converted." And another letter, since received, adds :—"I have just seen the husband of the lady who conducts the school here, of which you heard. He tells me that those who were then converted are still standing, and often have prayer-meetings amongst themselves. The fact about the dancing is quite true ; and they have not been to learn once since." We visited the same town, some weeks later ; and, as we sat on the platform at another meeting, a clergyman handed to us this note :—"Four persons profess to have found peace, to my knowledge, as the result of last visit." These were quite independent of the cases just named.

Lately, we were informed, by a dignitary of the Church of England, of an incident which had occurred in another

town in connexion with a similar meeting. One Monday afternoon, as two gay young men met on the street, one of them asked the other if he would go with him that night to the theatre. "No," was the reply, "I'm sorry I can't go to night. I'm going with my father and mother to a meeting about this Revival. Won't *you* come?" "No, indeed!" And the two parted. The meeting was attended by more than two thousand people; and a strange solemnity pervaded it, as if the Lord were there, specially honouring the tidings of His own work. "Will you go out with me," said the young man to his mother the next morning, "and help me to buy a Reference-Bible? I've been neglecting the Bible very much." He had been stricken by the arrow of God; and that morning he was in great anxiety, scarcely able to conceal his emotion. The same night, at another meeting held in a town immediately adjoining, the anxious man learned how in Ireland and in England distressed souls were coming straight to the Saviour and meeting an immediate welcome; and, that very night, *he* came, and found peace in believing. The next morning, on coming down-stairs, he said to his mother—"I must away, and see ———, and tell him I have found the Saviour, and that he must seek Him, and not lose one moment." After a hurried breakfast, he set out for his friend's house—rang the bell—asked to see him—and was rushing past towards his room, when the servant, stopping him on the stair, muttered with a suppressed sob—"Oh! Sir, he's gone. He was taken suddenly ill in the night; and he's dead—an hour ago!"

One afternoon, in the same week, in a large Institution with seven hundred inmates, a brief address was given on the same subject; and, a month or two afterwards, there

was handed to the writer a little narrative as follows:—
“The work began on January 17 (the day when the address was given); and now more than two hundred are rejoicing in Jesus, besides all those who are anxious about their souls. In two days, thirty-nine were converted; then, fifty; then, fifty in another school: some of them, little children of seven, eight, nine years old. This is the afternoon when their friends visit them; and, to prove whether it was a real work, I asked the teachers to watch whether these children spoke to their friends of the change. *It was the first subject.* One little girl was heard to exclaim to her sister—‘I have found Jesus!’ The sister could not understand her. Another was visited by two ladies; and she told them she had come to Jesus, and was so happy. In the boys’ school, the work begun (as it has begun in other places) all at once. They said, ‘We must have a prayer-meeting,’ and asked for the class-room; but, as the whole school with the exception of eight boys were desirous of uniting in it, the school-room had to be given up to their use, and the eight sent into the class-room. In one of our day-schools there is the same blessed work going on. Thirty there have found peace. And, one day, last week, the three vilest, most wicked boys in the whole school, who had scoffed at the others, were obliged, in the midst of the school, to cry aloud for mercy, just as if the master were severely flogging them. ‘See,’ it is added, ‘what the Lord is doing! and expect more, a thousand times more, blessing!’”

In another town, lately, after a large and solemn meeting, the writer was visited, the next morning, by a respectable shopkeeper, known in the community as a zealous helper in every good work. “Oh! Sir,” he said, in a tone

of deep distress, "I discovered at the meeting last night that I am not a Christian; I am not converted—my sins are not forgiven!" We gave him a scripture which rarely we have found to fail in such a case—"His desire is towards me;" and added—"At this very moment, *you* are entitled to say of Jesus, 'His desire is towards *me*.'" "But, sir, I don't feel it." "Feel it! you have to *believe* it. The prodigal, when he saw his father 'running and having compassion and falling on his neck and kissing him,' saw that his father's desire was towards him. He believed it, and it gave him peace." "Oh! Sir, if I was as sure that Christ's desire is towards me, as the prodigal was of his father's desire towards him, I should be content. But he *saw* his father." "The other day," the writer rejoined, "at a station on the Great Western Railway, I met a man weeping bitterly. He had 'got out of the Portland Prison that morning after four years' servitude, and was on his way down to Cornwall, where he lived; but his father (he said) would not see his face again—he had so disgraced him. Well, now, supposing a letter from his father had reached him at some station on the way down, to say that by-gones should be by-gones,—would not the man have gone home with a lightened heart, not doubting that his father would make him welcome?" "Yes, I see that." "Well," we added, "the Lord Jesus sends a message to *you* to-day, to say that His desire is towards you. *He* is willing that by-gones should be by-gones; He does not upbraid you; He bids you come *now*. Won't you come? Won't you gaze on those tears of welcome—on that thorny crown—on that bloody sweat—on that pierced side—on that yearning heart which He has taken with Him up yonder where He

stands in the presence of God for you? Surely you may and must say, 'His desire is towards me'?" "Sir, I see it quite plain now. I see His desire is towards me; I believe it; I am His."

In another town, not far from London, we found, one evening, in the Town Hall, a deeply solemnised assemblage of all classes and denominations. At the close, an incident was named of a little boy, who, going home one night from a meeting where one and another had been crying for mercy or been rejoicing in Jesus, said, in a tone of great anxiety—"There's me! home again to-night without Christ!" and it was demanded of each individual present to decide whether *he* was, or was not, going home that night without Christ? Revisiting the town, some weeks afterwards, we found, among other results of the meeting, that two ladies had been startled out of their death-sleep by these simple words, and, having meanwhile found the Lord Jesus, were to be baptized the next Lord's day.

We could multiply these instances, almost without limit. One other shall be narrated in the sequel—the case of a provincial "Home." But those named will suffice to demonstrate the fact, that not in vain are the tidings of the Spirit's blessed work recorded or uttered. If it be true, in general, that God would have us "seek out" and "declare" His works, surely that work which lies nearer to His heart than any other—the salvation of precious souls—He specially delights to find us spreading abroad. Nothing is more certain, in the history of all past Revivals, than the fact that chiefly the work is extended by the tidings of what has been already done. It encourages expectation; it quickens desire; it startles the careless; it unmasks the formalist; it guides the groping seeker; it brightens the

desponding ; it unburdens the heavy laden ; it brings to the weary rest. Again and again, during the past year, whilst witnessing the manifest blessing vouchsafed to any who have entered heartily into God's way, we have been grieved to the heart to find good and earnest men standing aloof in a freezing unbelief or in a wavering fear, and lamenting the while that their own ministry was without Divine power and that souls were not turning to God. Of nothing is the Holy Ghost more jealous, than of the glory of His name as the worker of such a work : and, if men do not honour Him by adoringly owning His handiwork, why should they feel any surprise that they are not honoured by Him ?

CHAPTER XL

PRAYER—Its power—"Fire enough in heaven"—How to bring it down—Primitive times—American Revival—"Sure to be answered"—Business-men—Fulton-Street Meeting—*United prayer*—Laymen—Our own Revival—Same feature—London—MINGING LANE—Business-men—How they pray—"Requests"—Two sisters—"An aged father"—A clergyman—"Open-air address"—"A sum of money"—George Herbert—"My suit"—Answers—A lady—Two daughters—"Joyful conversion"—A sister—A clergyman—Six brothers—"Christian's plummet"—Little things—CROSBY-HALL—Origin—Young officer—How conducted—"Requests"—Mr Brunel—Three sons—Husband—Incident—Young man of fashion—"Lot of fanatics"—"Never bow my knee to Jesus Christ"—Scene in Hall—The gallery—Sobs—Spirit-birth—New life—Effect on others—New courage—Prayer "effectual"—Young man's request—"Hypocrite"—"Leap for joy"—Poor human hearts—Scenes of anguish—"Ungodly husband"—Strong drink—A backslider—"Totally false profession"—Young man—"Awful burden of sin"—A mother—"A Christian brother"—"Crushed"—"Go home to thy *friends*"—Last first—Three sisters—Aged father—Unconverted brother—A husband—"The one spot"—A brother—Facts of salvation—Vivid reality—Conversion—Expected—Essex vicarage—Brother saved—Young lady—"Bondage to the law"—A father—"Deistic notions"—Kidderminster—"People perishing"—Affecting case—A preacher—A son—"Far astray"—"Led captive"—Gleams of sunshine—Young man—"Much blest"—A father—"Set free"—Four brothers—Backslider restored—"Died of starvation"—"Happy and peaceful"—Encouragement—St Augustine—What prayer answered—What not—Prophetic echo—Young man—Testimony—"What a great weapon."

"THERE is fire enough in heaven," says Foster, "for all our noblest uses. And it can be had thence," he adds; "there are means of drawing it down."

The power which brings the heavenly fire is PRAYER.

In every season of quickening, men have instinctively given themselves to prayer. "In the first age," says Neander, "prayer was considered the soul of the whole Christian life." In the American Revival (Dr Prime observes) Christians discovered, in a way they had never before, that "prayer was *sure* to be *answered*." Men went to their knees—individually in their closets, and collectively in prayer-meetings—saying, "My soul, wait thou *only* upon God; for my *expectation* is from HIM." Almost all have heard of the "Fulton Street Prayer-meeting" in New York. It was a daily gathering of business-men, to speak to the Lord about the pressing necessities of the unsaved. They went, at the appointed hour, none knowing whom they might meet, or to what denomination any one might belong, and not caring to know; it was enough that they were all there around the one mercy-seat, and of one accord in seeking the ingathering of perishing souls. Another feature was, that it was conducted by laymen. It began with them, and continued with them,—clergymen sharing at times in its proceedings, but no more than laymen, yet as much as if they were laymen. And the praying was pointed, earnest, business-like. People came to consider the answer so certain, that not a day passed without the presentation of urgent "requests" to be remembered at the throne. And God honoured oftentimes so visibly their expecting faith, that the prayer of yesterday was changed into the thanksgiving of to-day.

In our own Revival, the same feature has taken a scarcely less notable place. In London—in the centre of the bustle of the “city”—there is a meeting for prayer, attended chiefly by business-men. It is held daily in Mincing Lane, at half-past three o’clock. The exercises are very simple;—a hymn; two prayers; a short Scripture; cases to be specially remembered; then prayer twice again; another hymn; additional “requests;” other two prayers; a hymn; one closing prayer; and the benediction. No one is named to pray; each engaging in it, as he may be led. The prayer is very brief, and to the purpose. And the general impression left is, that it is a season of direct and close dealing with God.

A few examples of the “requests” presented at this meeting, will give the reader some idea of its general tone. One writes:—“A sister asks prayer for her two sisters, who have just been bereaved, that they may be converted to God by the power of His Spirit.” Another:—“A distressed daughter in Ireland begs the prayers of the dear children of God in London for her aged father, that he may be led to see a sinner’s wants and a Saviour’s love.” And another:—“Prayer is requested by one who is on a visit to a clergyman, (the son of godly parents, but himself a blind leader of the blind,) that the Lord Jesus may be with the visitor, and through him manifest His glory.”

Other requests run thus:—“A young man, who purposes giving an address in the open-air on next Lord’s day, earnestly begs your prayers, that God may by His Spirit teach him what to say, and bless the word spoken to the glory of Jesus, but that he himself may be kept completely behind the cross.” Another:—“A sum of money having been unexpectedly given for the establishment of a Mission-

ary in a very dark and long-neglected country-parish, the prayers of this meeting are earnestly asked, that God would Himself provide an agent possessing much of his Master's spirit of love and zeal for the salvation of perishing souls—John xiv. 14." And another :—"Your prayers are requested for a prayer-meeting opened in Five-mile-town, County Tyrone, that God would bless it to the conversion of many souls, and to the building up in the knowledge of His truth those who attend it."

George Herbert says of prayer—

"If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made;
Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die."

To many at this time God is revealing this reality in a way before unknown to them. One sends to the same prayer-meeting the following :—"The lady prayed for a few weeks since, *out of her mind*, has been mercifully restored, in answer to prayer. Praise ye the Lord!" Another writes :—"A father, who desired the prayers of God's dear people, meeting in Mincing Lane, on behalf of his unconverted children, now desires their praises in the acknowledgment of His gracious answer to prayer—in the joyful conversion, to the knowledge and love of Christ their precious Saviour, of two of his daughters. He further asks the prayers of God's dear people on behalf of the remainder of his unconverted children." And another :—"The sister, who asked prayer for her bereaved sisters, desires now that God should be praised; because, whilst prayer was being offered, one sister was remarkably converted to God."

Again, thus :—"The sister who requested the prayers of God's people for her brother, a clergyman, who had met with a serious accident and was in great distress of mind and body, begs them now to unite with her in praising God for

having heard their cry and giving her the comfort of knowing that before his death he had received pardon and peace." And she adds :—"The sister, encouraged and strengthened by the speedy answer of our loving Father, entreats that God's dear people will continue to wrestle in prayer for her *six* other brothers, who as yet know not the joy and peace of believing." And again :—"God's people, meeting in Mincing Lane, are requested to return thanks to Almighty God for the gracious answer to their prayers. A few weeks ago, prayer was desired on behalf of the open-air services in Finsbury ; and it has pleased God to answer that prayer, by the tears flowing from many an eye, and by a poor backslider coming forward again for Jesus."

It has been said of prayer, that it is

"The Christian's plummet, sounding heaven and earth."

Those people believe that there is no matter, however insignificant or however weighty, which they may not spread before the Lord. What a gravity is communicated to the most trifling affairs, when they are thus taken up straight into God's light and left there for the Divine inspection ! It was only his own daily experience which Herbert was recording, when he wrote—

"I value prayer so,
That, were I to have all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go ;
I and dear prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell."

And hundreds of Christians have learned, in these days, not as a mere doctrine, but as a fact of their daily life, that, whilst speaking in prayer, God makes haste to answer.

A young Indian officer, whose avocation required his presence in the heart of the "city" the whole of each day,

was led, in the autumn of last year (1859), to hire "Crosby-Hall," for daily prayer. The hour was from one to two o'clock; and, before it had been established a few weeks, the meeting was crowded, and was the scene oftentimes of the marked presence of God. Like the others, it was conducted very simply,—hymns, brief pointed prayers, a passage or two from the Bible, and "requests," forming the staple of the meeting.

One day, the following was presented :—"Your prayers are requested for a gentleman, advanced in years, who has just been restored from a dangerous illness. A friend, interested in him as a man of talent, and connected with him in business, has written faithfully to him on the subject of his state before God. This has greatly provoked him, and set him still more against the humiliating doctrine of the Gospel. He has but one Christian friend to care for his soul; and he asks prayer for him." Another says :—"Prayers are earnestly entreated for Mr Brunel, the civil engineer. He is very ill. May the spirit and mind of Christ dwell in him ere long! May he have great joy and peace in believing that he is saved by the merits of Christ!" Another :—"I humbly request prayer for myself, that our blessed Lord Jesus Christ may send me sufficient strength, in my numerous and severe trials, through His Holy Spirit. Amen." Another :—"Your prayers are earnestly sought for one who has lately given way to violent outbursts of temper, and grown cold in the use of 'means' as helps to growth in grace." And again :—"A mother beseeches the prayers of God's children on behalf of three sons, aged twenty-two, nineteen, and seven years—that they may *now*, in this season of blessing, be brought into the fold of Christ; also, on behalf of her husband, that he may be savingly

converted ; and that herself and two daughters may be quickened and strengthened to run the Christian race, 'looking unto Jesus ;' also, for a friend about to inherit great wealth—that God would give unto her the true riches, and that she may faithfully discharge her trust as the Lord's 'steward.' These requests are *very urgent*. Pray, remember them, all this week, at your daily meetings. And the Lord grant the petition that I have desired of Him (1 Sam. i. 17)! Ask in faith, nothing wavering (Ja. i. 6.)"

One morning, a fashionable young man entered the Hall, a few minutes before the hour. A friend recognised him ; and, surprised to see *him* in such a place, but thinking that probably he had been lately awakened, went up to him and congratulated him on joining them in prayer. Starting back, he said, with a sneer—"I heard there was a lot of fanatics here, and I came to see what sort of thing it was ;" and he moved towards the door. "But you will stay with us, won't you ? you won't find it a bad thing to seek the Lord Jesus." "No, indeed !" and he walked out, muttering—"I'll never bow my knee to Jesus Christ." The meeting began ; and, after the singing of a hymn, a gentleman rose, and said—"Friends, as I came in just now, a young man was passing out, and I caught the words—'I'll never bow my knee to Jesus Christ.' Let us remember him in prayer, and ask that this day he may be arrested in his sin and brought to the feet of the Saviour." Amidst an intense solemnity, one petition after another was lifted up on his behalf ; and more than a few seemed to feel as if the Lord were specially near. In the Hall, there was a small gallery, from which the meeting could be overlooked without the spectator being seen from below. The young man, in retiring from the room, had observed in the lobby

a little stair leading to this gallery. Scarcely meaning it, he somehow was led to ascend the stair, and, entering the gallery, witnessed the scene in the Hall. It was too much for him ; his heart was broken down ; he wept like a child, scarcely able to restrain audible sobs. It was the beginning of a new life to him. That very day, he did "bow his knee to Jesus Christ ;" and, not long afterwards, he gave public thanks that he had found the Lord and had devoted his life to Him.

In the presence of such awakenings, it began to be felt that the Lord was present of a truth ; and men got courage to declare their deep wants, and to entreat that "effectual, fervent prayer" which, they saw, "availed much." For example, one wrote :—"May I earnestly request your prayers for myself, a young man destitute of father and mother? I feel most deeply the greatness of my sins in the eyes of Him who hath declared Himself to be 'holy;' and, above all, I have been professing myself a Christian to those around me, thereby increasing my sinfulness in the sight of God who hateth and abhorreth hypocrisy. I want to believe on Jesus, but cannot ; I have prayed earnestly as for my life ; but God seems to have disposed me to ask your united prayers. Oh ! do pray for me, that the Sun of righteousness may arise upon my soul with healing in His wings, and that I may hear His gracious and loving voice, saying, 'Arise ! thy sins be forgiven ; go in peace !' My heart leaps for joy that God has in His mercy aroused me from that state in which the prince of this world was trying, mightily, to blind my eyes !"

What scenes of anguish often are poor human hearts ! One, signing himself "A guilty sinner," writes :—"A desponding soul—a backslider—and everything that is bad—

would feel thankful if the people of God would beseech God to reveal Christ to his soul, so that he may be able to rejoice and *serve Christ faithfully* evermore." And, in a postscript:—"Pray for him; for who can tell? God may give him peace." Another:—"Your prayers are earnestly entreated for an ungodly husband, the slave of strong drink,—that the slave of Satan may be loosed and truly converted to Christ. Oh! pray for him! he is killing himself fast with strong drink." And another:—"I beg the special and fervent prayer of the meeting at Crosby-Hall for a lady who was once a professor of religion, but who now believes that she has sinned against the Holy Ghost, and has cut herself off from the intercession of the Saviour. She says—'I have rejected Him who alone could save me from His own holy, fearful, everlasting curse, which now I must have for eternity. I drew back to perdition indeed; and I have got it. I have fallen from His mercy, and provoked His curse, under which I am now, and have been living the last twenty years. I became as the dog and the sow, gone back to their filthiness; and, as I continued a totally false profession, I was perpetually acting in the grossest hypocrisy.'"

Others write:—"The united prayers of all the friends present are earnestly solicited on behalf of an *unconverted* young man, who feels the awful burden of sin, and desires to be remembered in your prayers, that he may be *converted* and cleansed from *all sin* in the blood of Christ." Again:—"A mother begs that her son, thirteen years old, may be prayed for—that God would give him His Holy Spirit, in place of the rebellious spirit which he now manifests towards her." And again:—"A Christian brother, crushed under much sorrow and suffering, requests the prayers of the brethren at Crosby-Hall, that through life or death,

he may be kept abiding in Christ, and be enabled to shew forth to the end a bright and happy testimony to the love of his heavenly Saviour, to the glory of God. Also, for a young friend who has not yet fully 'received his sight.' "

"Go home to thy *friends*," was the Master's injunction to the cured demoniac. Is not this commonly the last quarter where the Christian's testimony is given? But the peculiar grace of this time seems to overcome the hindrances and difficulties of a colder era. Constantly, requests are presented like the following :—"Three sisters in the north of Ireland request that prayer may be made at Crosby-Hall for their brother, who has long been leading an ungodly life, and who is now their sole human protector." Another day :—"The writer earnestly desires your prayers for his aged father, who now, he fears, lies on his deathbed, but of whose 'peace in Jesus,' he (the writer) has no real assurance." And, another day :—"Prayer is earnestly desired for a dear but unconverted brother." And another :—"A wife, who has long and fervently sought the salvation of her husband's soul, but unsuccessfully, now earnestly requests the prayers of the saints on his behalf. She has been greatly encouraged for many years in her efforts to lead sinners to the Saviour; but, in the *one* spot of her husband's heart, where she has so earnestly sought for blessing, it seems to be withheld, though, at many times, he appears on the very point of believing. He is a person of very upright character, and in a large sphere of influence and interest, which makes it the more desirable and important that he should be filled with the life and love of Jesus. Oh! pray that he may be *truly converted*; and a glorious thanksgiving shall arise to the Giver of all grace and the Father

of all mercies, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And yet another:—"The writer (the Lord be praised!), having within the last twelve months been brought from darkness unto marvellous light, earnestly desires your prayers for his brother, that he may be brought to the same knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

The reader must be struck with the vivid reality which at such seasons is given to the great facts of salvation—the sinner's guiltiness, the necessity of forgiveness, the free and immediate welcome to the Saviour. These are the grand cardinal truths—God's great things, and man's. Conversion—nothing less—is the sinner's want; and this is sought by Christians on their behalf, as a thing which is not impossible or improbable, or necessarily remote. For example, from an Essex vicarage, we have this request:—"A., C., and M., desire that God's people would earnestly pray for the immediate conversion of a widow and her youngest son at Brighton; also, for an uncle in London, that he may come at once to Christ, and find peace in believing." Again:—"Three sisters desire the earnest prayers of God's people for the conversion of a brother in Liverpool." A short time afterwards, the "three sisters" enclose a "request" from this brother, who "was not aware that the prayers of Christians had been solicited for him," and add—"We still desire a remembrance of him, that he may be strengthened in his heavenly way." The brother's request is:—"The son of a clergyman desires the earnest prayers of God's people—that he may have a deeper sense of unworthiness, and that he may be enabled to feel the power of the love of Christ, and know the 'peace which passeth all understanding.'"

Another writes:—"Your fervent prayers are earnestly

desired by the parents of a young lady who, for more than three years, has been in bondage to the law, labouring to do something by which to have some claim on Christ, and unable to cast herself at His feet in all her destitution and helplessness, and to trust Him for salvation. Consequently, she cannot get peace, and is at times alarmed and distressed in the extreme. The writer (her father) has been present with her at your meeting on two occasions, when it was evident to him that God was with you. He expects to be there with her to-morrow." Again :—"A son requests an interest in the prayers of the meeting for his father, that he may be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus, casting away all his deistic notions and self-righteousness." And again :—"The prayers of the friends at Crosby-Hall are earnestly implored on behalf of the town of Kidderminster, where the devoted Baxter laboured with great success for many years. The work of God there is now in a very depressed state, and the people are perishing."

Here is an affecting case :—"Earnest and especial prayer is requested on behalf of an individual who was once a faithful and devoted preacher of the gospel, and whose ministry has been blest to the conversion of sinners, and also to the comfort of God's dear children, but who has now fallen into a state of complete indolence, seeking only his own ease. Prayer is desired that he may be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and be roused again to active service in his Master's cause." Another :—"A mother earnestly solicits your prayers for a son, who, having been brought up in the fear and love of God, and having in his youth had serious impressions, has now gone far astray, and seems given up to the sins of the world." And another :—"Prayer is earnestly requested for a person who is led captive by Satan—

that the Lord may convert his heart and bring him to true repentance."

But gleams of sunshine oftentimes light up the scene. "A young man," one writes, "who has been *much blessed* in his own soul while attending the prayer-meetings held in Crosby-Hall, most earnestly and affectionately asks the prayers of all Christians uniting there, for the conversion of his aged father, who seems now on the brink of eternity." And, a few days later :—"The 'affectionate son' who requested your prayers on behalf of his aged and afflicted father, now desires to return thanks, through the same channel, that his own and your prayers have been heard and answered in a double sense : his soul is set free, through the truth ; and his body is in a measure restored." Another :—"Your prayers are entreated on behalf of four brothers. Two of them have recently found peace in Christ ; and they now desire your prayers that the Lord will make the other two partakers of the same peace, and that they themselves may be enabled to glorify their Saviour in all they do." And another, thus :—"I have much pleasure in informing you that the united prayers offered up by you some weeks ago for a poor backslider, who was dying from a stricture in the throat, have been *graciously* ANSWERED. He died yesterday from starvation ; but his end was happy and peaceful. This," the writer adds, "is a great encouragement to the people of God to pour out their souls in prayer on the behalf of others. May it stimulate us in our prayers and faith ! and may we all, in return, love HIM more, because His mercy endureth for ever ! Please offer up *thanks* to our Heavenly Father on behalf of this poor man's family, and pray that all his children may be converted."

St Augustine, addressing some people one day on the words, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you," said :—"If we ask and it be not done, the thing we ask is not such as comes of our abiding in Him and of His words abiding in us, but is only of lust and weakness of the flesh, which is not in Him and in which His words abide not." Christians are learning at this time that "prayer in the Spirit" must be answered ; for it is God's own prophetic echo of the coming blessing. Lately, a young man wrote to a friend who had come to the Saviour :—"Be constant in prayer ; for you don't know what a great weapon God has put into our hands in prayer. He encourages us to it, by saying—'Ask, and ye shall receive ;' and, as He so encourages us to ask, let us ask boldly, nothing wavering : for, if He gave His only-begotten Son to die for us, what thing that is good for us can be withheld ? No, it is as St James said—'We ask, and receive not because we ask amiss ;' for those who make it a habit to go alone with God daily, can tell you that it is the greatest comfort and the greatest help they have."

CHAPTER XII.

SCENES IN A PENITENTIARY.

GRACE ABOUNDING—The fallen—Easter-Monday—Sixty-four inmates—“Hardened”—“Saving great sinners”—The “horrible pit”—A trophy of grace—A question—Christ or not Christ—Silence—A woman stricken—“I’m lost! I’m lost!”—All sobbing—“Finger of God”—“Nineteen prostrated”—Conflicts—“Man among the tombs”—“Seeing is believing”—“Lost outcasts”—Scoffer smitten—“Penitential distress”—“Publicans and harlots”—“Directly of the Holy One”—“Brands from the burning”—Full of love—“I do love Jesus”—“Truth of the Bible”—Roman Catholics—“None but Jesus”—Two nights—“World of spirits”—“Faces radiant”—“Loving looks and words”—“Sing delightfully”—Struggles—Rest in Jesus—Convert’s letter—“Left all His blessings”—The crucifix—“Not need it any more”—Letter to Matron—“The hand”—“Pulled me up”—“Jesus in my heart”—Daily service—Tender conscience—Illustration—Book or work—Temper—Conformity to Christ.

ONE of our poets—himself a dweller for years in the cold shades of self-righteousness, but at length ushered into the sunshine of God’s free love—has written—

“Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr’d,
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.
The stonement a Redeemer’s love has wrought
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,

Herself, from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn ?
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when Heaven denies it thee."

On Easter-Monday, we were in L——, and went by appointment to a Penitentiary to speak a few words to the inmates. Sixty-four in number, they were so hardened in badness that, the very evening before, though prayer had often been made for them, the matron had been intimating privately her intention to resign her post, so utterly fruitless did all her labours seem and so hopeless all future effort.

We arrived at six, and found the women assembled in their usual place for worship. After asking them to pray together for a *present* blessing, we told them how the Holy Spirit was saving great sinners, naming specially the case of the coachmaker of C——, who, after years of God-defying ungodliness, had been suddenly stricken down one night, and had cried aloud for mercy. We spoke of the text—"He brought me up also out of an horrible pit and out of the miry clay," as the words which had gone home with power to the blasphemer's conscience—adding that, after some hours of the most intense agony, he had gone to Jesus and been forgiven, and that from that hour he had forsaken his old sins, living a new life, and rejoicing in nothing so much as in telling to all around him how great things the Lord had done for him. At the close, we asked them if *they* "meant that night once more to turn their backs coldly upon the Saviour?" giving them two minutes to consider, and all being quite silent for that time. The two minutes had not expired, when suddenly one of them rose, and, crying out bitterly—"O Jesus! Jesus! I'm lost—I'm lost

for ever !” fell prostrate on the floor. Others immediately cried out ; and, in a few minutes, the whole number were sobbing in intense anguish. Obligated to leave for another meeting, we called on our way back in two hours, and found that the women had continued in that state till nine o’clock, when they retired to their dormitories, but only to weep and wail. The next morning, we returned to London.

Ten days passed, and a friend wrote :—“It is impossible to convey a just idea of the great change which has been wrought. Nineteen have been prostrated ; and, as far as we can judge, all but one have realised peace. That one it took six or eight women to hold, so terrific was her conflict, reminding us of the poor man amongst the tombs. Another had several conflicts with the powers of hell. I was asked my opinion upon these repeated conflicts. I could give none, save that Jesus claims the whole heart ; and that it might be that some darling sin was kept in reserve—the Lord must have the whole heart—they must come to Jesus fully—no reserve. I have been there again this morning, and find that, last night, after a most severe struggle, that woman was enabled to roll all upon Jesus. A pleasing feature is manifested. As soon as they have obtained peace, they are ready at once to tell the others of the rich mercy they enjoy, and ask them to seek Jesus.” And he adds :—“It has been one continued scene of quickening of souls. One of the committee said to me yesterday—‘Seeing is believing : I could not have conceived the thoughts which passed and repassed through my mind on witnessing several prostrated, and the happy change when they realised peace.’ Last night, they were much cheered to know that you still thought of them. ‘Oh ! tell him,’ they at once all said, ‘never to be weary

in speaking to the lost outcasts about their never-dying souls.’”

Some days later, the President, a well-known merchant, wrote :—“I have been at the Penitentiary several times, and was witness of many most distressing scenes. It is evidently beyond all human control or even explanation. One case of the most severe convulsions was that of a young woman, who had treated the whole thing with contempt, and had declared again and again that they ought not to give way so—she never would ; and, while she spoke, she was seized, and her agony of soul was terrible. The Rev. Mr ——— told me to-day, that last evening he was called thither, and had a most affecting time with the women ; one or two had to be carried out of the room—they were quite overpowered : he said also that he understood the penitential distress was so marked, that he could only look on it as a work of the Spirit. He was struck by the earnest reception of the simple truths he spoke—manifested by the tears flowing down the poor creatures’ cheeks in unaffected profusion. As he left them, he said, he felt very forcibly the truth of our Saviour’s words—Matt. xxi. 31—‘The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.’ The deadness here is sorrowful. The church of God seems asleep—like the virgins, Matt. xxv.”

A week or two afterwards, a much-esteemed clergyman wrote :—“The work at the Penitentiary, so far as I am capable of judging, is directly of the Holy One. All the fruits bear witness to this. And it steadily progresses. God’s arm is revealed in our midst : His hand is stretched out : and brands are being plucked from the burning.”

And another eye-witness says :—"I was at the Penitentiary yesterday. I was so struck with the holy, calm expressions of many of them. One of them was so full of love, that again and again she repeated—'I am happy in Jesus! I *do* love Jesus!' Another remarked to me, 'Jesus stands knocking at every heart.' The matron says, there is such love amongst the women now, that, when they meet each other in the passages, they always shake hands."

And, still later, another writes :—"The work at the Penitentiary continues to be a matter of great thankfulness to Almighty God. The trees of His planting are bearing fruit. Those who have embraced Jesus as their only hope and Saviour continue to look to Him as their all and everything. Upon those who have not yet embraced the Saviour as the way, the truth, and the life, a moral influence is exercised by the Christian walk and conversation of their fellows." And another :—"All the women seem to have been affected. It does so prove the truth of the Bible when it speaks of 'the strong man armed,' &c., also Luke ix. 39. 'Three women literally foamed at the mouth. It is noticed that, as soon as they can say 'Jesus,' they get peace. Several are Roman Catholics; and it is observed they never mention the virgin's name—none but Jesus! They appear to see the pierced hands of Jesus, and the blood as it were dropping into a basin. One said, 'I did not know before that Jesus had a crown; but He only shewed me a part of it.' I asked the matron if there were any symptoms of the work previous to your visit; and she said, 'Not any.' Referring to you, one said—'Tell him not to be weary in well-doing.' I feel stirred up to praise and magnify the name of the Lord."

Another eye-witness writes:—"I have spent the last two nights in the House with the matron ; and it has seemed to me like intercourse with the world of spirits. I do not feel able to describe to you, in the short compass of a letter, the marvellous occurrences which have taken place. It is so delightful to be with the women—they are so brim-full of love to Jesus and to all who love Jesus, their faces are so radiant with heavenly joy and peace, they gather round me with such loving looks and words, and sing with me so delightfully, that I don't know how to tear myself from them. But there is mingled with our joy a deep and peculiarly painful sympathy with the poor sufferers who are yet passing through struggles with the enemy. I can recall, at a moment's glance, six cases of fearful bodily prostration, which have lasted in various forms fully a week. Never can I forget the terrible fights I have seen in these poor women—the agonised look, the heart-rending shriek, the desperate struggles, the bitter wail, 'I'm lost ! I'm lost !'—and then, as the contest seems drawing to a close, the sweet smile playing on the lips, and the joyful exclamation —'I'm so happy in Jesus ! so happy in Jesus ! I love Jesus ! yes, I do love Jesus, and He loves me ! Come unto me, all that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest ! Yes, rest in Jesus ! it is so sweet to rest in Jesus !'"

One day, we received from a convert this letter :—"I write you these few lines to tell you that God's good work is in this house. I have fought very hard to conquer Satan—have had very hard struggles ; but I know the love of Jesus now in my heart—that His blood was shed for me and cleanseth me from all my sins. This will be a house of prayer now, that will bring more to Jesus. He has left all

His blessings in this house. He *has* taken me out of the miry pit, and has put me on a rock, and has put a new song in my mouth. His blessings are flowing on all in the house. He has borne our sins and carried our sorrows. I am, your dear friend, A—— D——." The writer had been a Roman Catholic, old in sin though not yet sixteen years of age; after great struggles, she had found the Saviour; and her first act was, to take off a little brass crucifix from her neck and give it to the matron, remarking, that she "should not want that any more."

About a month after the work began, the inmates sent to the matron, at her request, some details of the way in which they had severally been affected. One of them—the woman who had first cried out for mercy—wrote:—"On the 9th of April, when you came into the work-room at dinner-time to ask the women if we would work our recreation, as we were going to have a strange minister, and that he always left fruit after him, I asked myself if I would get any of the fruit. I went down-stairs and prayed to God to soften my hard heart. * I kept on praying, till the minister came. He gave out the text—'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit and out of the miry clay.' I felt that I was a sinner, and I prayed to Jesus that He would forgive me. I felt that, if I did not pray to Jesus, I would be lost. When I was smitten that night, I thought I was plunged into hell, and all the power left me; and I thought, when I was in my greatest agony, that I saw a hand come down into hell; and, when I looked at the hand, it pulled me up. For several days, there was a great terror over me; and the only thing I had to comfort me was, the verse in the Bible, that it was not the

righteous Jesus came to save, but me a wretched sinner. Then I wanted to be alone; and I went up into the attic to pray, where no one would be near me. I wanted to tell Him all my wants, and He heard me. I am sure that Jesus has washed all my sins away in His blood; and I am trying to keep Him in my heart at my work all day long. I have more temptations now than ever I had; but the things I once loved, I hate now. I will keep on praying to Jesus for His Holy Spirit to keep me from all temptation or from ever offending Him any more."

Some weeks ago, we were conversing with that convert about her daily service. "Every morning," she said, "and every night, I examine my conscience to see what sin is on it; and I take the sin straight to the atoning blood, and He forgives me."

Madame de Guyon once said, that the God of love had so enlightened her heart, and that He so scrutinised its secret springs, that its smallest defects had become exposed. "The tenderness of their conscience," an eye-witness writes about the converts, "is worthy of special notice. They seem to dread the slightest approach to sin, in either thought, word, or deed, as they would the plague. One of them, who had been brought up with a knowledge of Scripture and of hymns, and whose great delight now was to read, said to me to-day—'As I was sitting here at my work just now, my eye fell on a book, and I was tempted very much to take it up; but I knew that it would prevent me getting on with my sewing: again and again I felt the temptation, but I thought of the passage about servants serving 'not with eye-service as men-pleasers.' She told me she was tried very sorely with her temper; sometimes

a companion would speak sharply, and she had great difficulty in not speaking hastily again. She often had to go to a place where she could be alone, to pray ; for that (she said) was her only safety. She shewed me and repeated a beautiful hymn as being a great favourite of hers ; the burden of it was, longing for complete sanctification and conformity to the image of Jesus."

One of the hymns which we have heard them sing very beautifully, runs thus :—

" Lord ! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free !
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even *me* !

" Pass me not ! O mighty Spirit,
Thou can'st make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even *me* !

" Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
Oh forgive and rescue me,
Even *me* !

" Love of God—so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ—so rich and free,
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even *me* !

" Pass me not ! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee !
All my heart to Thee is springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me,
Even *me* !"

CHAPTER XIII.

PENITENTIARY-SCENES.

(CONTINUED.)

"That ancient heat"—Not gone—Inmates' testimonies—"The worship-room"—Hymn—"Wanted to go out"—"I and Conscience"—Story of the coachmaker—Its effect—Christ's welcome—"Turn our back upon Him"—Blessing or curse—"Cried out"—First prayer—"Very happy"—Previous wanderings—Weak but strong—Another convert—"That Monday-night"—"My sins"—"Such a vile creature"—Gleam of hope—"Blessed peace"—Another—"Old story of Revival"—God or the devil?—"Made me shudder"—"Judgment-day"—Afraid to sleep—Happy in Christ—Parallel—Henry Venn—"What a robber am I?"—"Cold to my Lord"—"Touches of love"—Another convert—"Cannot hide His love"—Another—"That night above all nights"—"The house on me"—"What did I see"—"Depths of hell"—"Be of good cheer"—"Sins no more remembered"—A meeting—"Sweet Jesus"—"Poor worm"—"Could fly to be with Him"—"Can I ever go back?"—"Impossible!"—Parallel—Madame de Guyon—"Wholly the Lord's"—No will but His—Converts' Bible-class—"That name"—Pilgrim-ditty—Whitefield and the clergyman—"When we get to heaven"—"So near the throne"—"At such a distance"—"Scarcely get a sight of Him."

GEORGE HERBERT, when he was a gownsman at Cambridge, wrote home one day to his mother this yearning of his heart—

"My God! where is that ancient heat towards Thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames?"

And, at a later stage, the maturer though not colder disciple wrote—

“Where is that fire which once descended
On Thy apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.”

Is not that fire resting on us now? And is not its “ancient heat” making many once-frozen hearts to burn, as Jesus accosts weary wayfarers so graciously and unveils to them His love?

Some farther specimens of the converts' own simple narratives will illustrate this. They read like passages from the Autobiography of Bunyan. “On that Easter Monday,” another writes, “I prayed that what I was about to hear might be made a blessing to my soul. When Mr B—— came into the worship-room, and gave out the hymn—

‘There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,’

and spoke on the words,—I felt as if I wanted to go out of the room; but I could not move from the position I was in, until we stood up to sing. Although we often had sung the hymn before, I never had thoughts as I had that night. Conscience told me that this fountain was open for me; but I told conscience, Not. I said, I was too wicked then. I pictured the yawning gulf. I thought, what an awful thing it would be if God was to call us to judgment, and hell ready to devour us. As the minister was telling us about the coachmaker boasting that he would not humble himself, and that no one should ever bring him to his knees, I pictured him in my own mind until he got to the meeting on the Sunday night. Then I fancied I saw

him before me falling down on his face and hands, and crying to the Lord to have mercy upon him. I began to weep ; but I did not want any of the women to see me. Mr B—— told us that he was very sorry to hear from Mr F—— that we had not the Holy Spirit working amongst us in the town, though we had Christ preached to us in many ways and in many different parts. He spoke of Christ's willingness to save all that come to Him, assuring us that He was more willing to give than we were to receive. And he then asked—'Were we going to reject Christ's message to us, and turn our back upon Him, and remain in this horrible pit?'

"I thought," continued the writer, "that it would be either a blessing or a curse ; for there were only the two things for me to do. I tried to pray, and could not. When the minister gave us the two minutes to pray, the gulf came before me again—I could not get it out of my sight. Then I fell on my knees, and still kept trying to pray, but was the same as before. At last I cried unto the Lord to have mercy upon me a sinner. This was the first prayer I could utter. I said it over and over again. I found a little relief, but could not for some time get any other word. I did not know what was going on. All the while I lay prostrate, I was not aware whether the minister was in the room proceeding with the service, or was gone away. I was taken out of the worship-room. Still I could not use any other words than—'Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner!'" At length, about twelve or one o'clock in the morning, I felt as if I could pray to God ; and I got out of my bed, and poured out my soul unto Him."

"The next day," she proceeded, resuming her narrative in a subsequent letter, "I felt very happy, thinking of what

Jesus had suffered for me on Calvary. I was in much bodily pain ; but, when I remembered what Jesus endured for me, it made me bear my pain much more easily and patiently."

And, in the same letter, she added :—" Before this happened, I supposed I was resting on Jesus ; but, as soon as any temptation or any trial came, it made me flee from Him, because I looked to myself, instead of looking to Jesus. Now, however, I see it quite in a clearer light. Although I still have sometimes doubts and fears, and although, even when I have a good thought in my mind, Satan comes to disturb my peace,—yet, as soon as I see he is tempting me, I pick up my Saviour's words and say, ' Get thee behind me, Satan ; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve ! ' I know that I am weak : but the Lord has given me strength ; for He has said—' As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' "

Another writes :—" That Monday night, I felt very hardened, and was striving to stifle convictions ; for I thought nothing should change me. But the Lord discovered to me my sins in a most fearful manner. I felt as if they were going to crush me into that place where hope never comes ; for I thought there was no mercy for me. But very soon He spoke to me a word of comfort, saying, ' Put thy trust in me, and be not afraid.' I thought—Could these words of comfort be for me—such a vile and wicked creature as I was ? I turned and entreated the Lord with earnest prayer to have mercy upon me who had grieved Him so often. That passage came so forcibly into my mind —' Because I called and ye refused, and I stretched out my hand and no man regarded, therefore will I laugh at your

calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.' And I began to despair ; for I thought—What if I should be one of those who will be laughed at? The thing was too awful to think of ; so I sought the aid of the Holy Spirit to enable me to find some comfort, and those words came to me—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ; for His blood can save the vilest of the vile.' I then thought there was hope for me still, if I would fix my eye on the Cross and see what my Saviour had suffered for me. But, when I began to pray to the Lord and was beginning to find peace, the evil spirit began to go to battle with me, and kept whispering to me that it was no use my trying, for I had neglected Him when He called. Satan was getting the mastery over me ; the Lord saw it ; and He came to my help, whispering words of comfort." "I now enjoy," she adds, "blessed peace in Jesus. Many temptations still come in my way ; but I look up to the cross, for I know I have there a Saviour whom I can trust."

And another :—"I will try to tell you what my thoughts and feelings have been the last few weeks. I must begin from the Monday evening that Mr B—— came here to preach. I must tell you the truth—When first he began his sermon, I did not pay much attention ; for I thought to myself, 'It is the old story of the revival in Ireland ;' and I thought the ministers only told us these things to make us afraid, and I did not believe in them at that time. But, when he asked us the question, 'Will you give yourselves to God? or will you give yourselves to the devil?' it made me shudder to think. I did not like to think—it made me afraid. I tried to shake it off ; but I felt that I was doing wrong. And, when the women began to scream, I got very much afraid. I thought something awful was going

to happen. I came out of the room, and came down and began to think of something else. You were down-stairs; and I remember saying to you—‘Is it not awful to hear those women screaming?’ You said—‘Yes; but, if that is awful, what must it be at the judgment-day for those that are out of Christ, when there will be no means of escape?’ And you added that you thought the day was not far distant. That caused me to think seriously again. I thought I should not like to be among those who are out of Christ; but I thought—I most surely shall be amongst them, if I do not pray to God to change my heart and make me a better woman.

“When I went up-stairs that night,” she continues, “I tried to pray earnestly to God; but I felt that I could not pray. I felt somehow as if I was afraid; and I thought I would try to go to sleep and forget it. But I was very uneasy; and all the next day I felt very unhappy in my mind, but did not like the women to see it. I think it would have worn off, if No. 6* had not been struck in the hall on Thursday morning. Then I thought to myself—‘Well, the Lord has sent this as a warning to me; He has sent this to convince me that what the ministers tell us is not idle tales to make us afraid.’ And when I saw the women struck one after another, I thought—‘If this does not change my heart and soften it, nothing ever will.’ I thought at that time I should like to be struck in the same way; but, when I saw them suffering so much, I prayed that the Lord might bring me to Himself in a more gentle manner, if it was His will. I thought—‘If the Lord is gathering these women to Himself, I should not like to be left out.’ The idea of being amongst the lost ones terrified me. I went to my knees;

* The inmates are known in the house by their numbers.

but I felt as if I had no idea who I was praying to, and was ready to give up in despair. Then I thought that it was for my eternal happiness or eternal misery, and I must persevere. The thought of the judgment-day made me tremble. Oh! how I wished that I could say, with some of the women, that I had found Christ, and was sure of being happy for ever!" That woman is now happy in Him who has loved her and washed her from her sins in His own blood.

"What a robber am I," exclaimed Venn, on one occasion, "and what sacrilege am I committing—when the affections of my heart are so cold towards my Lord! Sometimes I have touches which I would give the world they might last; but in an hour they are gone. Whilst they last, my heart swells with the vehement desire expressed in the hymn—

‘Nothing in all things may I see,
Nothing on earth desire but Thee!’"

Lately, another wrote to us:—"I am happy to tell you that I am still enjoying the same peace with God and love to Jesus. I am watchful in prayer to God that He will give me His Holy Spirit to keep me out of all temptation and to do always what is right in His sight. I must now shew, by my ways and actions, that I am walking in Jesus; for by their fruits ye shall know them. I cannot hide the love of Christ in my heart; I must tell to all my fellow-inmates what Jesus has done for me, and what He will do for them if they only ask Him in faith and sincerity of heart. I find the words of that hymn—

‘There is a fountain fill’d with blood’—

very precious to me now; for in that Fountain have I laid

all my sins, and they have 'all been washed away.' I was 'a wandering sheep,' wandering far from God ; but Jesus, the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, drew me back by the bands of His love. I should like very much to see you again, if it is the Lord's will that you come to Liverpool, and that we are spared to meet ; but, if not on earth, we will meet in heaven. I now conclude with an earnest prayer to God that He will give you health and strength to carry on your good work of winning souls to the Saviour."

And another writes to the matron thus :—" O that night above all nights, which can never be forgotten by me, or by any other woman in the house ! When the Holy Spirit was coming amongst us, there came a trembling all over me. As we fell on our knees, I felt as if the house was on me. Never till that moment did I feel that it was *my* sins which had nailed my Saviour to the cross. O what did I see ! Go down into the depths of hell, and what would you see there ? Yes, if you could go farther for wickedness, it would be my life—my mis-spent life. I had been brought up a Roman Catholic, my father and mother severely punishing me if ever they found me playing with any Protestant child. Before I entered this house fourteen months ago, I had been living for five years in the most horrible sin. The morning of the day I came here, I was looking for a knife to cut my throat with—I so shuddered at the thought of my sins ; and, if it had not been for the woman beside me taking notice of me, I would have done it. One day, some months ago, a lady gave us all a little prayer to say—' Lord, shew me myself !' I prayed it, and I continued liking to hear and do everything that was good ; but all the time I was blind to the gospel of my Lord and Saviour. I

never knew what it was to be forgiven. One day I would feel happy, and another day miserable. I would try if I could find anything in the Bible to satisfy me. I found many precious promises and invitations. But I did not feel any better. I never knew real happiness. I went on in this sort of way till the 9th of April, when the Holy Spirit opened my eyes. That night I remained for some time crying for mercy. I saw I was lost—dead in sins—a brand in the very fire. All of a sudden, I heard as it were a voice say—‘Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee: go and sin no more!’ That moment, I got up a new creature. I believed, without a doubt, that God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Yes, that moment, I am persuaded, He washed away all my sins in His precious blood; and, I believe, He will remember them no more.”

Some months later, we met that convert, and were struck with her deep solemnity and her sweet look of calm joy. “Oh! I have found my sweet Jesus,” she said. “Yes, I have found Him. I know there is nothing good in me; for I am nothing but a poor worm of the earth—not worthy to take within my polluted lips the name of a gracious Saviour. But I am a brand plucked from the burning. I am going on my way rejoicing. I feel as if I could fly to be with Jesus in heaven.”

“You find the conflict hard?” we said.

“Oh! I sometimes think—*Can* I ever go back to my old sins? No; impossible! Do pray for me, that I may never let go the anchor of my salvation.”

Then, a little afterwards, she said—“Yes; I will cling to Jesus, as a drowning man would to a life-buoy, to keep me

up in all the temptations of this wicked world when He sends me out into it again."

Madame de Guyon once wrote, in her diary—"From this day, this hour, I am wholly the Lord's. The world shall have no portion in me." Knowing that this girl's time in the house would expire in a few weeks, we inquired if there was any particular kind of situation which she would prefer. "No," she said with a smile, as if appreciating the motive which had dictated the inquiry; "I have no choice of my own. Jesus must choose for me. And He will." It reminded us of that prayer of one of our poets—

"O Jesus, teach us still to keep
Our eyes on Thee, the living way,
That we, once lost and wandering sheep,
From Thee, our Lord, no more may stray;
But, wheresoe'er Thou leadest, we
May follow on most cheerfully!"

Ah! dear disciple, fear not! Nothing is nearer the heart of thy Lord, than to carry thee safely home. Therefore, be content to hasten onward through the wilderness, knowing that at thy side thou hast this tender Brother, and singing, as thou goest, this pilgrim-ditty—

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a child-like trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side:
The only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, is, 'Hold it fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last!'"

She had gathered a number of her companions each Sabbath-morning into a Bible-class, and with much simplicity was sharing with them her own weekly gleanings. Some

weeks later, we saw her one day in the house, and asked her if she at all regretted that she had cast in her lot with Jesus. "O that name above all names!" she replied. "Blessed be God for ever that He has made it known to me! You cannot believe what a sinner I have been; but I know that He has saved me from the horrible pit. O the innumerable mercies of a loving God!" "And do you not fear to go out to the world again?" "I have Jesus with me," she said; "and I don't fear about man. Yes, He is the rock that I will build upon for the remainder of my days, let them be long or short. Oh! may God, for Christ's sake, give me strength to fulfil all His will, to His honour and glory!"

Does the reader turn aside from such utterances, as savouring somewhat of enthusiasm? Madame de Guyon remarked one day to a friend:—"I can hardly hear God or our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of, without being almost transported out of myself." Another has written:—"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love." Few things test more truly the condition of a man's heart, than the measure of his sympathy with this personal attachment to the Saviour. "Do you think, Sir," said an orthodox but not very warm-hearted clergyman on one occasion to Whitefield, expecting him to share his aversion to Wesley's melting tenderness, "Do you think, when *we* get to heaven, we shall see Mr Wesley?" "No, sir," said Whitefield, "I fear not; for he will be so near the throne, and we at such a distance, that we shall scarcely get a sight of him."

CHAPTER XIV.

PENITENTIARY SCENES.

(CONCLUDED.)

"A holy heart"—Self cast down—Penitentiary—The "two mites"
—Free-will offering—The "butter"—"Done what she could"
—An interview—Convert's anguish—"Scarce able to pray"—
"Can't live without meeting God"—"God for me"—Sunshine
again—Incident—Scalded—Patience—Finger crushed—"Sent
to try me"—"Only rejoicing"—Anxiety for the unsaved—
Another narrative—"A cloud of my sins"—"Perish for ever"
—"Precious Saviour"—"Working for my Father"—Another
convert—The "Virgin"—"Only name"—"Keep close to
Him"—"All crosses"—"In respect again"—Another—
"Very great terror"—"Heavy load"—"Leave thy sins"—
"Great peace"—"Still very happy"—"Conquer Satan entirely"
—Another—Very ill—Autobiography—Religious training—
Spirit's strivings—"Growing harder"—The "pocket-handker-
chief"—"A scoff at him"—Trembled—"Fastened to the
seat"—"Cry out"—Satan's "resisting"—"Bottomless pit at
once"—Jesus on the cross—"That dear face"—A contrast—
Her father—A lingering wish—"Buried by parish"—Triumph
—Another convert—"So little"—Mangle-room—The storm—
Terror—"Happy in His love"—Another—"Feared neither
God nor devil"—"Come quickly!"—"Just the prodigal"—
"If I had wings"—Parallel—Guyon—"Never lose the pre-
sence of God"—"Quite another creature"—A longing—
Another—"My risen Saviour"—"Hold on to Jesus"—Temp-
tations—"Cross me"—"Not answer a word"—Another—
"Left out"—"Ray of light"—The "strong man"—Jesus
stronger—Venn to Lady Huntingdon—"Soul inflamed with
love"—Fastidious eyes—Soul athirst for God—Of God and
going to Him.

"A HOLY HEART," it has been said, "is one from which selfishness is excluded, and which loves God with all its power of love."

Some time ago, the converts conceived the desire of manifesting their love for Jesus by some act of self-denial. Having nothing of their own to give, they asked permission to save their little allowance of *butter* for a month, that they might have an offering to send to the orphan-houses at Bristol. They saved their butter ; and the result is recorded thus :—

" 21 PAUL'S STREET, KINGSDOWN, BRISTOL,
25th June 1860.

"The receipt of £3, 14s. 3d., from the Trustees of the Liverpool Female Penitentiary, taken for the support of the orphans, is gratefully acknowledged.

"May the Lord bless every one who has contributed to this amount, spiritually. I have heard with delight of the blessing which God has granted at the Penitentiary ; and I desire that every one of its inmates may trust in the Lord Jesus alone for the salvation of her soul, to be truly happy for time and eternity.

GEORGE MULLER."

The offering was not large ; but He who owned the widow's "two mites" as a weightier gift than all the other offerings, has recorded in His book that humble eucharist, inscribing upon it the imperishable legend—"They have done what they could."

Their daily toil, too, is done now to the Lord. "There has been a great deal of hard work," wrote a friend, one day, after visiting the Home ; "and, although some of the women are still obliged to go to their bed in the course of the day

from weakness, the work is got on with better than before, and is done earlier. They told the matron they were working now *for Jesus*. There is a blessed spirit in the house : they sing at their work ; and their love overflows."

"Oh ! Sir," said one of them, when we called at the Home during another recent visit to L——, "I have scarcely been able to pray for the last three weeks ; and you know we can't live without meeting God." On that convert's countenance there was a hardenedness of feature, indicating too plainly the vestiges of her life of sin ; but, overspreading this, was a certain grave, sweet, heavenly expression, which spoke not less plainly of a joy unspeakable within. "God is for me," was named as a solid rock to rest upon, the fact being as certain when God hid His face as when it shone out brightly without a cloud. "Oh ! Sir, that word was so good," she said, a day or two after, when we saw her again : "God is for me. I do so love Him !" She had begun a nightly prayer-meeting with a few of her companions in one of the dormitories the last thing before going to bed.

One afternoon, a woman, who had been a great sinner but had been stricken in that memorable week, was working in the laundry, when she was scalded very severely with the steam. Formerly very irritable and impatient, she now was calm and serene, though suffering intense anguish. "Matron," she said, the next day, with a quiet smile, "could I have borne that a fortnight ago ?" Another day, the same woman had one of her fingers crushed so badly that it seemed as if it would need amputation. Not a cry or a groan did she utter ; but, after the extreme agony was over, she said, meekly—"These things are sent to try me !"

One Sunday, at worship, a convert had to be taken out in a fit of convulsive sobbing. After a while, as a lady who was present was expressing concern lest she was ill, she wiped away her tears, and said—"Please, ma'am, I was only rejoicing." "She is quite in repute amongst the women," the lady writes, "and is a helper of many." And the same lady adds:—"Their conversation is so wonderfully luminous on spiritual subjects, and their ideas so beautifully Scriptural, that there is a fascination about them which you can understand better than I can describe. Their anxiety for those among them who are still unconverted is intense. One woman has made herself literally ill by the anxiety she feels for a companion who as yet seems untouched."

The converts take great delight in telling, in their own simple way, what God has done for them. Another writes:—"On the Friday after that Monday night, I was sitting at my work, when there came before me as it were a cloud of my sins. It seemed as if it were going to sink me into the earth; and I felt that, if I did not seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, I must perish for ever. I had to leave my work there and then to cry for mercy. As soon as I began to cry out for mercy, I had great inward struggles. The evil spirit battled with me; and I implored the Lord to have mercy on me. He kept me in doubt till the Sunday, when that word, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' came to me, and I found the precious Saviour. The first week or two, I had some very dark clouds at times coming over me; but I turned to prayer, and thought again of that blood which was shed on the cross for me. I never knew there was such a precious Saviour until now; for He has been a most precious and

glorious Saviour unto me. I feel more of His love towards me every day. He *has* brought me up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and has set my feet upon a rock. I feel that I can be diligent in business, serving the Lord; and I can work with great pleasure now that I am working for my Father in heaven, for I know that He will be a Father to all that look up to Him."

And another:—"I am six months in the house. When I came, it was for no good intent, only that I had nowhere to go to—I was shut out from all society, on account of my bad conduct. I had many thoughts on what I heard—one time saying, 'That looks like the truth,' then I would say, 'My own way is the right way.' But, on the 9th of April—that night above all nights blest to my poor soul, I was fully convinced that I was in the wrong way. I saw that my sins had nailed Jesus to the cross, but that His blood cleanseth from all sin. Once I prayed to the blessed Virgin that she would intercede for me; I never knew then that no other name but Jesus could save me. I do believe in Him now, and am sure that that word of His is true—'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And, now that I have found a Saviour, I must keep close to Him in prayer, asking Him that He may send the Holy Spirit into my heart; for I do know that without Him I can do nothing of myself, and I do believe that of myself I am nothing. But I firmly believe, that, if I ask, I shall receive, and, if I seek, I shall find. I know, that, if I want to be like Jesus, I must bear all crosses patiently, as He bore His when He was spat upon and scourged and crowned with thorns,—remembering that when He was thirsty they gave Him vinegar and gall to drink, and looking at Him praying for His murderers, 'Father, forgive

them, for they know not what they do.' Oh ! when I think of what I have been, I can scarcely believe that it is possible that I am to be in respect again."

Another says :—"To begin with that Monday night—I felt, while the minister was preaching, a very great terror over me, and as if I wanted to get away from something that I could not. My mind was in an awful state, until the morning that I was taken. That morning, I felt a fear, as if the earth was going to open and swallow me up. I went by myself, and prayed, as I never prayed before, that God would shew me my sins ; and, all morning, I scarcely knew what I was doing—I felt such a heavy load upon me. I thought something was going to happen to me. I went into the mangle-room. I looked up to the sky, and saw a very bright cloud, when, all of a sudden, a darkness came over me, and then the Lord Jesus called upon me to forsake my sins and follow Him. I cried out, as you know, very hard for mercy from Jesus ; for I wanted that heavy burden taken off me, and I cried to Him till He revealed Himself unto me and said—' Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And I found rest, through His precious blood.

"Since then," she continues, "I have great peace of mind. Satan comes at times, and tries to take that peace from me ; but, blessed be Jesus, I am able to conquer him through His blood. I should never have found peace if I had not found Jesus ; for such peace I never had before. He has washed me in His blood, and cleansed all my sins. He has taken me out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. He has put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto my God. And, blessed be His holy name, I am still

very happy. I did not know the love of Jesus, till I found Him. I have faith in Him now. I bless God for ever hearing Mr B—— ; for he was the instrument of God's blessings coming down in this house. All the prayers that have been offered up are getting answered. I feel now that all that come to Jesus and believe in Him, He will in nowise cast out; for He is precious to all souls that come to Him. I feel so happy, that at times I scarcely know how to contain myself. Satan tempts me very much through the day, to try and get me back to him; but he never will succeed, so long as I have faith to look to Jesus. He has had me too long; and now I want to persevere and get shut of him. Jesus is so precious to me, that I desire to conquer Satan entirely, so that he may never have hold of me any longer."

A convert, who is now very ill, and apparently near her heavenly rest, gives her little autobiography thus:—"I had privileges which few in this house have been blessed with, both as regards education and religious training; but oh, how I despised them all! Often God's Holy Spirit strove with my hard heart; and as often I quenched it. Often I lived as though I was one of God's own children—awful thought! I acted the hypocrite! until at last I seemed to have got so hard that nothing would make me feel. But—blessed be God!—I have been made to feel that His power was stronger than man's or devil's. On Monday, when you told us we were going to have a stranger, and one who felt astonished that there had been no awakening here, we were talking about it all day; and I, as night grew on, felt growing harder, as if I had set my heart against everything that was good. When we were getting ready, I asked 20 to lend me a pocket-handkerchief; for I said, I might shed a few tears, but I wouldn't if I could help it. The minister

entered the pulpit; and (I tremble to say it) I made quite a scoff at him. Even after he commenced, something that we had spoken of through the day came into my mind, and I could scarcely command myself from laughing. But, as he went on telling us about the coachmaker, and of God's wonderful workings in Ireland, and then about those poor girls in London, and as he spoke of the awful danger of letting the Spirit pass us in these the great days of His visitation, I felt a solemn feeling come over me. I felt that, if I still continued to harden myself, and let this time pass, I should never have another time. Then Satan would tell me, 'Don't cry;' or some of the women would say, '51 is going to be the first.' But I could not resist any longer; and, for about five minutes before he asked for silent prayer, I felt such a solemn awe as though I was fastened to the seat. I felt oppressed with a great weight, till it came upon me with such power as I cannot describe. I had no particular words directed to me that I can remember; but I felt a solemn awe as though I was in the presence of some awful Being, till at last my feelings quite overpowered me, and I was obliged to cry out.

"Never," she proceeds, "will I forget the feeling of that short time. I could not pray. I could only weep. The next day, as I was watching 32, I had sore conflicts again; and for a whole fortnight scarcely a woman in the house had a severer struggle with Satan than I had. How he tried me in various ways, telling me that I had quenched the Spirit too often—that my privileges had been too great—and that it would take a great deal to make one like me feel my sins deep enough before Christ would save me! And then I would try and repeat passages of Scripture and verses of hymns. One day, it seemed as if I was

getting a sight of the glory which the women were speaking of; but it passed away again. At last, on a Wednesday night—I will never forget it—it was as though I was going to the bottomless pit at once. I saw nothing, and heard nothing; but I was so impressed with my great sinfulness, that I expected every moment that some one would take hold of me. But what distressed me most was—I could not pray. It seemed as if my words went no farther than the room, and then came back to me. And so great was my terror, that the sweat poured off me, and the bed shook under me. The next morning, I tried to get up, but couldn't. I seemed quite overpowered. I felt very unhappy all morning, till Mrs C—— and Mrs R—— came and read to me and talked with me. I felt the weight removed in a great measure. Still I have not yet got a sight of my Saviour bleeding on the cross for me. Oh! could I but get a glimpse of that dear face, I feel that I should want no more. But, till then, I shall never be happy."

When we saw her lately, she *had* got "a glimpse of that dear face;" and, pale and emaciated, and pronounced by the physician to be hopelessly ill, she was very happy in Jesus. As we sat with the sufferer that day, and learned how her father, though a high religious professor, and though apprised of the blessed change, coldly refused to receive her again under his roof, we thought how blessed it was for her that the ways of Jesus were not like his. For a time, she had had one lingering anxiety—that she might not be left to be "buried by the Parish;" but that care, also, she had cast upon Jesus; and her one thought was—to live, during the time remaining to her, more to the glory of Him who had called her to the fellowship of His own joy.

"Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing;
The terrors are but shadows now, that haunt the vale of death."

Another convert writes :—" I have occasion to remember the night of the month of April on which Mr B—— preached—the time when the Holy Spirit's work commenced. It caused a terror to come across me—I thought it strange that so little said by Mr B—— should be so blest to souls. Directly the movement began, I left the room ; I went to the mangle-room ; I knelt down, scarcely knowing what I did. For about a week, I was sometimes troubled, and then the devil would come and catch away the serious impression. I often felt frightened, when I heard the women stricken ; then some long-known Scripture would come into my mind, and for the time I would feel happy. But, last Sunday night week, the Lord revealed Himself to me ; and I must tell you what great and precious mercy He has given me. When I went up that night to bed, I knelt down as usual to say my prayers ; and, when I rose, I began to run about the room, disturbing the other women. I got into bed, and then began to feel how bad I had been. I tried to stifle the conviction by going to sleep. I slept very well till about four o'clock, when I was awoke by a heavy storm. I lay awake a long time ; but, as the storm rose, my fears became greater. I tried to sleep ; but I couldn't. Then a thought struck me—' If I were to sleep, and if this house were blown down, where would I open my eyes ? ' At that moment, my whole body trembled and perspired. I thought—' Who could save me ? ' Then—' All the women could not ; no, nor any one on earth.' I then offered myself to God. I felt no easier. After that, the storm was greater than ever. I thought—' I must decide just then, as if I was preparing either for heaven or

for hell.' I thought—'How must I go to God? By faith—by believing—I will get what I ask.' I then said—'Lord, I do believe; help my unbelief!' I found Jesus, and laid my sins on Him; and now I am happy in His love."

One day, during our recent visit to the town, we were talking with another convert, whose look of solemn joy told that she too had been fetched home by Jesus, the loving Saviour, to His feet. "Before that time," she said, referring to the memorable night in April, "I feared neither God nor devil." And then, a little afterwards, she said, with such a sweet smile—"Oh! Sir, I should be glad if Jesus were to come this very moment in the clouds of heaven, to take me to be with Him where He is!"

A few sentences from a letter of this convert will shew the Holy Spirit's method of saving her. "On that Monday night," she writes, "I felt more miserable than ever I had done in my life. Whatever I did, I had no peace. A morning or two afterwards, when I was taking the iron off the stove, I wished that the Lord would convince me of my sins. In about half-an-hour, little Annie was struck down in the mangle-room. I was helping to take her up-stairs, when the Lord struck me down in the same way. But I thought—'It was only fear, and I would not give in,' until the Lord shewed me myself. And oh! what a sight! Then I thought I was lost and there was no hope for me. I got up; and, looking through the window, a verse in one of the hymns flashed on my mind—

'I know I am a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.'

And, from that time, I could look to Jesus as my only Saviour.

"On the Friday," she continues, "I was reading the fif-

teenth chapter of St Luke. I thought *I* was just the prodigal returning to my Father. Suddenly, I became quite unconscious ; and then Satan seemed at my side, ready to devour me. Since then, I have had many strivings with Satan in my heart ; but, by looking unto Jesus with the eye of faith, I have been able to resist him, and he has fled from me. I continue to thank God for all His many mercies to me. I think that, if I had wings, I would fly to Jesus ; for I do love Jesus in my heart. When I was unconscious, I could hear you repeat some little hymns ; one was—

‘ I lay my sins on Jesus ; ’

another was—

‘ How loving is Jesus ! ’

My thought was—‘ Yes, I *have* laid my sins on Jesus ; and He is my only Saviour, because He suffered and died for me.’ When I thought about Him nailed to the Cross, I could not help thinking of His great love to us sinners. And, when I hear the ministers preach on Jesus’ love to us, I think—‘ Yes, He has loved us with an everlasting love.’ And, now that I have found Jesus, I wish I could bring every one of the women to Him, that they all might find Him precious to their souls, as I have found Him to be to me. I hope that God will give me strength to overcome every temptation which comes across my path, looking to Jesus as my only refuge, my rock, and as my shield to defend me in every trial.”

Madame de Guyon’s husband, himself without any sympathy with her new way of life, said to her one day—“ One sees plainly that you never lose the presence of God.” Some of these converts enjoy so much of the same presence, that the fellowship appears to have scarcely any break. “ I am glad,” one of them writes, “ to have an opportunity of *telling you of my joy and happiness* since I have found peace

with my God and Saviour. I feel such joy in my heart and soul, that I am quite another creature. Still I have temptations to overcome; the evil one is always on the watch, trying to lead me again into the broad road of destruction; but my precious Jesus is always ready to help me, when I call upon Him. Oh, blessed Saviour! Thou hast shewn me the right way; help me to walk therein! Thou hast redeemed my soul from hell; Thou hast set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. How I long for my time to be up; for I should like to be a tract-distributor! I cannot live without speaking of the love of Christ to my fellow-sinners. I pray that God may enable me to spread His gospel."

Another writes:—"God was pleased to shew me myself as a sinner. I had severe struggles within my own breast. But the Lord revealed Himself to me as my risen Saviour, and pronounced my sins forgiven. Satan tries hard to tempt me, by telling me the work is not real; but—praise be to His holy name!—I have been enabled ever since to hold on to Jesus. Oftentimes the devil tries me, by using some of the women more than ever to cross me and aggravate me; but I suppose it is that I see it more than ever I did. I thank God, however, that He enables me at such times to stand by and not answer a word; whereas, in times gone by, I should have answered them back as much as they taunted me."

And another:—"On the 9th of April, when I saw the Holy Spirit working so powerfully among the women, I got so frightened, lest I should be left out. At the time you came upstairs to see No. 6, I was crying very bitterly; and, when you told me to repeat the verse—

‘I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,’—

it seemed to send a ray of light into my soul, which was so dark. The next day, I prayed again that He would take away all my sins. And I have been very happy ever since. I feel quite another creature. The devil is stronger than ever in trying to tempt me ; but Jesus is stronger than he."

And still another :—" From that Monday night till the Thursday night that I was struck, I felt that I was a great sinner. I felt something working within me. I seemed to see some one standing between me and the minister. Then I saw Jesus as it were standing with His open arms to receive me. I thought Satan tried to get hold of me ; but Jesus overcame for me, and I believe that He has taken away all my sins. I feel very happy now. Sometimes a dark cloud comes over me ; but I pray to Jesus, and all goes away again. Very often bad thoughts come into my head ; but I ask God to take them all away and make me think only of Jesus."

Venn wrote, one day, to Lady Huntingdon :—" I am favoured with a pleasing sight, and with the animating example, of a soul inflamed with love to a crucified God—that stumblingblock to them that perish." There may fall on these pages fastidious eyes which can scarcely brook scenes so redolent only of the name of Jesus. But other hearts—throbbing in truer attachment to their Lord—will detect in the scenes a kind of foreshadow of that glory where

"He shall be the focus of it all—the very heart of gladness."

Reader ! can you add—

" *My soul is athirst for God, the God who dwelt in man* " ?

By the responsive echo which your heart gives to that yearning, you may determine, not uncertainly, whether you *are of God and are going to Him.*

CHAPTER XV.

WORK IN LONDON—Speaking for Christ—Personal experience—Parallels—Cyprian—"First glow"—"Not studied but felt"—David—"My sin forgiven"—Paul—"Of whom I am chief"—Sharpens the sickle—Examples in London—A young man—"Giddy multitude"—"Story of the Cross"—"Many souls"—Another case—An officer—Meeting of sweeps—Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel—Special services—Simple faith—God's way—Humblest messengers—Circus in Sheffield—Epsom-race-week—London suburb—Slumberers—Clergyman's son—His request—City-missionary—His holiday—"Dry bones"—Awakening—Village in Herefordshire—Macedonian cry—"No rain"—"Two or three"—London Physician—"Some little mind"—Wounded—Confessing Christ—"Be instant"—"That's for me"—A request—Reginald Radcliffe—Halls and Theatres—Open ear—Not, how bad we are—How good the Lord is—Anxious inquirers—Mr Brownlow North—Willis's Rooms—Parallel—Lady Huntingdon—"The season"—"Haut ton"—Vast crowd—"Whole counsel of God"—Not harshly—Scene—Incident—Young lady of fashion—Arrested—Went back—Death-bed—"I'm lost"—"You have done it"—Thrill of horror—Titled lady—Old Baronet—Nobleman's daughter—Inquirers' meeting—Appeal—"No, I won't!" "Would He?"

AN ancient father, under the first glow of conversion, once said:—"Receive from me what must be *felt* ere it is learned—what is not collected from a long course of continued study, but is seized at once by the power of grace, which hastily consummates its work." It is the peculiar characteristic of a season of Revival, that, besides announc-

ing God's readiness to save, men declare their own experienced forgiveness. David said—"For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found;" but he clenched the saying with the previous personal proof—"I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou *forgavest* the iniquity of *my* sin." Paul went about everywhere with the faithful saying—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" but the saying in his lips had a new freshness and a new power, when, sealing it with his own personal experience, he could add, and did add—"Of whom I am the chief." Nothing so sharpens the edge of the reaper's sickle as this; and nothing, besides, inspires so sure an expectation of a present blessing.

Lately, in London, a young man, who, only a short while before, "had been running with the giddy multitude, and had now been called to tell forth the wondrous story of the Cross," asked that he might be "endowed with strength and wisdom from on high, and that God's strength might be made perfect in his weakness." "I will speak," he added, "for the first time on Sunday next: Pray for me that I may be blest—sinners saved—and Christ's name glorified." Another day, "a few young men labouring for Christ," desired "the earnest, fervent, and continual prayers of God's children for spiritual strength and support in their work of love, and that Almighty God might vouchsafe the outpouring of His Holy Spirit among the hitherto careless and lukewarm inhabitants of the town in which they resided." And, another day, a young man in London wrote:—"A number of working men are to be addressed (God willing) to-morrow. Your prayers are desired, that the Lord will grant His

Spirit to both speaker and hearers, so that His name may be glorified in the conversion of many souls." And an officer followed, entreating prayer "on behalf of a tea-meeting, composed entirely of *sweeps*, to whom it was proposed to preach the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." "May many souls," he added, "be saved by the Lord!"

One Monday afternoon, a young officer said—"Special services are to be held at Mr Baptist Noel's chapel each night this week. Your prayers are entreated, that the word spoken may be in demonstration of the Spirit and in power, and that many souls may be added to the Lord." Few men have entered with a simpler faith into God's way, in this Revival, than that honoured servant of Christ. Content to give place to the humblest messengers who seemed to have a word from the Master, Mr Noel has himself been greatly blest. If many ministers had acted after a like manner, a blessing might by this time have descended upon London so that there should not have been room enough to receive it.

Another day, special prayer was desired, that the Lord would "abundantly bless the preaching of the gospel in a large circus at Sheffield, which had been taken instead of the theatre, which was too small to hold the thousands that pressed for admittance on former occasions." "Oh! be importunate," the friend added, "in this behalf with Him who never fails to answer the believing prayer which ascends to Him in the name of Jesus." Again:—"The Christian brethren at Epsom request your special prayer during the race-week." From "a parched suburb of London:—" "Oh! let me entreat and beseech you, my dear brothers and sisters who love our precious Lord and Master in sincerity and in truth, to pray without ceasing

that God's slumbering people here may be stirred up—that our Father may graciously open a door for a daily prayer-meeting—and that our sanctuaries may be filled with believers and true penitents." From another London-suburb :—"Oh ! pray for this Parish, especially that the hearts of both the clergymen may be filled with the love of Christ, so that they may speak to others of this love *from personal experience !*" And, from another quarter, thus :—"The son of a clergyman earnestly begs your intercessions, that in this day of grace his father may be revived and refreshed out of cold morality and formality, to preach Christ and Him crucified, and to know more of Jesus and the power of His resurrection."

In a small town, in the south-west of England, there occurred lately, through the words of a London city-missionary during his holiday-sojourn, a wonderful shaking of the "dry bones." Strong, stalwart countrymen in their smock-frocks were weeping like infants ; and as many as two or three hundred of the people were crying—"What must we do to be saved ?" The clergyman of the place had laboured for thirty years, with scarcely any fruit ; and now he could only exclaim with David—"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion, we were like them that dream." It seemed to him like the beginning of a new life and a new ministry.

A prayer-meeting connected with Trinity Church in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where many souls have been recently converted, had been led specially to lay that little town before the Lord, and was pleading for it that very week ; and the missionary (himself attached to Trinity Church) found that the people's hearts were so prepared by the Lord, that he had only to stand still in the street and

speak to any bystander about Christ, when first one would stop to listen, then another, and another, until he was surrounded by a large group, eagerly drinking in the word of life. In a day or two, the National School-room was crammed night after night with people of all ranks and characters, each one anxiously groping his way to the feet of the Friend of sinners.

From a village in Herefordshire there came lately this "Macedonian" cry :—"Ask for us, that the Holy Three in One will work mightily for us and against our souls' enemies, and without longer delay, and, if it may be, by opening the doors of hearts and houses in this village for union prayer-meetings, in which the Spirit of the Lord shall rule and give liberty, so that the people may no longer lose, for want of asking for it, a share in the blessed shower of Reviving grace bestowed freely on so many. At present, we are like the Family of Egypt in bondage and fetters, and cannot go up to the feast you are enjoying ; and therefore we have no rain upon us. Some of us—'two or three' with Jesus in our midst—do lay often our case before the Fountain of God's Fulness, as He stands inviting us, in this 'last day, the great day of the feast ;' and we know He is ever ready and willing : but we pray you to help us together, by prayer for us, that, for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of *many* persons, *thanks* may be given by *many* on our behalf. For this He may be waiting ; and perhaps our weak hands are suffered to hang down for this reason, and until they are strengthened by you."

We heard, the other day, of an eminent London physician, who was induced one night to go and hear an address by Mr Reginald Radcliffe, in the Hanover Square Rooms. On his way home, he remarked to his friend—"Well, a

man ought to have some little mind at any rate, before rising up to speak to others." However, it seemed as if the speaker's words, simple and unpretending as they were, had exerted a certain influence ; for, a few days afterwards, the physician was again among his auditory. This time, the arrow went home. And, partly through his words, and partly under the melting appeals of a converted collier, the proud *littérateur* was ere long found sitting at the feet of Him who is 'meek and lowly of heart.' A few weeks later, he openly confessed Christ, at a meeting in a little town near London ; and, on the Sunday before we write these lines, he preached "Jesus and the resurrection" in the open air on the common in front of the barracks at Woolwich. Walking along afterwards with an officer of artillery, he took out his Bible, and, pointing to the passage—"Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season," said—"That's for *me*." His mother, now gone upward, was a true Monica, and lived and died in the undoubting belief that one day *all* her sons should be wrapt with her in the bundle of life.

One day, in a praying circle, this "request" was presented :—"As God has chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the mighty, that no flesh should glory in His presence,—the prayers of this meeting, unitedly, are solemnly asked *here* daily—and unitedly at two o'clock on next Lord's day—That God would manifest His power before the world in a large outpouring of His Spirit on the mass of believers and unbelievers who shall hear Mr Radcliffe speak at three o'clock in St James's Hall on that day. 'Ask, and *it shall be given.*'" Again and again we have been present on these occasions, both in the halls and in *the theatres*. The riveted attention, the rapt eagerness,

and the strange stillness, of the vast masses, were most striking. The message, too, seemed to be moulded by the Holy Ghost to the exigency of the waiting people. Not needing to tell them how bad *they* were,—for *that* their anxious look indicated that they knew too well already,—the preacher felt that his mission rather was, to tell them how good the Lord was—how tenderly yearning over their deep necessities—how *divinely*, how *humanly*, ready to welcome them to His heart. And the message went home accordingly. The day only will declare *how many* “prodigals” on these occasions “arose and came to their Father ;” but the conversations afterwards with anxious inquirers shewed how greatly God honoured the believing expectation of an abundant and immediate blessing

In the awakening of last century, Lady Huntingdon used to open her drawing-room for the Gospel ; and little knots of *fashionables* would come, for *her* sake, to hear the earnest “Methodist.” But, this year, at the height of the “season,” on a simple invitation through private cards, the large hall of Willis’s Rooms, St James’s, was crowded, on three successive Mondays, with more than a thousand of the *haut ton* of London, listening for two hours to a plain, simple, earnest declaration of “the whole counsel of God.” The speaker had once been one of themselves, and had learned from a bitter experience how the gilded toything of earthly pleasure was but the devil’s bait to ruin souls. After some weighty utterances at the Throne, Mr Brownlow North read the parable of the rich man in hell ;—faithfully, but *not harshly*, setting forth the certain doom of every son of Adam—however refined, or intellectual, or accomplished—who did not repent and come to the Saviour ; and then announcing the Gospel-welcome to all who would turn to Him. Even the most

thoughtless were solemnised and awed. One day, especially, the scene was most striking.

The speaker was narrating a story of a youthful lady of fashion who had once been suddenly wounded with a sense of sin, losing all zest for her old enjoyments—the balls, and concerts, and operas. She was observed oftentimes with her Bible, as if craving some higher life. Her father was annoyed, and called in the family-physician, thinking that her health must be failing her. The doctor advised that she should be taken to some fashionable watering-place, and be induced to resume her old ways. The plan succeeded; but a year had not passed, when she was taken ill of a mortal disease, and lay upon her deathbed without hope. An hour before she died, she called her father; and, with a look of agony never to be forgotten, she said—"Last year, at this time, I was anxious about my soul, and was on the point of deciding to be the Lord's; but I turned back, and now I am lost! And, father," she added, turning to him a piercing glance, which seemed to make even him quail, "*you—YOU—*have done it!" The auditory was thrilled with a kind of horror. One titled lady, just before us, was almost choked with emotion. An old worldly Baronet, a little behind, looked as if *he* might have been the ungodly father. And, close beside us, sat a nobleman's youthful daughter, flushed to the very eyes, as if she felt that *her* nascent godliness might yield to the same seductive snare. But, at that moment, we confess, we had not much heart to look around; rather did we turn our eye upward, and ask, that the burning appeal might be graven in these hearts and consciences for ever.

On the third Monday, the speaker invited any who were desirous of surrendering their hearts at once to the Lord,

to meet him on the Wednesday in the same Rooms. Three or four hundred persons responded ; and, with a beautiful simplicity, and a most touching tenderness, Mr North set before the eager listeners the way of life. "Suppose," said he "any one of you went straight up to Jesus at this moment, just as you sit on that seat, and said to Him—'Oh ! Lord Jesus, here is a poor burdened sinner at Thy feet ; take away my burden—take it on Thyself—forgive me all my sins—wash me in Thy cleansing blood !' do you think He would say to you, '*No, I won't*' ? Would He ? If He did, what kind of look would He give you ? Can you imagine JESUS *frowning* you away ?"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Art of Man-fishing"—"Follow me"—"Catch men"—"Good of souls"—"Let down for a draught"—Jesus on the shore—"Right side of ship"—Present blessing—A clergyman's longing—Another—A contrast—"Carnal wisdom"—"Spiritual wisdom"—How to preach—God-pleasing—Man-pleasing—A clergyman—"Not a child of God"—"Jesus is mine"—"Another's desire"—Younger brother—Thanksgiving—"Really loves Jesus"—Clergyman's wife—"Deep value of souls"—Another clergyman's wife—Infant faith—Husband's conversion—Clergyman's daughter—Eclipse of faith—"Very cold"—Clergyman's nephew—Uncle's conversion—Clergyman's family—"Without God"—Indian clergyman—"True knowledge of Jesus"—London incumbent—Curate—"Life, warmth, and love"—Parish in Essex—Candidate for Ministry—"Quite careless"—Affecting cases—"Awful benediction"—"Inmate of Asylum"—Sunday-school teachers—Ragged school—"My dear scholars"—"Every one"—Another's longing—"Each boy in my class"—Contrast—Dreaming on—"Loves the world."

Does the reader know a work by the author of the "Four-fold State," with the quaint but expressive title—"A Soliloquy on the Art of Man-fishing"? Its purpose is to shew, that *who* would "catch men," must begin with a personal surrender of the heart and life to Jesus, "following" Him whithersoever He goeth. "A man," he says, "cannot be a minister *in foro Dei*, though he may *in foro ecclesie*, without grace in his heart;" and grace in his heart means "intimacy with Jesus." "Then endeavour, O my soul," he

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVI.

"Art of Man-fishing"—"Follow me"—"Catch men"—Good of souls—"Let down for a draught"—Jesus on the shore—"Right side of ship"—Present blessing—A clergyman's longing—Another—A contrast—"Carnal wisdom"—"Spiritual wisdom"—How to preach—God-pleasing—Man-pleasing—A clergyman—"Not a child of God"—"Jesus is mine"—"Another's desire"—Younger brother—Thanksgiving—"Really loves Jesus"—Clergyman's wife—"Deep value of souls"—Another clergyman's wife—Infant faith—Husband's conversion—Clergyman's daughter—Eclipse of faith—"Very cold"—Clergyman's nephew—Uncle's conversion—Clergyman's family—"Without God"—Indian clergyman—"True knowledge of Jesus"—London incumbent—Curate—"Life, warmth, and love"—Parish in Essex—Candidate for Ministry—"Quite careless"—Affecting cases—"Awful besetment"—"Inmate of Asylum"—Sunday-school teachers—Ragged school—"My dear scholars"—"Every one"—Another's longing—"Each boy in my class"—Contrast—Dreaming on—"Loves the world."

Does the reader know a work by the author of the "Four-fold State," with the quaint but expressive title—"A Soliloquy on the Art of Man-fishing"? Its purpose is to shew, that whoso would "catch men," must begin with a personal surrender of the heart and life to Jesus, "following" Him whithersoever He goeth. "A man," he says, "cannot be a minister *in foro Dei*, though he may *in foro ecclesiae*, without grace in his heart;" and grace in his heart means "intimacy with Jesus." "Then endeavour, O my soul," he

adds, "to be much in following of Christ, setting the good of souls before thine eyes; and, if thou dost so, thou wilt be a fisher of men."

Never was there a time when ministers had greater encouragement than now, in "letting down their nets for a draught." More than one or two dear brethren do we know, who, after having "toiled all night" through many long years "and taken nothing," have "let down the net," since this Revival, "on the right side of the ship," and have "enclosed a great multitude" of souls. And many, who had contentedly "done duty" for years without seeing any conversions, are beginning to be strangely affected with the case of the unsaved. "Christ," says Boston, "wept, because people in their day did not know the things which belonged to their peace. When He thought upon this their stupidity, it made the tears trickle down His precious cheeks." Thrice happy they who are entering into the bowels of Jesus in this, and can find no rest without a *present* blessing!

Writes one:—"A clergyman, who from the first has been deeply interested in the Revivals both in America and in this country, earnestly desires the prayers of the Lord's people, that the Spirit may be poured out upon his own people and neighbourhood." Another:—"A clergyman earnestly requests to be prayed for: he longs to *believe* that the Word which he is preaching may be the power of God to his own salvation." And another:—"A minister, in whose neighbourhood a good work is going on and is meeting with many adversaries, earnestly begs and entreats your prayers daily for a week, that he may be enabled to speak the truth in love, and that his people may be enlightened to see that the work is of God—that they may be visited

with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit far more exceeding abundantly above that we can ask or think."

Boston has a contrast—given in parallel columns—betwixt the counsels of "carnal wisdom" and those of "spiritual wisdom." One of the contrasts is put thus:—

"Labour to get neat and fine expressions; for these do very much commend a preaching to the learned; and, without these, they think nothing of it."

"Christ sent thee to preach the gospel, 'not with wisdom of words.' Go not to them 'with excellency of speech or of wisdom.' Let not thy speech and preaching be with 'the enticing words of man's wisdom.'"

And another, thus:—

"Great people, especially, will be offended at you, if you speak not fair to them and court and caress them. And, if you be looked down upon by great people who are wise and mighty, what will you think of your preaching?"

"Accept no man's person, neither give flattering titles to man; for, in so doing, thy Maker will soon take thee away.' Few of the rulers believe on Christ. 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called.' Speak thou God's word to kings, and be not ashamed."

Men are discovering that to "approve themselves unto God" is everything, and that to be judged of men and of men's judgment is nothing. A clergyman writes:—"One engaged in the ministry of the gospel is in an agony of despair, and fears that he is not, and never has been, a child of God. Pray for him, that he may find peace and be able to say, of a truth—'Jesus is mine.'"

Another:—"A young clergyman desires your earnest prayers, that he may experience joy and peace in believing." And, appended to the request, is the following:—"A younger brother of the above also desires your prayers that he may *more fully*

realise Christ's presence, and feel Him to be *more precious* to his soul."

A day or two afterwards, the former writes :—"The young clergyman, who was prayed for on Saturday that he might find joy and peace in believing, now requests the meeting to render heartfelt thanks and praises to Almighty God and to Jesus and the Holy Ghost, for having bestowed on him these inestimable blessings." And he adds :—"His brother also desires to return thanks for what the Lord has done for him in answer to your prayers ; and, now that he *really* loves and trusts his blessed Saviour, he desires to be doing something for Him, and to *bring others* to the knowledge of that peace which passeth all understanding and which the world can neither give nor take away." And he subjoins this text :—"I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord ; thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek ME, *and find* me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart !"

The yearnings of another take this form :—"A young clergyman desires the prayers of brethren, that his beloved wife may be brought to see the deep value of souls, and thereby be moved to work with her husband in the Lord's vineyard." And a wife, in turn, asks :—"The prayers of God's people are very earnestly requested on behalf of a clergyman's wife who was lately brought to the Lord—that God would establish her infant belief—that He would bless her in her Sunday-school and in the parish—and that her husband may be converted, and be made the instrument in His hands for the conversion of sinners." And, a few weeks later, the same individual writes :—"Your prayers are en-

treated on behalf of a clergyman's wife, recently brought to Christ, that she may be a blessing to her husband, still unconverted—to her Sunday-school class—and to the members of her family who know not God; also, that she may daily grow in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour."

Another day, a clergyman writes:—"Pray for one who desires to be a faithful and able preacher of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." And another:—"A Christian minister, who has long earnestly desired the conversion of his eldest daughter, finds now that she is under the deepest convictions of sin. Intercessions on her behalf, that she may be filled with joy and peace in believing, are earnestly entreated." And another:—"The daughter of a clergyman requests the earnest prayers of God's people for her mother, and for herself, that they may know their sins are pardoned, and may have joy and peace in believing." And, in an accompanying letter, she says:—"To ask for your prayers, seems almost hypocritical; for my heart often is so hard, that I cannot feel religious things, or love Christ, or long for His coming. I think, if I really loved Him, I must long for His coming. I desire to love Him, and to overcome sin through Him; but I am tempted to doubt that He will ever grant me an answer to my prayers, as I have had religious impressions so long without bringing with them the peace my soul needs. Sometimes I think I am looking to self too much, instead of looking at Christ. Would that I could trust Him! but He does not answer my prayers. Sin often preys upon my mind, and I feel wretched. I have a scrupulous conscience, which has given me much pain; but I find that the law has more power over me than the gospel. Do pray *earnestly* for me, that I may long more and more to be a

Christian ; for my heart is *very, very* cold, and I am full of sin. May God answer your prayers, as He has done those of the people in America ! I have just read part of a book called 'The Power of Prayer ;' it is wonderful." Appended is—" An earnest inquirer."

Then the following :—" A nephew entreats prayer for his uncle, an aged clergyman, rector of a large parish in H——, that he may be converted. Please read this request for a week." Again :—" Your prayers are earnestly desired for a clergyman, wife, and family, who are living for this present evil world—that the Holy Spirit may descend on them with irresistible power, and enable them to ' choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' The writer begs that this request may be *daily* remembered at *all* your prayer-meetings ; it is a very urgent one." And again :—" I am on a short visit to a clergyman in a remote country-village. He knows the plan of the gospel, but not its power. Join your prayers to those of his mother, that my visit may be blessed of God to his soul, and to the souls of many of his parishioners." And yet again :—" A Christian wife, whose husband, a clergyman, is on his way home from India, earnestly entreats your prayers for him, that, before he arrives, he may be brought to a true knowledge of Jesus."

Another longing heart asks :—" Your fervent prayers are requested that God may be pleased to influence a London incumbent, who is changing his curate, to select one who may be blessed to introduce the life, warmth, and love of the Gospel of Christ, into a cold and formal district." And this :—" One whom God has dealt graciously with, entreats your prayers on behalf of a parish in Essex—that

God's Holy Spirit may quicken the hearts of the pastors and the people—that His own redeemed ones may have strength to labour with fervent zeal to the glory of His name through Christ." And this :—"Your prayers are requested, three different days during this week, on behalf of a minister and his congregation in this metropolis—that the Holy Ghost may be poured out in great abundance upon them—that He may be pleased to revive His work amongst them—and that He may give greater assistance to His minister in the study of his sermons, and also a more attentive ear to his hearers that they may profit thereby." Happy is the minister whose hands are upholden by Aarons and Hurs like these !

A "brother in the Lord" writes as follows :—"Will you remember, before our Father's throne of grace, a young man who intends entering the ministry, but who is yet unconverted, and apparently quite careless? I hope to see him to-morrow, and, if the Lord will, to warn him of his danger, and point him to Jesus as his only refuge. Pray that the Holy Spirit may be abundantly given unto me, and the Lord's name may be greatly glorified in the conversion of this young man." And another asks that supplication be made for a young clergyman, "the subject of many prayers," who "seems not without serious impressions, but is tried with the perplexities of theology, and knows little or nothing of God's love in Christ Jesus." And another :—"Pray that a blessing may come upon B——, and its neighbourhood. A few of God's people cry unto Him continually; but the place appears gospel-hardened, and the free blessing is restrained."

Two most affecting cases are laid before the Lord thus:—"Your prayers are earnestly desired for one who

for some time has been given up to the fearful sin of intemperance. He was once a preacher of the gospel ; but, in consequence of this awful besetment, he is now so sunken, that his wife and family are starving, and he says he has no strength to combat with his deadly enemy. Oh ! pray that the Holy Spirit may lead him to where the only true strength can be obtained, and may truly convert his soul, so that ere long he may be sitting at the feet of our blessed Saviour, clothed, and in his right mind." And this :—" Will you remember one who has fallen, who has known and feels his state, and who hitherto has been overcome by his besetting sin—strong drink—and therein been led captive by Satan at his will ? He was an ordained clergyman of the National Establishment, and is now the voluntary inmate of an asylum, as the only apparent human means to wean him from this vice, and bring him near to the God of mercies. Your prayers are earnestly entreated that the means may be blest to his restoration. This request is from two friends who have, by the grace of God, been preserved from the like sin, and are thankful."

Another class of "men-fishers" have been stirred, by this awakening, into new aspirations after precious souls. A Sunday-school teacher writes :—" Your believing prayers are specially desired for the speedy conversion of the remainder of my boys in my Sunday-school and Ragged-school classes." Another :—" May I ask your earnest prayers on behalf of my dear Sunday-scholars, that those engaged in this great city (as most of them are) may be kept from the snares of the 'evil one,' and that all may speedily be brought to a knowledge of their lost state by nature, and may find Jesus, the sinner's Friend, as their Saviour and eternal Friend. And," he adds, "is it

too much to further ask for prayer; this day, on behalf of all Sunday-schools, that both teachers and scholars may be abundantly blest of God?" And another:—"The teacher of a senior class, feeling deeply anxious that each young person committed to her care may be truly converted to God, earnestly requests that they may be remembered in prayer—that Almighty God may in His great mercy so touch their hearts by His Holy Spirit that they may be awakened to a sense of their personal danger, and be led to the feet of Jesus in sincere repentance and faith." And another:—"Pray for the conversion of every one of my dear boys on Sunday next." And still another:—"A Sunday-school teacher earnestly and humbly desires the fervent, effectual prayers of the righteous, that God would be pleased to pour out His Holy Spirit on him and on the children committed to his care." And yet another:—"A Sunday-school teacher entreats your prayers that God would convert every boy in his class."

Yet how many teachers are dreaming on, blind leaders of the blind! "The prayers of the Lord's people," a friend writes, "are earnestly desired for a Sabbath-school teacher who, though a member of a church, still loves the pleasures and vanities of the world. Pray earnestly that he may see his state by nature, what he is, and that he may be able fully to realise that Christ can wash him and make him clean."

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

Artillery-officer's room—Bible-class—Young Bandsmen—"Not converted"—Personal appeal—"Decide at once"—"This night"—"Not so soon"—Yea or Nay—"I'll try"—"I will"—Objection—"Sudden conversions"—Parallel—Thonon—"Christ lived in them"—Confessing Christ—Another scene—The fourteen—Praying—Hymns—Letters—"Jesus and His love"—"Fight through Town of Vanity"—The prize—"Soldiers of Jesus"—"Cannot express my love"—"The family"—"All in God"—"Every Christian a little church"—"The decided step"—"Club-feast"—"Not happy"—Spiritual father—The parting—Soldier's Hymn.

ONE evening, this last summer, in the dining-room of a commanding officer of artillery in an English garrison, some ten or twelve lads—varying from twelve to seventeen years of age—were sitting together, reading the Scripture and listening to words of love. For six or seven weeks, they had now been meeting every Tuesday night; and very earnest and interested some of them seemed. But, that particular evening, their teacher felt a strange discomfort, as the reflection arose—"Well, but these boys are not *converted*—not one of them, I believe, has found the Saviour; and, if any one of them were to be taken away before our next meeting, all his knowledge would not hinder him from being lost."

What was to be done? He often had spoken to them

collectively, but without success. Might not an individual, close, eye-to-eye appeal avail, to constrain them to decide for God?

As the class was dispersing that evening, the officer asked two or three of the more earnest to remain behind. Taking them alone, he enquired whether they meant any longer to halt betwixt two opinions, and, whether they could give any reason why, that very night, before leaving the house, they should not decide to be the Lord's.

"Sir," said one of them, evidently deeply impressed with the appeal, but stumbled somewhat at its urgency, "I did not think the thing could be done quite so soon as that."

"My dear boy," replied Colonel —, "don't you believe that at this very moment the Lord Jesus is addressing you personally, and saying, 'Come unto me'? and this very night you will answer either, 'Lord, I will,' or 'Lord, I will not.'"

"Well, Sir," said one of them, feeling the force of the words, and beginning to feel the danger of delay, "I'll try."

"No, that will not do. If I were to call you to come to me, and you were to say, 'I'll try,' it would shew you did not mean to come, or at least not then."

The lads, now detecting the real secret of the delay, responded, each, firmly—"I will." It was the hour of the spirit-birth. That very night, they decided for Christ, rising up like Matthew at the Saviour's word, and following Him.

Does some cautious reader say within himself—"Well, but who knows that? I don't believe in these sudden conversions, especially in the young. I like to test the tree *first by its fruits*"?

In the little French town of Thonon, in the days of Madame de Guyon, a work of God occurred which she describes thus :—"Great was my consolation—never greater did I experience in my whole life than—to see so many souls earnestly seeking God. Some of them seemed not merely to have repented of their sins, but to have given their whole hearts to God—they were not only Christians, but Christians of whom it might be said that *Christ lived in them.*" Such also are these youthful converts. Called to confess Christ on a field the most trying perhaps anywhere to Christian courage, they have come out boldly for Him in the face of all their comrades, not once or twice, but week after week, and month after month, exhibiting a quiet joy and a steady consistency which would put to shame many older saints.

The scene changes ; and, some three months later, we are in the dining-room, one night, with a gathering of fourteen. One prays, and then another, and another. The words are very simple, and not many in number ; but they are the utterance of hearts which are linked in love to the Saviour ; and evidently He is very near. The Bible is before them, and they read it and talk about it with a zest which shews it is their life-food. And then they sing some hymns so joyously that none can mistake they are very happy. And all this, chiefly through the earnest, believing words of the three earliest disciples.

On one occasion, their kind friend was absent for a week or two at E—— ; and one of them wrote :—"I hope you have had a pleasant visit down at E—— ; and I trust that, by God's grace, you have brought many more boys to our blessed Saviour ; and I know He will in nowise cast them out. If Jesus has begun a good work, He will finish

it. Oh ! dear Sir, what a great and blessed thing it is to serve the Lord Jesus Christ ! for He is the only Captain of our salvation. Oh ! Sir, what a blessed path we have chosen ! Dear Sir, we all feel so very lonely without you. Will you please give my kind love to George H—— and all the boys ? Tell them that they must push forward and trust in Jesus Christ, and He will help them on."

"George H—— and all the boys" were members of a class down at E——, whom a relative had for some time assembled, of an evening, to speak to them of Jesus and His love. One night, some weeks previous, that officer had told them of the work which God was doing at W—— ; and the tidings had awakened an anxious yearning to know the same gracious Saviour. One after another of these boys also had been converted ; and now scarce a week passed without an interchange of brotherly sympathy.

One week a W—— lad wrote to the E—— boys thus : —"My dear friend and brother in Jesus, I am happy to hear from Colonel T—— that you are fully decided to serve the only Master that will give us happiness in this world. We know that, through His blood, our sins are all washed away. Oh ! that blessed word, 'Come !' Dear friend, we are great sinners ; but Jesus is a greater Saviour. Oh ! how thankful we ought to feel that He has brought us to Himself, so that we have peace with God. Without this peace, all earth's pleasures and vanities are only snares of Satan to lead the soul to destruction ; but, possessing this peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, we can fight through this Town of Vanity, fearing nothing which man can do unto us, knowing that we have passed from death unto life and shall not come into condemnation. Read prayerfully the eighth chapter of Romans. I hope

you do not forget to pray for our kind friend, Colonel T——, and his wife, and our Association, that we may all be humble instruments in God's hand for leading poor sinners to Jesus. I hope you will always speak to your companions about the love of Christ to them. Never mind what the world says to you ; if you can save a never-dying soul from eternal misery, you will in nowise lose your reward. We remember you at our Saturday evening prayer-meetings. Press on toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus ; for he that endureth to the end shall be saved. Remember us to the other E—— converts. Dear friend, I hope, if we never meet in this world, we shall meet at the right hand of God in heaven."

The "communion of saints" seems very pleasant to them. "I am very happy to hear from Colonel T——," writes another W—— lad to a brother at E——, "that you have decided to serve the Lord Jesus Christ ; and I am so very happy to be able to write to you. I am a soldier in the artillery ; and I am also happy to say I am a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. Dear friend, I am happy to think that the Lord has blessed Colonel T——'s visit to E—— ; and, when you pray to our blessed Saviour, always ask the Lord to bless him and his dear wife in whatsoever they may undertake for putting poor sinners in the right path to come to Jesus. He will answer your prayers ; for He says in His Holy Word—'Ask, and ye shall receive ;' so, you must never doubt. And He says—'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.' So, my dear friend, trust in Jesus. You will have to go through some little trials ; but what is that ? Trust in Jesus ; for He is the Captain of our salvation. Oh ! my dear friend,

Colonel T—— has brought me to see my sins ; and Jesus has accepted me. I cannot express my love to Jesus. Oh ! to think He will forgive us all our sins, if we only take up our cross to follow Him !

‘ The blood of Jesus Christ alone
Can for our sinful souls atone.’

I now, my dear friend, look to Jesus. All our class send their kind love to you and James P—— and all the boys. So I remain, your affectionate friend, and one who belongs to the Family, W—— H——.”

“I want,” said a Christian, one day, “to see and know nothing but Jesus Christ.” And, another day :—“All in God, and God in all.” In a letter to the W—— class, an E—— convert thus utters his breathings after God :—“I received your very kind letter ; and I feel it has been a great blessing to me. Some of us boys go down the lane in the evenings, and sing and have prayer together. God is ever with me—ever before me ! I know He cannot but oversee me always, though my eyes be held that I see Him not. Yes, He is still within me, though I feel Him not ; neither is there any moment that I can live without God. Why, therefore, do I not always live with Him ? Why do I not account all hours lost, wherein I enjoy Him not ? As a man is a little world, so every Christian is a little church, within himself. As the church, therefore, is sometimes on the wane through temptation—at other times in her full glory and brightness,—so let me expect myself to be sometimes drooping under trials and sadly hanging down the head for the want of the feeling of God’s presence—at other times carried with the full sail of a resolute assurance to heaven, knowing that, as it is a

church at the weakest stay, so shall I in my greatest dejection hold on as the child of God. I will remember evils past, to humble me, not to vex me. Dear friend, we always remember you and the boys in our prayers, that the Lord will give you health and strength, and souls for your hire.”

A sergeant of artillery, writing one day to a friend about the conversion of a relative, remarked :—“I think, when a case looks real, we ought to accept it as such ; and, if time should prove it to be not real, we lose nothing by having believed it genuine. A few Ananiases and Sapphiras did not undo the Pentecost-work.” It is one of the happy characteristics of our time that this scepticism is giving way before a genial and God-honouring faith. Tidings like the following are accepted by these youthful Christians, not with a cold unbelief, but with thankful joy. “I am sure,” writes an E—— lad to a brother at W——, “you will be glad to hear that I have taken the decided step—that I have joined that happy number who love Christ—and that I feel that, with the help of God’s Holy Spirit, I am able to forsake all and follow Him who died for me. I know that I am unable to do this of my own strength ; but I will pray unto God, and I ask you and your dear scholars to pray for me also, that God will be with me and help me, that I may be preserved from all the temptations of this world, and that I may keep in the path which I have chosen—the path which leads to eternal life.”

Herbert once wrote—

“Sin being gone, oh ! fill the place,
And keep possession with Thy grace,
Lest sin take courage and return ! ”

That youthful Christian thus narrates, in his own simple

way, a trial and triumph of his new-born life :—" Last Monday was a holiday, as it was the club-feast. I went up into H——, and, seeing many of the boys who had decided for Christ going into the skittle-alley of the public-house, a thought came across me, that it was not wrong ; and I went in. But, while I was there, I was not happy, seeing those around me who did not love Jesus, and seeing around drunkenness and bad conduct. When I saw one of the boys leave, I left also ; and, when I went home, I prayed that God would forgive me. After that, I was relieved of a heavy burden, and felt that my sin was forgiven." Lord Bacon somewhere says that "a man's nature is best perceived in privateness." In the secret "private-ness" to which the dear lad retired that evening, we see the reality of the new nature which had been given from above. That nature lived on God and in God ; and, whatsoever veiled His face, he felt to be sin.

It is affecting to mark the tender love of these converts to the earthly bringer of their new life. "I was first awakened to a sense of sin," one of them writes, "when you spoke to me that Thursday night. I was uneasy for several days ; but, when I saw that two of the boys had given up all for Christ and had become His disciples, and when I saw that they were happier than they had ever been before, I resolved to do likewise ; and, since that time, I have been happier by far than before. I shall remember that day as long as I live ; and, next to God, I give *you* thanks, who have been the cause of all my happiness by bringing me to the knowledge of that precious Saviour whom I and all have need of. Our number, which began with two, has now increased to twelve ; and may the time soon come when all shall feel they need a Saviour ! How must your heart

rejoice, when you find you have been the instrument, in God's hand, of saving these souls from destruction !"

It is only within the last year or eighteen months that that officer—long previously a Christian—has set his heart upon winning souls. His one aim in life now is to hold forth Christ—to be "instant in season and out of season" in beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God ; and already circle after circle of happy Christians love him as their spiritual father. In the fulfilment of his military duties, he has left our shores for India : many prayers follow him, that he may receive in that dark land multitudes of souls for his joy and crown. We were present, the other evening, at their parting adieu ; and, whilst their affectionate hearts were lacerated at bidding farewell—perhaps "till that day"—with him who was their dearest friend on earth, it was easy to see that there underlay the pang of sorrow a holy, calm assurance of the unchanging presence of that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Before they parted, they sang some of their favourite hymns, one of which—a very special favourite—we here give :—

THE DYING SOLDIER'S HYMN.

Copied from the Letter of a Soldier, written, to his friends at Kegworth, from India, August, 1858, shortly before his death.

We're marching home to heaven above,
To sing our Captain's dying love ;
Soldiers have reach'd that blessed shore,
(Parades and battles all are o'er,)
And still there's room for thousands more :
Will you come ?

We're going to "Quarters" full of light,
Far from the turmoil of the fight,

The "Crown of Life" we there shall wear,
The "Conqueror's Palm" we then shall share,
And God's own "Decorations" wear :

Will you come ?

We're going to join the "Standard" furled,
Which grace has carried through the world ;
A soldier saved has borne it through,
He ever found his Saviour true,
And never once his choice did rue :

Will you come ?

We're going to see the Prince of Peace,
The King who maketh wars to cease ;
The bursting shell no more shall harm,
Nor bugle sound the loud alarm
"Turn out," and for the battle arm !

Will you come ?

The line of march to heaven is plain,
Through Jesus' blood, for He was slain ;
The Saviour's "Orders" are for thee—
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt sure a victor be :"

Will you come ?

Oh ! could I hear some soldier say,
"I will come !"

Oh ! could I hear him humbly pray,
"Lord, make me come !"

And all his giddy comrades tell,
"I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell,—
Let us come !"

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE—"At home in Father's house"—An appeal—Justice satisfied—"Not in bondage"—"Abba, Father"—Closer fellowship—A convert's longing—Satan's lie—"Battle is the Lord's"—Hypocrite unmasked—A new light—"I would see Jesus"—Great sinners—How converts deal with them—Special class—Vile men—"Rob innocence of her virtue"—£6000 a-week—The breach in Mansoul—"This cross"—A young man—"Unflinchingly follow"—Another—"Life of open sin"—"Conquered by His love"—"No reserve"—One of God's arrows—"Whited sepulchre"—Young officer—Narrow escapes—"Very brink of death"—"Forgotten the Lord"—"Go to my Father"—Converts' unselfishness—Parallels—Job—Nearness to God—Likeness in unselfish love—"Perishing heathen"—"Poor Fiji"—"Go forth"—"Nothing doubting"—"As if to Jesus Himself"—"Home-heathenism"—"Five friends"—"Remember them"—Two young men—Spirit's promptings—"Each unknown to the others"—"Dying man"—Sacrament, but not Christ—Young lady—Another—"Rapid consumption"—Without Christ—Two young men—"Come out boldly for Jesus"—Young lady—"Renounced Christ"—Three brothers—Four brothers—"State of heathenism"—"Watching for souls"—Love.

"WITHOUT love," says Vinet, "we have all the responsibilities of faith without its blessings." It is a feature of the present season of Revival that many, who had long lived and prayed as aliens in their Father's house, have begun to feel themselves at home in it.

Lately, for example, to a little circle who seemed still to lack this joy, one wrote:—"Do you think that we suffi-

ciently bear in mind, that God is *our own dear Father*—our *reconciled Father in Christ*—and that, if our precious Jesus had not suffered for us, there would have been still that burning love in our Father's bosom (although His *honour* and glorious *holiness* would have prevented there being any manifestation or expression of His love)? Now that His *justice is quite satisfied*, love—unspeakable love—and mercy, beam from our dear Father's eyes. Do you think that we approach Him as we ought? Oh! He loves to see His dear children—for whom He gave His beloved Son, our loving Elder Brother—come unto Him with hearts overflowing with love and gratitude, feeling *assured*, *before they ask*, that He *will* grant their requests. Oh! let there be no slavish fear. We are not in bondage. Our Father hath sent forth the Spirit of His *Son* into our hearts, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Let us not pray unto Him in a lifeless, cold way: neither let us make *long* prayers, for our Father knoweth what we have need of, before we ask. I feel *sure* that, if we continue instant, we *shall receive*. Do not let us be content to ask a *few* times; but let us wrestle and agonise for poor perishing souls. Our dear Father loves to see His dear children *in earnest*; their *fervent* prayers are the sweetest music in His ears—sweeter, I believe, than the songs of angels and archangels."

It kindles in the half-hearted, who have been content to follow Christ at a distance, aspirations after a closer fellowship, when they see other Christians thus joyously walking with Him. "Oh! how I long," said a young man, a few weeks ago, "to follow the Lord *fully*! But," he added, "I am tried and tempted with hard thoughts of Him. Satan is ever saying—'The road is too rough, the gate too strait, the needed self-denial too humbling, the

yoke of Christ too heavy.' Will you pray that this poor soul may see that *the battle is the Lord's!*"

This heavenliness of walk is penetrating with terror many a dead professor. "I am deeply anxious," said another young man recently, "to be brought to a right knowledge of Jesus. I have made a profession of religion for a long time, and am a member of a Christian church; but, having had lately many opportunities of meeting with the true children of God, I find that I am not in the enjoyment of their happiness, and that my religion has only been occasional feeling. I would see Jesus."

When Jesus was on earth, He was never so much at home as among circles of *great* sinners; and those who just now are realising His fellowship, know how to take by the hand a fellow-sinner—even the guiltiest—and lead him to His feet. "There is a great work," wrote such an one, some weeks since, "to be done among *unconverted* men, especially those who *rob* innocence of her virtue, and crowd our streets with all that is vile and loathsome—those who are always lying in ambush for the unwary—those who spend about £6000 per week in all that is *hateful* and *diabolical*. Oh! is there not an immense 'field' for action here? I know by experience that much good may be done by distributing handbill-tracts to these wretched men, and by speaking 'a word in season.' Oh! that many would come forward to take up this cross! I confess it is a delicate undertaking; but, when we reflect that poor, dear souls are perishing daily, nay, hourly, we should not study our feelings, but go forth boldly, knowing and feeling sure of victory. For 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.' 'The righteous is bold as a lion.' In time of need, I am ready, in my precious Redeemer's strength,

to go forth ; and I know that my own dear Father, for His dearly-beloved Son's sake, for His righteousness, and perfect and adorable finished work, will give me the victory."

One day, a young man came in among some Christians, and entreated them to pray that, "the Lord Jesus would manifest Himself unto his soul, so that he might behold his Lord and his God, and be enabled that very day to take up his cross and unflinchingly follow his Redeemer whithersoever He might lead him." Another day, the same circle had among them a young man who said—"Until just lately, I led a life of open sin and wickedness ; but the Lord Jesus has arrested me by His grace and conquered me by His love ; and, in return, I feel constrained to shew my love to Him, by obedience to His commands, and by walking in His ways. Will you pray for me, that I may give up my life to Him without the least reserve?" Another day, a man took up a Bible, and, after reading the first four verses of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, added :—"Often I had read these verses without any effect ; but, within the last few days, they have opened to me the motives for all my actions, and have shewn me that I am nothing better than a whited sepulchre. I earnestly implore your supplications, that God would shew me mercy, so that I may be delivered from my present wretched and awful condition." And, another day, a young man poured out his heart thus :—"The Lord has dealt very graciously with me, in sparing my life in foreign countries, where thousands have fallen around me. I have many times been at the very brink of death, but mercifully have been restored again. And yet I have to confess, that, when health and strength have returned, I have forgotten *the Lord* who was so good to me. But now, as a poor

prodigal son, I desire to return again to my father's house. Oh ! will you pray for me earnestly at the throne ?"

This heavenly life is a very unselfish thing. Taking us into God's fellowship, it communicates to us, in our measure, God's own unselfish love. That old Christian of Uz, so long as he was in communion only with men, had no heart for anything but his own sorrows ; but, no sooner did he find himself in God's immediate presence, than he "prayed for his friends." In like manner, now, the nearer men are brought to God, the more occupied are they with others' wants. "Will you remember," said a Christian, one day, lately, "the poor dear perishing heathen *abroad* ? Oh ! are there not some among you, and belonging to you, who will joyfully respond to this loud call, not from man alone, but from the most high God, our loving Father ? Oh ! pray for poor Fiji, that the Lord of the harvest may constrain His labourers to go forth, 'nothing doubting.' Let us remember our precious Lord and Master's words—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Oh ! that we could always bear in mind this glorious truth, that, whatsoever we do or say to man, woman, or child, it is the same as if we did it to Jesus—as if it were Jesus Himself !"

The same unselfish love finds objects also for its sympathies in the unsaved close around its door. "There are five friends," said a young man, one day, "for whose conversion a few of us have been uniting to pray for some time past, but as yet without any apparent success ? In four cases at least out of the five, they are men against whom the world can point no finger of reproach ; for they are singularly blameless in all the relations of life. But alas ! through the perversion of one of God's noblest gifts—high

intellectual powers—they stumble ; and, refusing to ‘become as little children’ that they might learn of Him, they set up their own human intellect against the Divine Revelation, and so refuse to believe all that He has declared in the gospel of His Son. Oh ! then, dear Christian brethren, more especially such of you as are now rejoicing with joy unspeakable in the blessedness of a lately-found Saviour’s love, we would implore your prayers for these poor souls ! In the name and for the sake of that blessed Saviour, would we ask you to ‘remember them.’”

An officer writes :—“Will you pray earnestly for the conversion of two young men—sons of Christian parents—one of whom has been under repeated conviction of sin, but remains a stranger to the love of the Lord Jesus Christ.” And the officer adds :—“This petition has been sent to me to forward to the prayer-meeting. I think it may assist your faith in praying for this young man, when I tell you that God has stirred up some of His people individually, and independently of each other, to pray for him. A petition was sent in yesterday for him by another brother. Last night, another Christian brother asked me to kneel down and join him in prayer for this very young man. And here again is another brother stirred up by the same Spirit to send in a request for your prayers ;—each one unknown to the others. Evidently, the Lord intends to bring him to Himself through prayer. So, pray for it right hard and joyfully. Yours in our dear Lord’s *one* love.”

Other yearnings over lost ones find expression thus :—“Pray for a sick and dying man. He has received the Sacrament, but has not known the pardon of his sins. His time is short.” Again :—“Your earnest and believing prayers are specially entreated for a father of a family, who *was last night* deeply impressed with his need of salvation,

and now desires to find peace in the Saviour." And again :—"A young lady, in concern about her soul, desires your prayers that she may find forgiveness and life in Jesus Christ. This very desire has come in answer to petitions offered by you some few months ago." Another :—"Your believing prayers are most earnestly besought for a young lady, in a rapid consumption, and as yet without a true knowledge of the love of Jesus to her. Pray earnestly for her conversion, to His glory." And another :—"Your earnest prayers are asked for a young man who is now living with the world, that he may turn his thoughts to God, and that the writer's letter to him may be blest." Again :—"Your prayers are requested for two young men, sons of Christian mothers—the one of rank and heir to a large fortune, that he may be brought to come out boldly for Jesus—the other, that he may be established in his faith and be filled with the love of Christ. Both of them will have much influence in the world." And again :—"Will you pray for a young lady, who professes that she has renounced all belief in Christianity after a long mental struggle, and that she is quite happy in her decision ? She is the daughter of Christian parents, one of whom has 'entered into rest,' and the other is now on the verge of the eternal state." And yet again :—"Prayer is requested for one who has fallen away from his former love of Christ, and who is hardening his heart to the things of life eternal."

A young man writes—"I entreat you to pray for the conversion of three brothers, the eldest of whom has lately manifested a disposition to seek the Lord. They are at present greatly exposed to worldliness ; but the writer looks forward with faith to their speedily becoming the children of God, in answer to the many prayers which are being

offered for them." Another says :—"Will you specially and earnestly pray for a dear friend who is becoming more and more entangled in the meshes of worldliness and ungodliness, and who persists in calling the necessity of faith in Christ for salvation a mere 'matter of opinion' ? Will Christian friends kindly unite in earnest prayer for his *speedy* conviction and *conversion*, and that he may soon become an honoured worker for God in these times of special prayer and labour." And another :—"The fervent and constant prayers of those who love sweet, blessed Jesus, our lovely Saviour, are affectionately entreated on behalf of four brothers, their wives and families, living almost in a state of heathenism."

Do we *watch* for the souls of our friends, as we watch their symptoms in some dangerous sickness ? A young man writes as follows :—"The prayers of this meeting are earnestly desired for a young man, who, a few months since, made some attempts to come to Christ, but returned to the world as a dog to his vomit. He is now again anxious for his soul's welfare—feels the burden of his sins—but cannot lay hold by faith upon Him who takes away sins. He who desires this petition on his behalf, asks his brethren to plead for him also, that he may be enabled to point him to Christ *to-morrow*, should he not find Him before."

Such is *love* in its outgoings on the perishing. Faith worketh by love ; and love, in its labours, "seeketh not her own." The Father did not seek His own, when He so loved us that He gave us His beloved Son. Jesus did not seek His own, when He "loved us and gave Himself for us." And no more pleasant evidence have we of that intimacy with Him which is the very soul and marrow of the convert's heavenly life, than the likeness to Him, in love, which *constrains* them to yearn piteously over souls.

CHAPTER XIX.

Life in earnest—"Great and lofty spirit"—God in everything—
 Converts—Every-day life—Business-men in prayer—Interces-
 sions—"Head of a family"—"Wholly to God"—"A brand"—
 "Day of visitation"—"Responsible situations"—General officer
 —A son—Two brothers—"Rising in prosperity"—Lusts of the
 flesh—"Himself cold"—Laodicean neighbourhood—"Little
 Christ-acting"—"A full blessing"—A backslider—"Besetting
 sin"—Roughness of the way—Young man—"Sifted as wheat"
 —A gipsy—"Persecuting husband"—"Man in authority"—
 "Fiery furnace"—"Faith fail not"—Family-affections—Fine
 edge—"A dying mother"—Wayward son—Three sisters—
 "Frequent dissensions"—"Bind up again"—Roman Catholic
 mother—"No other name"—Scene in English Rectory—A per-
 vert—"Crossing herself"—Romish spell—Another pervert—
 An Eton boy—"No, never!"—Another school—Boy's death-
 bed—"No hope"—Praying boy—"Laughter of rest"—A
 youth—Arrested—"Stay in London"—City-life—Its perils—
 Souls shipwrecked—Silent influence—Young officer—Henry
 Martyn—"Hair-splitting disputes"—Graver things—"Not de-
 cided for Christ"—Young man—Sceptic—Another—"Do-
 minion of Satan"—"Unnatural mother"—Home glorified—
 "My dear mother"—"Both parents saved"—Parting wish—
 A wife—"Do not forget me"—A husband—"Walk in love"—
 Another mother—"A present blessing"—A son—Army in India
 —Beckenham Rectory—"A beloved father"—Little daughter—
 Another son—"Reason overthrown"—"Tears flow"—Son
 coming home—"Two sons"—"Three children"—A wife—"New
 form"—"An anxious father"—Six unconverted children—
 "Seeing Jesus."

IN a chamber, in Paris, there lay lately, for many weeks, a Christian man taken with a mortal disease which was gradually—almost visibly—dissolving “the earthly house of this tabernacle ;” and, as his soul, already half glorified, looked out

“Through the chinks which Time had made,”

and saw, with a seer’s vision, the unseen,—he gave to some friends whom he was leaving behind him in the evil world, this charge :—“The important thing is, to carry, into all that we do, a great and lofty spirit, which always looks to God, and does all things in reference to Him and to eternity ; and thus, having God everywhere in your hearts, you shall also bear Him everywhere in your words, and in your actions, and there will be nothing little, earthly, or transitory in your whole life.” Who can contemplate the glimpses into the thoughts and longings of the converts’ every-day life which have successively opened upon us in the various scenes we have traversed, without recognising in them that “great and lofty spirit,” and without lifting up his aspiration that he also might be penetrated with a like heavenly baptism ?

One day, in London, in a gathering of business-men for prayer, a brother rose and said—“Will you ask God to prosper a special effort for the conversion of a man-of-business, and the head of a family ? and will you pray that the individual making the effort may realise, in a holy and devoted life, all the evidences and blessings of his own true conversion to God ?” Another day, a young man craved their intercessions, that he might “be *filled* with the Spirit, and be enabled to live *wholly* to the honour and glory of God.”

Said another :—"It is just one year since I gave myself to Christ ; but I feel that I am going into the world again. Oh ! plead for me with God who knoweth all things !" And another, who announced himself as "a brand plucked from the burning," spoke of his wife and household as awakened to deep concern, and entreated prayer for them, "that they might not allow this their day of visitation to pass, without surrendering themselves entirely to Him who had died for them and had risen again, and who demanded their *life*, their *love*, their *all*." And this :—"Two persons, placed in responsible situations, earnestly implore an especial blessing from Almighty God that they may glorify His holy name. 'Brethren, pray for us.'"

A general officer writes :—"A father entreats your prayers for all his family and household, especially for five children, of whom one is about to leave home and enter upon the active duties of this world." Again :—"Two brothers request consideration for their case as follows : They, with their family, have undergone many and various adversities for a period of years, and now find evidence is wanting that these afflictions have produced a chastening and sanctifying effect. They are now rising in prosperity ; and with this change has followed the indulgence of pride and anger, evil-mindedness, and carnal security. The brothers, therefore, entreat that unceasing prayer be made of the Church unto God for them in their now more dangerous circumstances, and that such prayer be continued until a gracious answer is obtained from our heavenly Father, of which due notice will be gratefully returned to the meeting." And again :—"The prayers of God's children are earnestly desired for a young man, who, though actually engaged in his Master's

service, and striving to win souls to Christ, is himself dead and cold, and in great need of being re-baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Many hearts will echo the words of "a mourning sister." She says :—"Dear praying brethren in Christ, I rejoice in your work : I firmly believe in glorious results. I live in a neighbourhood where there is a considerable Christian profession, but find but little Christ-loving, Christ-acting. Will you pray for us ? I am weak and timid : will you pray that courage may be given me to be faithful ? My path is perplexing : will you ask our Father and Lord to make my way plain to me ? I have 'two kind, ungodly brothers : will you plead for their speedy conversion ?" And she adds :—"To make this request, was suggested to me whilst on my knees this day from twelve to one. May it be of the Lord ! May the kind souls that intercede, get *full* blessing for themselves and theirs !"

Another writes :—"A sister in the Lord asks your prayer for restoration of soul, after years of deep wandering from God : Also, for the conversion of her brother, to whom her sad inconsistencies have been a stumbling-block." And another :—"The writer earnestly seeks your prayers, that he may feel his need of Jesus, and may find Him." And another :—"Pray for me ! I'm a backslider. Pray earnestly that grace and strength may be imparted to me to overcome a very besetting sin, so that I may not go down to hell by yielding. I have the light ; but hitherto I have not walked in it. Oh ! pray that I may be turned from the error of my way, and be plucked as a brand from the burning !"

The roughness of the way comes out in some other utterances, thus :—"Your prayers are earnestly requested for a

young Christian passing through a deep temptation from the great Adversary—that the Lord Jesus may not suffer his faith to fail or his steps to slip, and that the Sun of righteousness may again arise upon him with ‘healing in His wings.’” Another says :—“ Your prayers are entreated for one who is in great trouble, that the persecutions of her relations may cease—that they may be brought to love God themselves—and that she may have strength to speak for Him in spite of every hindrance. Pray that His Holy Spirit may come down upon her house for Christ’s sake ; and pray for her, for she is very weak.”

Another, once “ a gipsy and fortune-teller,” has a like tale of sorrow, and manifests a like meek patience under it. “ Pray,” she says, “ on behalf of a poor woman, who suffers much from a persecuting husband. On Saturday last, he with oaths and curses said she should not pray in his hearing. She is much distressed on this account, and desires your prayers that her husband may be brought to Jesus.”

An officer writes :—“ Pray earnestly for the conversion of a man in authority, who makes use of his power to persecute a few devoted young Christians. Also, pray for those young Christians, that *their faith fail not*, and that He who walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace, would walk with them and enable them to cleave to Him with purpose of heart, and that the name of Jesus may be magnified in them, in the sight of all around them.”

What a fine edge grace gives to the family-affections ! “ A Christian brother,” writes another friend, “ desires your earnest prayers on behalf of a dying mother, in depressed spirits—that grace may be given her to rest with childlike confidence on the Saviour’s atonement, and that she may be

made happy in the consciousness of the Father's love to *her*." Again, thus :—"The parents of a young man ask your prayers on behalf of their son—that he may be converted from his present sinful course, and find in Jesus 'a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.' O Lord! revive thy work!" And again :—"Will you pray for three sisters, once very dear to each other, now in frequent dissension—that the Lord may, of His mercy, through Christ Jesus, specially be mindful of them, and by His blessed Spirit bind up their hearts anew, three in one, even as He is one with Christ and with the Holy Ghost?" And yet again :—"A daughter most earnestly entreats the prayers of God's people on behalf of her *mother*, a Roman Catholic, whom her soul has long been wrestling with God for,—that she may be brought to believe that there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby she can be saved but the name of JESUS. She is now far advanced in years, and has her mind and affections still occupied with the things of this fleeting world. Oh! that God may give a *speedy* answer to this longing desire of one who has herself through grace been brought to taste the preciousness of the cleansing virtue of the blood of Jesus!"

Not long ago, in an English Rectory, we were struck to observe at the dinner-table a member of the family—a fine young woman of nineteen or twenty—*crossing herself* whilst her father was asking a blessing. We learned afterwards, that, one afternoon, some weeks previously, a telegram had summoned the Rector to C——, where his daughter was on a visit to an aunt, that he might rescue her from the fangs of some Romish priests and nuns who had enticed her secretly from her aunt's dwelling. Being *under age*, and the father threatening the abductors with a

habeas corpus, she was reluctantly delivered up ; but evidently her heart was stolen away, and she waited only for an opportunity to quit her father's roof. "Will you pray," one wrote lately, "for a young lady, over whom a Romish priest is exerting a fearful influence, inducing her to believe that the Protestant version of the Bible is not a faithful translation, and consequently that it is wrong to search the Scriptures for herself and endeavour to understand them except through the teaching of the Church of Rome? The poor girl for whom prayer is desired, is most anxious to do good, and to devote her time and her fortune to the service of God ; but the priest is leading her to believe that the only way she can serve God acceptably is to forsake her family and enter a convent. On her behalf, a friend entreats your intercessions—that it may please God to pour His Holy Spirit upon her, to lead her into all *truth*, to calm her troubled mind, and to shed the light of His glorious gospel upon her heart, that she may obtain peace, and be preserved from the snares of the devil."

We met lately an Eton boy ; and, speaking to him about his personal salvation, we observed that he winced at first, but by and by turned his face aside as if to conceal the tears which were gathering in his eye. We inquired if any one had ever urged him to come to the Saviour, or if the boys were encouraged to meet together for prayer : the poor dear fellow seemed quite amazed that such a thing should be thought possible. Since then, the father of a pupil of another of our large public schools informed us, that one day it occurred to him to ask his boy if ever any one had spoken to him about his state before God. "No, never !" said the boy. The father, on investigation, found that, though the school was considered evangelical, no real

anxiety seemed to be manifested by any one for the boys' salvation, and determined to withdraw his son at the end of the current term. Before a fortnight had passed, the youth was taken ill of fever; and his father hastened to the town to watch over him. The boy remembered his father's inquiry, and was in great anxiety because he knew he was not ready to die. The fever increased—delirium came on—and the boy passed into eternity. "Oh!" said the bereaved parent, "would to God that my boy had not been here! When will parents remember that the eternal salvation of their children's souls is the all in all?"

Three sisters write:—"Will you earnestly pray for the conversion of the boys in a school near London, where their brother resides? He is the only one that prays; and it is amidst the laughter of the rest. Also will you ask that he may be endued with strength to bear all for Christ?"

Another writes:—"Your prayers are entreated for a youth, whom God has just brought to see the vanity of this world, and who is now seeking peace,—that Jesus may be revealed to him—that he may not get back a temporal happiness by forgetting 'the wrath to come'—but that he may have strength to listen to the voice of the Spirit and to look to Jesus Christ as his only hope." And another:—"Your prayers are besought on behalf of a youth who appears to have been brought under serious impressions during a recent stay in London."

The young men of London! what words shall utter the yearnings of heart which Christians ought to feel for their souls? Some glimpses into their perils open to us. "The father of a medical student," writes one, "desires the prayers of God's people, that his son, who is very far gone *in the ways* of sin, may be converted." Says another:—

"A poor widow beseeches you to pray for her son, who is running the downward road to destruction ; and he will not allow me, his mother, to speak to him on the subject. Pray God to give him a new heart. His situation, I know, is in the midst of temptation." And another :—"Prayer is earnestly requested for the conversion of a young man who for some years past has been pursuing the broad way to ruin. He has become completely the victim of the vice of intemperance and of many other sins most hateful in God's sight."

Lately, we found a striking example of the silent influence of a consistent walk even upon the most thoughtless. An officer, addicted to the use of oaths, was sitting in a room one day with some brother-officers, among whom was one known in the garrison for his steadfast Christian character,—when, suddenly arresting himself in the utterance of some profane speech, he whispered aside to him—"Oh ! you know, who would think of swearing in *your* presence ?"

Henry Martyn once wrote from India :—"How small and unimportant are the hair-splitting disputes of the blessed people at home, compared with the formidable agents of the devil which we have to combat here !" If the saintly man were among us now, he would find "hair-splitting disputes" yielding to graver things. Conversion—the new birth—pardon of sin and the assurance of it—a willing and entire separation unto God—are the weighty realities engrossing men's thoughts. "Will you pray," one writes, "for a gentleman who for some time has been interested in the things concerning his eternal welfare ; but he has not yet decided for Christ ? Pray that he may not rest, until he finds rest in the Lord Jesus. Your

prayers are also requested for a young lady and three young gentlemen, that they may be taught the emptiness of the world and the fulness of Christ, and that, being born of God, they may overcome the world, learning and *proving* the truth of that word—‘This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith.’” And another writes :—“Pray for a young man, now present, who was once anxious about his soul, but has now fallen into scepticism, and appears to be happy in his sins.”

Another utters his longing thus :—“The prayers are requested for the fulfilment of a mother’s deathbed prayers and earnest desires on behalf of a son—a young man whose heart has been wholly under the dominion of Satan for some years.” And another—“Prayer is earnestly desired for a young man who has lived long in the ways of sin, that he may receive the gift of ‘repentance unto salvation,’ and that he may be so changed and taught by the Holy Spirit that he may for the rest of his life endeavour to lead others to the Lord Jesus. Also—for a poor man who says that he ‘once loved Jesus and then he was happy, but that he has rebelled against God for nearly the last seven years, and now cannot rest night or day,’—adding, that ‘the devil torments him so, that at times it makes him quite ill.’” And another :—“A young man, yearning for the soul of his dear unconverted mother, earnestly requests your prayers on her behalf.”

How home is glorified, when grace thus exalts the instincts of our humanity ! One day, lately, a young man came forward and thanked God for “the conversion of his aged father.” He was about to quit England, and he added, with much emotion—“Dear brothers and sisters, go on in faith ; I know you will willingly comply with my far-

ther request for your earnest prayers on behalf of my dear *mother*, who is still in darkness and unconverted—that her eyes may be opened and her hard heart softened, and that I may speak to her and pray with the Holy Ghost, so that, before I leave, I may have the additional happiness of witnessing a second answer to prayer in both of my dear parents enjoying pardon and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” And, the same day, another young man entreated prayers “for his mother, that her faith might be quickened, and that she might experience joy in the Holy Ghost ;” also, for his sister, “that she might be enabled to look to Christ alone for salvation.”

Another poured out her anxieties thus :—“ May I, a wife and mother, who firmly believes her prayers will be answered, ask for special prayer for a kind, affectionate husband, a total stranger to vital religion ; and for her two daughters, that they may be convinced of sin and numbered with God’s elect ; but especially for her two sons, that they may be snatched as brands from the fire ere the sins of riper years seduce them, and may, whether in life or in death, glorify God. Do not forget me ; and, according to your faith and my faith, so will it be.” And another, thus :—“ A husband earnestly asks your prayers on behalf of his wife and himself, that she may be truly converted to God and be filled with the Holy Spirit, so that they may both be able the more consistently to train up their children in the fear of God, and they themselves walk together in love ; which, from the want of the Holy Spirit in both their hearts, they do not now. Brethren, pray for us ; and the Lord bless you !” And, another day, a mother besought “earnest intercession for her dear son, that ere she was called to her eternal rest, he might be brought to Jesus and be forgiven.”

"Ask for a *present* blessing!" she added; "ask for a *large* blessing! ask *in faith*! Jesus says, '*According to your faith*'!"

A general officer writes :—"Prayer is earnestly entreated for a young man, who is proceeding to join the army in India as an officer, that he may be a faithful follower of the Captain of his salvation, Jesus Christ our Lord." From Beckenham Rectory :—"The prayers of Christian brethren are earnestly asked for a most beloved father—by his daughters—that, if good in the sight of the Lord, he may be again restored from a 'severe attack of illness,' and yet spared to refresh the hearts of all around him, and of all who are within his reach, with the draughts he is permitted to bring from the well of the water of life—from which he has drawn with so much 'joy' for sixty-seven years, out of the (nearly) eighty-five of his life." And another :—"An anxious father solicits your intercessions on behalf of his little daughter, aged nine years, who, since Saturday evening last, has been greatly distressed on account of her sinfulness, and seems sincerely desirous to find pardon and peace through the Lord Jesus."

A father pours out his longings thus :—"The prayers of believers are requested for a son, whose reason is at times partly overthrown, and who gives way to swearing and drinking; that God—through Jesus, whom his father honours and loves—would, in His tender mercy, restore him to a right mind and bring him to Jesus' feet. Tears flow, while this is written. May your prayers ascend, as from the altar, for London, perfumed with the incense of the atonement of the Lamb!" Another :—"A father, who expects his eldest son to arrive from India the early part of next week, earnestly desires your prayers on his behalf. Amiable and most affectionate, he has not yet, it is feared,

believed in Jesus to the saving of his soul. Pray for his conversion to God by the Holy Ghost. Let this request be read *twice* to-day. Brethren, pray for us. There are many who desire this prayer for the returning son." And another :—"A father and mother very earnestly beg your prayers for their two elder sons, that He would draw their hearts to Himself and fill them with His Holy Spirit. They are both unconverted. One is in the army ; the other is about to enter it. They have been prayerfully taught the truth from their early youth." And another :—"A Christian brother asks your earnest supplications on behalf of his three children, that they may be truly converted to Christ by the Holy Spirit, and may wholly devote themselves to the Lord and His service."

And these sighings went up into the ear of Him who despiseth not His prisoners. A wife writes :—"One who besought lately your prayers for a husband, desires that they should no longer be offered up in the same form. God *has* been gracious ; and her desire now is simply that her husband may become a *more devoted* and *earnest* Christian ; and that strength and wisdom may be given to the wife to walk in the difficult path which it is her heavenly Father's will that she should tread, that her Saviour's loving hand may hold her, and lead her step by step, and fulfil the earnest desires of her heart speedily." And another :—"An anxious father, a short time ago, requested your prayers for his six unconverted children. Since then, he trusts his eldest daughter has become deeply anxious about her soul. From his second, aged eleven years, he yesterday received a letter containing the following request—and he earnestly begs the prayers and praises of his dear brethren and sisters present :—"Oh ! dearest papa, I do hope I am seeking

Jesus. Pray for me, that I may find Him. Will you ask the dear friends to pray for me that *I* may be a child of God, and for all of us that we may not be separated at the last great day? Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name *believing*, ye shall receive." I have asked God to give to me, and to all my dear sisters and brothers, His Holy Spirit. Do pray that I may have faith given me to believe that He will do it."

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

Scene in a Brickfield—Boy-gathering—Exercises—Leaders—Night-colloquy—How saved—"Awfully wicked"—"So miserable"—"The class"—Plumstead Sunday-school—Life-like look—Its superintendent—Colonel of Artillery—Earnest words—"Loved"—Confiding affection—Little boy—"On the rock"—Luther—"That pestilent opinion"—"Christ a Lawgiver"—"Grew pale"—Other youthful hearts—"New exactor"—"His precious love"—"Alone with Jesus"—"Perfectly happy"—"Not enough of it"—The room—"Warm meeting"—Waiting for Jesus—Parallel—Madame Guyon—"Grievously chagrined"—"A woman!"—God and the instrument—Youthful missionaries—Nothing little in God's service—Christ's coming—"Waiting for Him"—Scoffers arrested—Vicar's sermon—"Prayer-meeting after service"—Blessing—London church—An hundred souls—"Only complaint"—"Not half enough love"—"Converted prize-fighter"—Hymn—"More like Jesus"—"Finger of scorn"—"Workshop every day"—"Jesus bear it for us"—How to speak—Drowning man—"The life-buoy"—Scene in Arsenal Square—Infidel—Two converts—Contrast—"So happy"—God's word sure—Scoffer silenced—Not, "I feel"—But, "Bible says it"—"Saints with glories"—How God does it—Joseph and house of Pharaoh—Mary and the spikenard.

IN a humble shed—not far from London—we found gathered, one evening, lately, after the labours of the day, some thirty or forty boys, praying together, and praising, and exhorting one another in the ways of the Lord.

The meeting was held twice weekly, and was conducted

in turn by two or three boys to whom God had given some "aptness to teach."

One of these had been telling us, a week or two before, as he was shewing us our way in a dark night, how God, in His great mercy, had taken him, about ten months previously, from a most "horrible pit" of sin.

"Oh! Sir, I was awfully wicked," he said: "I used to throw stones on Sunday night at other boys, and was up to all kinds of mischief."

"And were you happy?"

"Well, at the time I was; but afterwards, when I got by myself, I used to be so miserable often."

"And how were you brought to God?"

"It was the class in the Sunday-school."

We have been in that Sunday-school, and were struck with its life-like look. Its Superintendent was the officer referred to in a previous chapter; and no one could listen to his simple, earnest words—whether in the school or in the weekly meeting of the teachers—and be surprised that direct conversions should be the result of its exercises.

A poet, who had learned experimentally the secret of real peace, has written—

"When the heart says (sighing to be approved)

'*Oh! could I love!*' and stops,—God writeth, '*Loved.*'"

Not less divinely simple was the gospel set before these boys and blest to their salvation.

It was beautiful to witness the confiding affection with which each boy unbosomed his wants, his struggles, his victories. "I hope you will pray for me," wrote a very little fellow to the superintendent, during a temporary absence; "I am not quite on the rock; but I believe I *shall be on the*

rock before the morrow. And I trust Jesus will guide me, that I may not go astray." That letter we happened to see down in Devonshire on the day of its arrival; and great was our friend's delight, for his practised eye saw in it the harbinger of a happy issue. Weeks afterwards, as we incidentally met one evening in Plumstead school-room, Colonel T—— brought forward by the shoulders one of the youngest boys, whispering, with an air of quiet triumph—"He is on the rock now,"—and adding, "We always know him by the name of 'Rock.'"

Luther tells us, that he was so imbued, from his childhood, with "that pestilent opinion" respecting Christ as a Law-giver rather than as a Grace-giver, that he "grew pale at the very sound of His name." And other youthful hearts than the miner's boy's of Eisleben have quivered at the same name,—because they had been taught to regard Him only as a new, though less stern, exactor, not as a bestower of grace. These dear lads did not so learn Christ. "Do not forget me in your prayers," writes another of them, "that I may be a growing and zealous Christian; for I now feel to be safe under the banner of Jesus; and, when I think of His precious love, it makes me press forward for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I find it is better to press forward, than to lag behind and be a cold, dull, and gloomy Christian. You told me that private prayer was the Christian's strength: I now practise it; and I can say, with you, that, when I am alone with Jesus, I am then perfectly happy, and yet I seem not to have enough of it." I hope you are working for your Master, Jesus. The place is nothing when you are away; but I know you will not be idle. We had a glorious meeting last night in the Brick-

field. We prayed for you that you might speak of Jesus and Him crucified. Dear Sir, I shall be happy to see you when you come back ; and now I must conclude, breathing love to my Saviour."

The "meeting in the Brickfield" is the gathering of boys named at the outset of this chapter. One of them—the boy who ten months before had been "so awfully wicked"—writes about it thus :—"On Monday, T—— and I went and bought the things for our room in the Brickfield ; and, last night, we had the best meeting that we have ever had there. The room was full ; and many stopped afterwards, who wanted to find *my* Saviour. T—— conducted the meeting ; G—— S—— spoke ; then I spoke on that beautiful verse, John v. 40—'Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life ;' and altogether it was a nice warm meeting. The Lord seems to bless us every time we meet there. We did not forget to pray for you, that the Lord will own your work down there to the salvation of many souls. I bless God that He is keeping me all right and warm within, and that I am waiting patiently for His coming, looking forward to the joyful time when He that shall come will come."

Madame de Guyon wrote one day to a friend about some Christians :—"They are grievously chagrined that a *woman* should be so much flocked to and sought after. For, looking at the things as they are in themselves, and not as they are in God, who not only does what pleases Him, but uses what instruments He pleases,—they forget, in their contempt for the instrument, to admire the goodness and grace manifested through it." Not a few Christians, of late, have viewed with a like distastefulness the efforts of

these and other youthful converts on behalf of perishing souls. But, like Madame Guyon, we remember that God oftentimes "chooses the things which are not," to "bring to nought the things which are;" and, when we see His hand, we can only adore in silent thanksgiving.

Their love to the person of Jesus awakens in them a longing desire for His second coming. "I hope you have set before these dear boys down there," writes one of the youthful converts, "what I asked you, about *waiting for Christ*. I do think that a very great thing. I should be glad if He were to come to-day, yet I must exercise patience. But, as you said, we have not all got up to that yet. Still, I do earnestly believe that we shall."

Another boy writes:—"We had a most delightful meeting last Tuesday. A number of boys came in laughing; and they all went away quite sobered and promising to pray. One of them thanked God for his conversion in the meeting; and two or three shed tears. On Sunday evening, we had a beautiful sermon about the contrast betwixt Herod and John the Baptist. Mr Acworth wished us quite to understand what a blessing it was to have a clear conscience: though Herod was such a great man and his word was law, yet he possessed a guilty conscience; for, when he heard of the miracles of Jesus, he said it was John, whom he had beheaded, risen from the dead. The discourse all through was very beautiful; and I wish you had been there to hear it. The meeting after church in the large school-room was very interesting: we had four very nice prayers—by Captain Orr, Captain Hawes, Mr Clark, and another gentleman." We have quoted this letter, because it shews how distinctly young people will grasp the

point of a sermon or address, if only it be level to their apprehension ; and also because the "Prayer-meeting after church" is so invariably a source of blessing. There is in London at this moment a congregation of the Church of England, where the clergyman numbers the conversions by scores ; and he attributes them mainly to a prayer-meeting which has been held in an adjoining school for nearly a year each Sunday evening after service. On several occasions we have been present at that meeting. Nothing could be more calm or unexcited. The clergyman presided ; hymns were sung ; a brief Scripture was read ; three or four persons prayed in succession, as they were led ; and, at the close, any anxious inquirers stayed behind, and were spoken to by Christians individually. For many years, that clergyman had laboured with very little visible result ; but, since a fresh interest had been awakened by the tidings of the Revival, and had taken shape in the manner named, he told us he could name one hundred persons at least whom he believed to have been savingly changed.

Says another :—" I long to see you again ; for I feel like a sheep that has lost its shepherd. I think our lesson for next Sunday ought to be encouraging to us to pray. It is Dan. vi. You can read it on Sunday at the same time as we do, and think of us. I trust there will soon be an awakening among the girls of our school now : there are some come out for Christ. I think of speaking, at our next Sunday morning prayer-meeting, from 2 Cor. v. from the 17th verse. I beg your prayers for me at that time, as I much value them. The only thing I have to complain of, as regards my growth in holiness, is that I have not half enough love to Him who has so loved me. Dear Sir, I feel to value HIM more every day. You must excuse all imper-

fections, as I have been working till nine o'clock every night this week."

And another :—" Dear Sir, thank God that He is using the most simple means of bringing souls to Himself. Last Tuesday, we had some friends from London come down to us and talk to us of the love of Jesus. One dear friend told us of a converted prize-fighter who has been lately brought to know Jesus. He told us that the prize-fighter had a praying mother, and that, whilst his mother spoke to him of Jesus, he would drag her about the room by the hair of her head, and jump upon her, and pray God to damn her and his Sunday-school teachers. But now he is enjoying sweet communion with Jesus. Dear Sir, here is encouragement for Sunday-school teachers. One boy, on Tuesday evening, said—"I want to be happy in Jesus;" and soon he found peace in Jesus. But, to return to myself. All is peace and joy within. Oh! that God would give me more of the Holy Spirit!

' Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free! "

And he adds, by way of postscript :—

" " In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career. \

' I saw One hanging on a Tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

' Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look,
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

‘A second look He gave, which said,
 I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may’st live.’ ”

And yet another :—“ J—— desires me to tell you that he is looking to Jesus and following in His footsteps. He says he does not forget you in his prayers, and feels sure you remember him in yours. It is a blessed thing to be in God’s family—to be chosen—to be of the elect—to be numbered among the saints above.

‘There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign.’

‘He that endureth to the end shall be saved.’ Pray for me, that I may never give way to the temptations which surround me.

‘The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
 I would not sit down upon roses below:
 I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
 Until I shall find them on Jesu’s kind breast.’ ”

A comrade writes :—“ Dear brother, do press on, in your daily course of life, to become more like Jesus Christ. Never mind the finger of scorn from others ; but ever keep Jesus in view. I have to put up with all that myself every day in the workshop ; but we can bear it all—or rather, I ought to say, Jesus will bear it all for us. If you speak to any one, please mind that it is the gospel of Christ and Him crucified for sinners ; for, if you were on board ship, and a person fell overboard, it would be your utmost endeavour to save him as soon as possible—it would be of no use for you to begin then to tell him, that, if he had done something, he would not have been overboard ; throw out the life-buoy, which is Christ and Him crucified, for all sorts of

sinners—none too vile or too bad, for He said, ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.’”

One evening, two lads were speaking to two little groups in the Arsenal Square. An infidel was standing by; and, as the younger of the two was telling what God had done for him, the sceptic interposed—“How do you know God has saved you?”

“Because I feel so happy,” replied the youth, not very warily.

“But what if you are not happy to-morrow? where are you then?”

Moving to the other group, the mechanic found the speaker there also telling of the great things God had done him. “You’re forgiven, you say?” he interposed, sneeringly; “how do you know it?”

“Because,” replied this better-instructed disciple, “God has said in His Word—‘He that believeth, *hath* everlasting life;’ *I* believe, and I know I have everlasting life. I am sure God never tells any lies.”

The scoffer was silenced before the word of the Lord.

In the sequel of the letter last quoted, the writer adds:—“My dear boy, I hope you can say with me, ‘My sins are forgiven me; the Saviour is mine, and I am His.’ How encouraging is that Scripture—‘I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you,’—not because we feel, but because the Bible says it! I hope, if none of us meet on earth, we all may meet around the great white throne in heaven. Oh! glorious to think of that!”

“Painters,” said a dying Christian lately, “have represented saints with ‘glories’ round their heads. Scripture has done nothing of the sort, except for one particular saint—done, too, in quite an exceptional manner. Saints bear

their glory *within* them, and shed it abroad wherever they pass." Very simple, very unpretending, is the life of these dear youths ; but Joseph in secret has made himself known to them, and "all the house of Pharaoh hears." Mary is at Christ's feet, with the ointment of spikenard very precious ; and, as she pours it on Him in thankful adoration, "the house is filled with the odour of the ointment."

CHAPTER XXI.

Individual action—American testimony—"Every man a missionary"
 —"The grand topic"—England—"Poor bees"—Henry Venn—
 His wife—"Mouth opened"—Young man—"Downward road"
 —"Eldest brother"—Two young men—World and Christ—
 "Unconverted relatives"—"Nothing doubting"—A lady—
 "Wrapt in self-righteousness"—A youth—Unfathomable love
 —An officer—"A castaway"—"About Christ" and "in Christ"
 —Young man—College in France—"Given away"—"Becken-
 ham Rectory"—Thanksgiving—"Not yielded"—Addiscombe
 cadets—"On the spot"—Detective policeman—"Detect his own
 sins"—An Epsom trainer—"Seeking Christ"—"Forsake all"—
 Young woman—"Too vile"—Merchant—"Adding house to
 house"—"Imperishable riches"—Two young gentlemen—
 "Need of Jesus"—"Vain show"—"Nothing beyond"—"My
 brother"—"Rapid consumption"—"Saviour's love"—"My
 father"—"Sunday newspapers"—"Bible instead"—"Intempe-
 rance"—Visit to Shrewsbury—"Haste to the rescue"—Results
 —The rescued—Conversions—St Paul—"Not eat meat"—Self-
 denial for others—"Seven-Dials"—Working-men—Bible-class—
 Engagements—Fruit—Hyde Park—Open Air—"Ear to hear"
 —Mr Macgregor—Leading thoroughfare—Infidels—Success—
 Woolwich—Young mechanic—Wayside colloquy—"Die in
 your sins"—"Very bad garment to die in"—"Daren't promise"—
 "Come now"—"I will"—George Müller—Great is thy faith—
 Aged sinner—Disinherited son—Saved—"Not out of his sight"
 —"An aged father"—"Aged uncle"—"Aged infidel"—Aged
 woman—"Not do to die upon"—"Poor fallen girl"—A hus-
 band—Two professors—Scilly Isles—Unconverted teachers—
 Visit to a Sunday-school—"Not one"—"Life from the dead"—
 Bible-class—"All brought to Christ"—"My class"—"Each

one"—Guyon—Two stages—"Desiring to be holy"—"Resolving to be holy"—"Dying to our own life"—Light dimmed—Young man—Longings—"Glorify Christ"—"Laws of trade"—"Christian principles"—United States—England—Religion governs—Influence all-pervading—Young man—Tender conscience—"Young disciple"—Unspotted from the world—A London silk-mercator—What it cost—God's smile.

AN American has defined the secret of the Revival in his own country to be this:—"Christians began to act on the principle that 'whoever has apprehended the gospel for himself should preach it to his fellow.' Their motto was, 'Every man a missionary.' They met together to concert measures for earnest and united action. Among other things, they pledged themselves to speak to every man they met on the grand topic of salvation by Christ." Such also is the grand secret of the work amongst ourselves. Herbert, in his own quaint way, once wrote—

"Oh! raise me, then! poor bees, that work all day,
 Sting my delay,
 Who have a work, as well as they,
 And much, much more!"

Christians who in these days have been baptized afresh from above, as well as those who have for the first time found the Saviour, feel that they have a work on hand which brooks no delay; and they are each in his place seeking to be found faithful.

"I have lost her," wrote Henry Venn to Lady Huntington, on the removal of his wife, "when her mouth was opened to speak for God, and when He was blessing the testimony she bore to a free, full, and everlasting pardon in the blood of Jesus." Such was the daily, hourly work of the honoured company of faithful men and faithful women

whom God raised up at that epoch ; and such is the daily, hourly aspiration of the faithful company now.

One young man, in business in the city, says :—"The writer earnestly desires the prayers of this meeting on behalf of his friend—a young man of twenty-two years of age. For a long period, he has been building his hopes of salvation upon his own supposed merits. During the last few weeks, he has been denied the privilege of prayer, and has been apparently without hope. He is now anxious to be reconciled to God and laid low at the foot of the Cross." Another writes :—"A young man desires your prayers in behalf of a young man and a young woman who are going the downward road which leadeth to destruction. Keep the paper and read it every day, till I send you an answer of their conversion." Another :—"The son of a clergyman desires the fervent prayers of the people of God for a school-fellow, that he may give himself wholly to Christ ; and also on his own behalf, that he may be strengthened and be enabled to do more for his Saviour." Another :—"Your prayers are besought for the eldest brother of a family, that he may *come to Christ* and find in *Him* that satisfaction and joy and peace which the world has failed to give him. Also, for two young men *in the world*—one of whom is *dissatisfied*, the other contented, with the pleasures of the world. May God hear and answer prayer, that they may all learn to love *Him* who has *overcome the world*, and that Christ may be glorified in and by them now and for ever !" And another :—"Three young men, who have agreed mutually to pray for their unconverted relations, ask your prayers that the Lord will give them faith whilst they pray, and that their petitions may be offered in childlike confidence, nothing doubting."

And yet another :—"Will you pray earnestly for a lady, who is wrapt up in her own self-righteousness ; also, for a dear brother, who is passing through great bodily suffering ; and for a dear youth, who is seeking our adorable Jesus, sorrowing. Oh ! join with us *fervently*, 'ye who love God !' and we shall soon, very soon, receive answers to *all* our prayers. Oh ! that men would taste and see the riches of His grace—of His unbounded, unfathomable love !"

An officer of artillery sends the following :—"If you will kindly bring the accompanying request to the notice of the brethren, I shall feel much obliged ; and ——— and I (D. V.) think of trying to find her out on Monday evening next." And the "request" is :—"The most earnest prayers of the meeting are desired by a Christian father on behalf of his eldest daughter, aged sixteen years, who is living in open sin and degradation—that she may be brought to a sense of her present lost condition, and that the efforts about to be made to effect this may be blessed by Almighty God."

A young man wrote lately :—"Will you pray for one who, although believing all that the Word of God says *about* Christ, does not yet believe *in* Christ, and has not therefore a heart-felt realisation of the saving grace of the Lord Jesus ; for with the heart," he adds, "man believeth unto righteousness." Another "desires prayer for his wife, who, although a professor, has no peace and joy in believing—that she may surrender herself *entirely* to God through Jesus Christ, and be so decided that her family and the world may know she is converted of a truth." Another says :—"Your prayers are earnestly asked for a young man who is now in a College in France, where he is thoroughly forced into temptation, sin, and worldly amusements, and is made to desecrate the Sabbath. He has been striving

against temptation for some time ; but he has now quite given way under it, and your prayers are desired that he may be brought to know his lost estate and need of Jesus, and that he may seek and find in Him his all in all and a refuge. The writer also entreats your prayers that he may be enabled to write and exhort him to turn from the world, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and live." From "Beckenham Rectory" the following :—"Your thanksgivings are requested for a young Christian lately under a deep trial and dark temptation, and for whom your prayers were lately asked. By the blessed working of the mighty Spirit, he has been saved from *yielding* to temptation, and is again at the feet of Jesus, trusting in Him for full salvation and present grace to help in every time of need. The Lord reward, in His free grace, all those who have prayed for this deeply-tempted young Christian !" Another :—"Your prayers in earnestness and in faith are desired on behalf of the Military College of Addiscombe, that our Lord would pour out His Spirit abundantly, and bless those there, ere they separate, and that many may be brought to give themselves up to Jesus in sincerity and truth." And another :—"My parents will hear Mr Radcliffe preach on Sunday next : will you earnestly pray that they may be converted on the spot ?"

An officer writes :—"Your believing prayers are besought on behalf of a detective policeman—that he may be brought to see his own sins and to come to Jesus, and then to testify to others what the Lord has done for his soul. Is anything too hard for the Lord ?" Another says :—"The prayers of Christ's people are entreated for a trainer in the racing-stables at Epsom, who is convinced of sin, but is not yet resting in Christ." And the writer adds :—"Pardon

me, dear friend, for troubling you so often about this poor man. I am deeply interested in him. He belongs to a class most difficult to reach. He is certainly seeking for Christ; but he feels that he must forsake all if he follows Jesus—that he cannot follow Christ and remain in the racing-stables. And, having been brought up to that from infancy, we know he would need great faith and great boldness to do it. Our God, the God of salvation, ever give him both! It is my earnest prayer that he may be led so to confess Christ! I entreat your prayers and the prayers of God's people for him in his indecision—that the love of Christ may constrain him to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."

Others bring their burdens about the perishing to Jesus thus:—"The prayers of believers are entreated for a young woman, who is under very powerful convictions of sin, and thinks herself too vile to be forgiven. She weeps in great agony of mind for her ingratitude and want of love for the Lord who has so wonderfully appeared again and again to keep her from destruction." And thus:—"Will you beseech the Lord for my husband, who is fast sinking into another world, without hope in Christ?" Again:—"Will you remember one, advancing in years, whose heart is fearfully engrossed with a desire for the accumulation of wealth, laying field to field and house to house—that the Holy Spirit may powerfully arrest him, and lead him to seek those imperishable riches which are treasured up in Christ, and to consecrate his wealth to that God who gave it?" And thus:—"Do pray for two young gentlemen, sons of Christian parents—that they may see their *need of Jesus*, and that they may no longer seek their happiness in the

world, contented with its vain show, and having nothing beyond." Another :—"Will you kindly plead with God on behalf of my brother for his conversion? He is in a rapid consumption, and is a stranger to the Saviour's love." And another :—"Oh! pray for my father—that he may be inclined to put away the newspapers on Sunday and read the Bible instead, and have family-prayer every morning and evening, that his spiritual influence may encourage his family in active spiritual life." And yet another :—"Your earnest intercession is besought for the success of an effort just made to stem the dangers of intemperance in an influential member of a family, whose Sabbaths are devoted to secular employ or fleshly indulgence."

We visited lately the town of Shrewsbury, and witnessed the result of the labours of the authoress of "Haste to the Rescue." More than three hundred men had been lifted out of the mire of drunkenness; and we were present on two occasions when they were gathered to read the Scriptures together, and to pray, and to listen to the word of exhortation spoken to them by their kind benefactress. About forty had been savingly converted to God; and of them probably not one would have come within the gospel-sound, apart from this agency. St Paul was content not to "eat meat" whilst the world stood, if thus one human brother might not perish. Thanks be to God, the Christians of this day are learning in like manner to deny themselves for the sake of their poor shipwrecked brothers.

In the "Seven Dials"—the centre of the district of St Giles—we have witnessed recently another work of awakening. It began with a Christian man of business, who, having oftentimes lamented the condition of the poor working men, left to saunter about the streets of an

evening and on Sundays in sheer vacancy, had conceived the idea of assembling them into a Bible-class, in the belief that the Gospel-stories had interest enough in them to win their attention, and power enough to subdue their hearts. For more than a year, he continued the effort without any direct fruit ; and he began to doubt whether he was in the right line of Christian work, when at last one of the men was awakened and brought to Christ. It came to him like a voice from heaven ; and he went on. We were there on a Thursday evening, when no fewer than thirty-five working men received their tickets of membership, each solemnly declaring his determination, by God's grace, to be *wholly* the Lord's. Since that time, the number has risen to sixty or seventy. The men meet on Sundays at three o'clock, and converse together over the Scriptures ; at five, they have tea, during which the President speaks to them ; and, after half an hour's prayer, they separate for their several places of worship. The last time we were there, a young man, who had been induced by a companion to come in, but was about to leave, saying, with a kind of sneer, that he "did not want to be one of *them*," was suddenly arrested by the Word, and at the close came to the President in deep concern ; for half an hour he wept like a child, and at last he seemed to find the Saviour.

One Sunday afternoon and evening, this last autumn, we went (with a friend, a naval officer) into Hyde Park, to preach the gospel. A multitude gathered ; and though we continued speaking at intervals, from four o'clock till nine, we could scarcely induce the people to leave. More than one man came up, in great anxiety about their souls. The "open-air mission" has been much honoured in this work, especially its chief director, Mr John Macgregor of

the Temple, who, every afternoon, in a leading thoroughfare, assembles round him hard-headed mechanics who have lapsed into infidelity, reasoning with them out of the Scriptures, and shewing them that Jesus is the Christ.

One night lately, at Woolwich, we were enquiring our way in the dark, when we accosted a young mechanic, who kindly turned back with us, that he might guide us to our destination. "I hope," we remarked, "you know the way to heaven as distinctly as you are now pointing out this road." "No, Sir, I am afraid not." "Well, you know if you are not going to heaven at this moment, you *must* be on the way to hell: do you believe that?" "I suppose I must," he answered, "if I continue the way I am living just now." "It is as certain as you exist. It cannot be otherwise. Jesus said, 'If ye believe not on me, ye shall die in your sins:' should you like to die in your sins?" "No, Sir, it is a very bad garment to die in!" "Then, will you come to Jesus to-night, and lay your sins on Him?" "I daren't promise, in case I should turn back." "But you are commanded to come *now*; and trust Him to keep you afterwards." For a while, he hesitated, and excused himself. At last, he said, with a firm voice—"Well, Sir, *I will*." We parted, after asking him to call on a Christian officer whom we named, and "commending him to God and to the Word of His grace."

George Müller of Bristol told us recently of an instance of faith. For ten years, a young man and himself had prayed in concert for the conversion of his friend's father—an old man, eighty years of age, and so bitterly incensed against his son for having given himself to Christ that he had disinherited him and refused even to see him. All these years, no symptom had appeared, indicative of the

least change of heart,—the old man continuing to live in open sin. At length, one day, in his ninetieth year, he was “pricked in his heart,” and sent, in great anxiety, for his discarded son. The son spoke to him of Jesus; and the old man believed and was saved. Ever afterwards, he could scarcely bear to have his son out of his sight.

Elsewhere also, a like faith shewed itself. “Being in deep anxiety about the soul of an aged father, in his eighty-third year,” wrote one, “let me entreat your intercession in his behalf—that his sins may be blotted out in the blood of the Lamb, and that joy and peace may be his blessed portion until an abundant entrance be ministered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” Another wrote:—“A Christian brother desires your united prayers for an aged uncle, who is very much afflicted and is often nigh unto death, but who is still far from God and without hope. And it is the greatest sorrow of his wife, who is a true Christian. ‘The fervent prayers of the righteous *availeth much*.’” And another:—“*Urgent*. The prayers of the Lord’s people are most earnestly requested for an aged infidel. He has been just summoned to London to attend, what may prove to be, the dying bed of a Christian brother. Is anything too hard for the Lord?”

An officer writes:—“Your believing prayers are besought for the soul of a very aged gentleman, well known in London as an active man for the (temporal) good of others, but totally without light as to the Lord Jesus Christ and His work. Pray, pray for him! He is now very ill, and evidently fast sinking. Oh! help to pull his soul from Satan, ere it is *irretrievably lost*! A brother in the Lord *seeks this* from you. It is his own grandfather.” A

kindred request follows:—"Pray in faith for an aged woman, now very ill, but—praise be to God!—very anxious about her soul,—feeling that, although she has been an outward professor of religion, this will not do to die upon. Pray earnestly: the case is imminent."

Another solicits intercession for "a poor fallen girl, who has appeared much moved when spoken to of the love of Jesus—that the Lord would cause her, not merely to turn from her present evil way of living, but to seek the pardon of her sins and a new heart through Christ." And another has this burden:—"Earnest prayer is entreated by a wife for her husband, who was once a professor of religion, but has for many years abandoned both its semblance and its reality—that the Holy Spirit may at this time penetrate his very soul, to convince of sin and lead him to the only Saviour Christ Jesus, that his sins which are many may all be forgiven him." And another, this:—"Your prayers are most earnestly desired for an unconverted brother and his wife; both having a form of godliness, without its power being manifested by separation from the world or by love to the Lord's people *as such*."

From the "Scilly Isles," one day, "a Sabbath-school superintendent" forwarded an entreaty on behalf of the "teachers and scholars," that they might be "converted."

"The conversion of the *teachers*!" does some reader say?

A short time ago, we visited, with a country-vicar, his different Sunday-schools. "Are your teachers," we asked, "all converted?"

"All converted! No, I believe, not one!"

"Would it not be more wholesome, both for the school, and for the teachers also, to decline the services of any who have not really surrendered themselves to God?"

"Why," interposed our friend; "we should have no school!"

"Better do it all yourself," we ventured to add; "and let it be known that there was not one in the congregation with love enough to Jesus to do such a work."

"But it would discourage young people, if they were not allowed to do something."

"Nay," we replied, "nothing is so hardening to the self-righteous, as the idea that they are doing something for God, when really they have never yet come to Him."

But to *some* Sunday-schools and Bible-classes the present Revival has been "as life from the dead." One teacher, for example, writes:—"Will you join with me in prayer on behalf of my Bible-class? Last Sunday afternoon, all the young men present were deeply impressed. Pray that these impressions may become real convictions of sin, and that the young men may all be 'born again' of the Spirit." Another:—"Will you pray that the forty young men composing my Bible-class may be *all* brought to Christ? Several are enquiring for salvation. 'Pray without ceasing.'" And another:—"Intercede with God for my class in a Sunday-school—that *each one* may be brought to a knowledge of 'the truth as it is in Jesus'!"

A good confessor, who suffered much for Christ, wrote of her earlier days:—"I was undecided; loving God, but not wholly willing to give up the world." A quickening visitation came; and she not only desired (says her biographer) to be holy, but *resolved* to be holy. How many Christians one meets who have not yet passed the former stage! They have died to their own merits, resting only in Christ's merits; and that has given their conscience peace: but they have not died to their own life, living only Christ's

self-denying and God-glorifying life. They, in a way, desire to do this ; but they do not will to do it : and the result is—their light does not "shine," and their Father is not glorified. "Will you plead," one asks, "for two sons of a widowed Christian mother, who are useful men and professors, but prosperity and business very much dim the light in them? Pray that their talents may be used more decidedly *for God*, and that the Holy Spirit may enlarge and invigorate their graces."

But very many, at this day, are *resolving* to be holy. A young man writes :—"Will you pray for me, that I may manifest a faithful consistency of conduct in visiting some worldly-minded friends (of strict moral principles, as such), and for whom I feel much concerned—that they, with their families, may be brought to seek an interest in the salvation wrought out by our blessed Saviour, and may receive it in their hearts by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, who alone can 'lead us into all truth'?" Another writes :—"A young brother in the Lord, who is leaving town for the North of England for a few weeks, entreats your prayers that he may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and may be enabled to testify boldly for Christ where he is going, so that the name of the Lord may be glorified in the salvation of many souls." Another :—"Pray for a young man in a situation of trust, that he may therein live to the glory of his Lord and ever abide in Christ."

"It was often," says Dr Prime, concerning the awakening in America, "made the subject of daily prayer, that none who came there to pray, might go away to do business according to what was commonly denominated the 'laws of trade.' They prayed that they might be enabled to 'do business on Christian principles.'" In England, also, those

who have shared in this Revival, have been penetrated with the conviction, that, whilst, on the one hand, the religion which is not sufficient to govern men is not sufficient to save them, on the other hand the religion which does save assumes the reins over a man's entire life, ruling his every action and word and temper, whether in the counting-house or in the exchange, or behind the counter, or in the home-circle, or in the social meeting. For example, a young man writes :—" I am troubled with doubts and fears as to whether I am in the right path ; though, before entering on it, much prayer was made for guidance." Another is " exposed to sore temptations amidst a godless and careless world," and asks intercession to be made for him " that he may at all times go to the strong for strength." A " young disciple of Jesus Christ " entreats supplication on his behalf, that he " may continue to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and that he " may keep himself unspotted from the world." An eminent silk-mercator in St Paul's Churchyard found, when he exchanged, in the conduct of his business, " Christian principles " for the " laws of trade," that the " cost " of one item alone amounted to an annual sum of nearly £800 ! But he had counted the cost ; and the smile of God's face was worth more to him than gold or silver.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

An apophthegm—"Frequent similar effect"—"Constant cause"—Series of effects—Variety—Family-likeness—Origin—Likes and dislikes—Thorns and briars—Eden of God—"By their fruits"—"Good trees"—"Planting of the Lord"—Certain grave reflections—Kind of doctrine—Henry Venn—"The vicar"—"Shed many tears"—"Such doctrine"—Old Theology—Characteristics—Not stale—Fresh from the heart—The conscience—"Always triumph in Christ"—Halyburton—Deathbed testimony—God's sword—Conversion, what it is—Whitefield—First sermon—"Drove fifteen mad"—Bishop—His wish—What a man discovers—"Wrath to come"—Why "mad"—Bunyan—Burden "in shadow"—"Sentence on themselves"—Boston—"Unconcernedness for souls"—Unbelief—The "sight"—"Thaw frozen heart"—Conversion-scenes—Parallel—Christ's ministry—Murmurers—"Receive sinners"—Pentecost—"Last days"—"Whosoever shall call"—Sudden conversions—Royal grace—Ordinary times—Gradual work—Now, swift—Prodigal welcomed—"Called," "saved"—Christian ministry—Its great business—Coleridge's aphorism—Leighton—"Stream of custom"—"Sit out our hour"—Preaching—"Great ordinance"—Saving souls—"Feed my sheep"—"No lower end"—Fiery tongues—An alternative—Christ's sufferings—Endless sufferings of lost—"Chaff and wheat"—God's words and man's—"Thus saith the Lord"—Direct from presence-chamber—Small truths and great—Opposite effects—"Preacher's challenge"—Fastidious Christians—Antipathies of taste—Crusade against order—Bitter tongue—Scylla and Charybdis—"Only centre"—"Look here"—Interpreter's room—Picture on wall—Only guide—Original of picture—In

earnest—Zeuxis—"Paint for eternity"—Christ-like servant—Real eternity—Woes of lost—"Cry aloud, spare not"—Garriek and Bishop of London—"Your truths"—"Our fictions"—Jesus at feast—"Stood and cried"—Ezekiel—Isaiah—"Word heart-deep"—"Himself everywhere"—God's watch—"Awkwardness"—Cold silence of brethren—Personal and professional—M'Cheyne—"Pleaded with men"—Tender-hearted—Jesus in tears—Paul in tears—Piteous—Self-denying—Crucifixion—"Squint-eyed"—Boston—Human applause—"Dear-bought"—"Soul-murdering"—"Monita ad Missionarios"—Flavel—"Moving affections"—Alone with God—Luther's "three things"—Jesus much alone—"Eyes lifted up to heaven."

A SHREWD observer has said, that—

"A frequent similar effect argueth a constant cause."

In the foregoing narrative, the reader has before him a sequence of "similar effects." The *variety* is enough to constitute a series of distinct and independent witnesses; and yet there is a *family-likeness*, which proves that there must be a common origin.

What is that origin? "There is," it has been said,

"A secret somewhat in antipathies, and love is more than fancy;" We see people manifesting "antipathies" the direct converse of all their previous hatreds—antipathies to sin instead of antipathies to holiness—antipathies to Satan instead of antipathies to Jesus. And we see a "love" so new, so fresh, so genuine—

"A fragrant blossom, making glad the garden of the heart,"—that, what before was a wilderness of briers and thorns, has become a very Eden of God.

Whence these "antipathies"? whence this "love"? Surely, such figs do not grow on thistles—such fragrant *roses on thorns*! "By their fruits," it is written, "ye shall

know them." Tested thus, are not the trees "good"? and are not they "the planting of the Lord"?

And, if the work be His, are there not certain grave reflections which such scenes suggest, even to the least thoughtful?

One is, the kind of *doctrine* which the Holy Ghost specially owns. "The vicar sat under me," wrote Henry Venn, on one occasion, to Lady Huntingdon; "and I imagined he would be offended. But I am sadly too hasty in judging. Lady Dartmouth told me he shed many tears; and he himself thanked me very cordially, and said he was glad to hear such doctrine." The "doctrine" was that old apostolic theology which places the sinner in the dust, and God upon the throne—which announces a personal devil and a personal Holy Ghost—which intimates to the transgressor a coming hell with its literal eternity of wrath—which publishes, with no infirmity of utterance, a free forgiveness for the guiltiest, no sinner needing to leave the spot unsaved. And the doctrine, everywhere in those days, God honoured, as it came forth, not stale, but new and fresh, from the preacher's glowing heart. The doctrine is the same now. "We commend ourselves to every man's *conscience* in the sight of God." And the result is the same. "Thanks be unto God," we can say, "which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." "I'll tell you," said Halyburton, on his deathbed; "I have one thought, and I abide by it;—if ministers ply their work, they cannot, it is true, bring persons to the Lord; but they may make their consciences, nill-they will-they, speak for their Lord." It is thus, more or less, at all seasons, but never was the sword of the Spirit more divinely tempered than now; and happy are

they who—bereft, it may be, by a discipline trying to the flesh, of confidences which the heart once held dear—are bold enough to go over to the camp of Midian, shouting—“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.”

Another reflection suggested by these scenes is—the *real nature of conversion-work*. Whitefield, after preaching, on the Sunday following his ordination as deacon, at Gloucester, wrote to a college-friend :—“Some few mocked, but most for the present seemed struck. I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the bishop that I drove fifteen mad the first sermon ; but the worthy prelate, I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday.” At conversion, a man discovers that he is a guilty sinner, lying under the wrath of a just God, and hastening forward to the “second death.” Is it wonderful, that, suddenly confronted with this reality, he should be affected with an intenseness of anguish which those who believe in “the wrath to come” only as an article in their creed, deem to be “madness” ?

In a recent edition of Bunyan, there is a picture of the “Pilgrim” sitting in his house as the first glimpse has opened on him of his dark future. His wife and children and some neighbours, standing by, are in blank amazement. He is groaning beneath a huge burden. But the artist has done the burden *in shadow*. They see it not ; but he feels it. No wonder they are at their wit’s end !

Do men consider that, in pronouncing others “mad” who are deeply agitated at the sight of their sins, or in pronouncing the preacher mad, who, in yearning pity for the coming doom of the impenitent,

“As a dying man to dying men,
Preaches as though he ne’er should preach again,”
they are pronouncing sentence on themselves? “Consider,”

says Boston, in his "Soliloquy," already quoted, "that unconcernedness for the good of souls, in preaching, argues unbelief of the threatenings of God. For, if you believe that the wicked shall be turned into hell, you cannot preach to them as if you were telling a tale. If you believe that they must depart into everlasting fire, your heart will not be so frozen as to be unconcerned for them. The sight of it by faith will thaw your frozen heart." And, again, he says:—"Consider the hazard that souls are in. Oh! alas, the most part are going on in the highway to destruction, and that blindfolded. Endeavour, then, to draw off the veil. They are as brands in the fire: will you, then, be so cruel as not to be concerned to pluck them out? If so, you will burn with them, world without end, in the fire of God's vengeance and in the furnace of His wrath, that shall be seven times more hot for unconcerned preachers than for others."

Another reflection arises on these scenes—the *likeness they bear to the scenes in the towns and villages of Israel*, when "Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Now, as then, Jesus is magnifying the glory of His grace, by drawing great sinners to Him, and by forgiving them freely and immediately all their sins. A poet, who himself had known what it was to be forgiven much, once wrote of Jesus in the tomb:—

"Sure there is room within our hearts' good store;
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score;
 Thousands of toys dwell there; yet out of door
 They leave Thee.
 Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish; but that nothing can—
 Though it be cold, hard, foul—from loving man
 Withhold Thee."

The utterance finds an echo in each convert's heart of hearts. On Pentecost, the apostle declared it to be a special characteristic of the "last days" that "whosoever should call on the name of the Lord should be saved." At the outset of these "days," sinners were suddenly arrested in their sins, and as suddenly brought to the Saviour; and now, as the "days" are drawing to a close, the words are again fulfilled. In ordinary times, probably nine Christians out of every ten could not specify any month—much less any week or day or hour—when their feet stood for the first time firmly upon the rock; but now probably five converts out of every six could name the day or at least the week of their new birth. The prodigal has been welcomed home without a whisper of upbraiding, or without a moment's waiting; and, though the "elder brother" might uncouthly murmur, the outcast has found in his Father's "kiss" a solace which compensated for all frowns. He "called on the name of the Lord," and he was "saved."

Coleridge, in his "Aids to Reflection," has enshrined among his aphorisms these words of Archbishop Leighton:—"The stream of custom and of our profession brings us to the *preaching of the Word*, and we sit out our hour under the sound; but how few consider and prize it as the great ordinance of God for the salvation of souls—the beginner and the sustainer of the divine life of grace within us! In speaking, we ought to regard no lower end, but to aim steadily at that mark. Our hearts and tongues ought to be set on fire with holy zeal for God and with love to souls, kindled by the Holy Spirit that came down on the apostles in the shape of fiery tongues." Before we close, we must crave permission to utter a few articulate sentences on *this great business*.

In London, one day, intercession was asked on behalf of certain "religious services to be held in the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool;" and the request was clenched with these remarkable words:—"Those who believe in the reality of Christ's sufferings, and in the reality of the endless sufferings of those who die in their sins, will surely ask much of the Holy Spirit for those who speak and for those perishing ones who shall hear." My brother, have *you* accepted, honestly and without reserve, this formidable alternative?

"What is the chaff to the wheat?" said Jehovah, one day to Jeremiah, contrasting the message which issued from the preacher's "own heart" with the message which had come direct from the divine oracle: "Is not *my* word like as a fire? and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." And again:—"If they had stood in my counsel, and caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil ways, and from the evil of their doings. Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?"

How is God's "word" to be had? Only out of His own mouth. "Be busy with God in prayer," says Boston, "when thou art thinking on dealing with the souls of men. Thou canst not otherwise say of the preaching—'Thus saith the Lord.' How wilt thou get a word from God, if thou do not seek it? How canst thou seek it, but by earnest prayer? If otherwise, thou mayest get something that is the product of thy head, to discourse to the people, and spend a little time with them in church. Oh! it is miserable preaching, where the preacher can say—'Thus say *I* to you,' and no more; and cannot say—'Thus saith the Lord.' But," he adds, "if thou wouldst be acquainted with the whole counsel of God, *see that thou art much in prayer*. Thus thy soul will be affected with the case of

those to whom thou speakest, the Lord having first preached to thine heart what thou sayest to them."

He who comes forth thus among men, direct from God's presence-chamber, will have to say and do much which will entail upon him not a little *self-crucifixion*. Small truths (it has been said), or secondary principles, may be promulgated in loud tones, and with extreme vehemence, and yet the world will bear with it; but great truths, when they are proclaimed by those who feel them to be such, are never listened to without producing an effect of one kind or another. Human nature, touched to the quick, kindles at the first hearing of them—rouses itself to resistance—and then either yields itself, or resents, as an insult or an injury, the preacher's challenge. My brother, are *you* content to stand well inwardly with your God in this matter,—let men think of you and your message what they may?

There are fastidious Christians whose antipathies of taste overcome every other force in their bosoms. Some method of address, or some mode of dealing with anxious souls, grates upon their accustomed proprieties. They do not wait to enquire whether God may not have prompted it, or whether the issue may not have stamped it with His approval. It is enough that it is opposed to *their way*. Again, there are those who grow impatient of a brother who will not follow them in some wild crusade against ecclesiastical order. These are more intolerant even than the others—their tongue more bitter—their charity less forbearing. Betwixt this Scylla and this Charybdis, the man who would simply follow Jesus needs a clear eye and a firm hand to pilot his way safely. Enough, brother, let it be for you (as Archbishop Fénelon beautifully put it in the

midst of his sore travail) that you abide in your only centre—God.

“Look here!” said the interpreter to the Pilgrim, as he conducted him one day into his private room and shewed him a picture hung up against the wall. It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books was in his hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head. “I have shewed it to thee,” he added, “because the man whose picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place, whither thou art going, hath authorised to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way.” Could you, my brother, have sat for that picture?

“I paint for eternity,” said an ancient painter, meaning that his work was designed for the eye, not of that generation only, but of all succeeding ages: And, animated by this phantasm, Zeuxis was an earnest painter. The *Christ-like servant* has before him a *real* eternity: the wail of the damned, still deepening and deepening as ages run on, is ringing, as it were, daily in his ear: Can he, listening to that wail, and seeing before him living men, who, if they remain unchanged, must in a little while be in the fiery lake, themselves the lost wailers,—fail to warn, to plead, to beseech, *in earnest*? “Cry aloud, spare not,” was the counsel of Him, before whose eye that entire eternity was naked: the preacher, whose heart sympathises with the Divine heart, hastens to fulfil the behest,—only lamenting that even in the moments of his deepest concern he is but skimming, as it were, the surface of that heart. It was a cutting reproach which Garrick addressed to the Bishop

of London, when, being asked by him one day how it came to pass that all London was flocking to listen to *his* fictions, whilst the congregations assembling to hear the preachers of the truth might be counted by scores or by dozens, the player replied—"The reason is this, my lord; you speak your truths as if they were fictions; we speak our fictions as if they were truths."

But the Christ-like earnestness is not the earnestness of mere nature; it is the calm, deep utterance of an intensely moved soul. In that last and great day of the feast, Jesus stood, and *cried*; but the cry was too earnest to be noisy. Ezekiel sounded the trumpet; Isaiah, too, lifted up his voice like a trumpet: but, whilst, like a trumpet's shrill blast, the proclamation was so distinct as to reach the ears of all, it was so earnest as to go home to every hearer's heart. It is this sort of earnestness which Herbert, in his own quaint way, describes as "dipping and seasoning all one's words and sentences in one's heart before they come into the mouth, so that the hearers may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep."

And the earnestness is not a mere pulpit-earnestness: he is in earnest *wherever he goes*. The Christ-like minister is *himself everywhere*: he is God's watchman, keeping God's watch; and, wherever he finds a dying sinner, there is his post, and he may not desert it. Whatever house he enters, "the perfume of the ointment" fills it. Like Jesus, it is his *meat* to do the will of his Father; and that will is, that he be as a light shining in a dark place. The "awkwardness" which stops the mouths of others, he feels, but does not regard. The sneer of the ungodly—and, what is far more trying, the cold silence with which his discourse about *Christ* is often greeted by his own brethren in the ministry—

are barriers too feeble to dam up in its course a flood so full as that which is welling upward from his overflowing heart. Such a man's earnestness is felt to be, not professional, but personal; and *such* earnestness is never unsuccessful. The writer of these pages traversed, some time since, the route of the late Robert M'Cheyne through various regions of the East, and was struck to find, again and again, the fragrance of his visit as sweet in the memories of some as if he had left them only the preceding day. *He* had carried about with him the "dying of the Lord Jesus;" and the spikenard, still sending forth its smell, proved that he had not carried his Lord about with him in vain. No wonder that of him it should be written, that, on the last occasion that he ever preached, a sinner was arrested and attracted to Christ, simply by the preacher's manifest holiness and earnestness. My brother, are *you* in earnest in the great business of saving souls? The man in the picture "stood as if he pleaded with men."

Again, the Christ-like servant is *tender-hearted*. How tender a preacher was Jesus! We believe He never spoke without conveying to His hearers the impression that He loved them with intensest affection. His tears at the grave of Lazarus, and His tears on the Mount of Olives, were only two more visible emanations of that compassionate heart which yearned over poor sinners from the first moment of His course when, in the synagogue at Nazareth, "they wondered at the gracious things which proceeded out of His mouth," to its closing scene on Calvary, when, expiring amidst the hootings and execrations of His murderers, he cried—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Nor, even when at times He was constrained to speak severely, did His tenderness ever for

an instant forsake Him. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers ! how can ye escape the damnation of hell ?" These were severe words ; yet, could the tones of the voice which uttered them be heard now, and the eye be seen now as it rested on the guilty congregation, they would tell, indeed, of a holy and just indignation, but they would tell not less emphatically of an unchanging *pity*, which took no pleasure in the wicked's death. And so has it been (each in his measure) with all Christ-like men in every age. The *pathos* of him who "would that his head were waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears, that he might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of his people," and of him who, at Ephesus, "ceased not, by the space of three years, to warn every one night and day with tears ;"—*that* is true preaching. Have you, brother, learned to be piteous—

"Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men"?

And the Christ-like servant is *self-denying and self-emptyed*.—Hard is it to nature to be "nothing." It is styled, in the Bible, crucifixion ; and the heart of each believer tells him that such is the agonising process. Yet, lingering and excruciating as the death is, self *must* die—and, above all, die in him who would win souls. "It is a base, poor thing," says Leighton, in an aphorism quoted by Coleridge, "for a man to seek himself ; far below that royal dignity that is put upon Christians, and upon that priesthood joined unto it. Under the law, those who were squint-eyed were incapable of the priesthood : truly, this *squinting* toward our own interest, the looking aside to that,

in God's affairs especially, so deforms the face of the soul, that it makes it altogether unworthy the honour of this spiritual priesthood." And Boston, on the same theme writes—"The applause of the world is nothing worth. They think much of thee; thou thinkest much of thyself; and, in the meantime, God thinks nothing of thee. Thou pretendest to be commending Christ and the ways of God to souls; and yet, in the meantime, thou commendest thyself. Will Christ sit with such mocking of Him? It is base treachery and cruelty to the souls of hearers, where a man seeks to please their fancy more than to gain their souls—to get people to approve him more than to get them to approve themselves to God. This is a soul-murdering way, and it is dear-bought applause that is won by the blood of souls."* Oh! it is very unlike Christ, to be a self-seek-

* In a remarkable book, entitled "*Monita ad Missionarios Sacre Congregationis de Propag. Fide. Romæ, 1840*" (purchased by the writer, some time ago, in the book-shop of the Sacred College at Rome), there occur words which (with the substitution of "*Christ* and His glory" for "*the Church* and its glory") might be a model for any minister or missionary or teacher. "*Missionariis,*" it says, "*nihil est præsumptione, inanique gloriâ, periculosius; illa enim, quæ quondam ex angelo diabolus fecit, simul atque missionarii animum invasit, opus Dei in ipso destruit, dum supra quàm possit ille, aggredi non erubescit. Hæc vero speratam multorum annorum mercedem uno momento eripit; dum enim gloriam furatur Deo, ad justam indignationem eum provocat, qui suam gloriam alteri non dabit. Quapropter suas omnes diabolus vires adhibet, ut læthalia hæc missionario venena inspiret; quod si unquam potuerit assequi, opus et operarium continuo perdit. Ergo illius ob oculos ponit procurandam majorem Dei Christique gloriam, ingentem animarum omnino derelictarum messem, Christianamque religionem ubique terrarum diffundendam; deinde quibus polleat ille, tum gratiæ, tum naturæ dotes haud contemnendas subblandiendo explicat. Unde deceptus in multa se imprudenter ingerit; paulatim solita orationis,*

ing servant. Christ did not seek His own glory, but His Father's. Self was wholly sunk in Jesus. So, in the degree in which any servant is like Christ, is *self* crucified and loathed. It is said of Flavel, that he always brought with him into the pulpit a "broken heart and moving affections." Were there more of this, there would be less of homage to the opinion of man. Did the heart ache more for sin, and the head ache less for mere study, self would have a smaller space left to it in the soul.

Lastly, we repeat, the Christ-like servant is *much alone with God and with his own soul*.—"Three things," saith Luther, "make a divine—meditation, temptation, and prayer." "An hour of solitude," writes Coleridge, "passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or in conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion or subtle *bosom-sin*, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study without them." A time like the present is peculiarly ensnaring, in drawing away the minister from his closet. The stir, and bustle, and demand for outward work, are so engrossing, that the solitude is, by many, scarcely known.* This is not Christ-

examinum, interiorisque solitudinis exercitia negligit; animo semper vagatur foras, aliisque quam debeat intentus, sui curam penitus abjicit; adeo ut, gratiæ Spiritusque sancti auxiliis uberioribus merito destitutus, inanis gloriæ pateat telis, et continuo ruat in pejora, parva quæque spernat, obedientiæ jugum excutiat, nihilque nisi magnum et grande meditetur et affectet. Ex quibus facile conjicere est, in quantas anxietates, erroresque, et peccata misserrime provolvatur."

* It is a very serious consideration whether so much time ought to be expended upon the mere secular "serving of tables," which in various parishes, have usurped, we fear, the place due to "the *ministry of the word and to prayer*."

like. Jesus was much alone. Night after night, He retired to a mountain apart to pray. It was there *He* got His tenderness, His zeal, His strength. The Christ-like servant must drink at the same fountain. Only thus can there "flow out of his belly rivers of living water." The man in the picture had "his eye lifted up to heaven."

THE END.

By the same Author.

Memoir of Rev. W. H. Hewitson. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth. *Tenth Edition.* Also, Cheap Edition, Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Christ on the Cross: or, The Real Nature of the Atonement. 8vo, 2d. *New Edition.*

Memoir of Adelaide L. Newton. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth. *Twelfth Edition.*

The Revival; or, What I saw in Ireland. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s.; sewed, 8d. *Fourteenth Edition.*

The Missionary of Kilmany: a Memoir of Alexander Paterson. Frontispiece. *Fifteenth Edition.* 8vo, 2s. Cheap Edition, 1s.

Decision: or, Only one Life. Addressed to Young Men. 1d., or 7s. per 100. *Eleventh Thousand.*

Rivers in the Desert: A Narrative of the wonderful Work of God in Burmah. With Memoirs of the Judsons and of their Fellow-labourers. Four Engravings. Crown 8vo, 5s. *Third Thousand.*

St Augustine: a Biographical Memoir. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Sinner's Welcome to Jesus Christ. 1d., or 7s. per 100. *New Edition.*

Memoir of Captain W. Thornton Bate, R.N.
Portrait and Four Engravings. Crown 8vo, 5s. *New Edition.*

Life-Studies: or, How to Live. Being Bio-
ographies of Bunyan, Tersteegen, Montgomery, Perthes, and
Winalow. Engravings. Crown 8vo, 5s. *Third Thousand.*

An Earnest Ministry: or, How to Win Souls.
A Tract for the Times. 8vo, sewed, 6d.

The Great Events that are coming upon the Earth.
By the Rev. ISAAC LABAGH, Rector of Calvary Church, New
York. Edited, with an Introductory Chapter on the Lord's
Second Coming, by the Rev. J. BAILLIE; and inscribed, by per-
mission, to the Lord Bishop of Durham. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Manna for the Pilgrim. For each Morning of
the Month. Sewed, 6d. *New Edition.*

Oil of Joy: For the Afflicted and the Bereaved.
8d.

Thoughts and Aphorisms on the Christian Life.
By MOLINOS. Edited by the same. 18mo, 1s. 6d.

In the Press.

Scenes of Life; Historical and Biographical;
chiefly from Old Testament Times. Crown 8vo.

The Crucifying of the World by the Cross of
Christ. By RICHARD BAXTER. Addressed to the Nobles, Gentle-
men, and all the Rich, directing them how they may be richer.
Edited, with a Preface, by the same. 8vo.



